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To Be a Kid

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Calliope XLX

To Be a Kid

Angel L'Mae Roberson

Tiny flannel pajamas
The sleeves are grey with black stitches
He wears them all day

We have little conversations
Intelligent thoughts when the sky is full of rain
“Did you know the clouds can’t hold the weight?”

*I hadn't that day
I hadn't until he told me*

Trains and buckets and colorful swords
Scattered over the wooden floor-boards
Right in front of the télé

*Ce que je donnerais pour redevenir un enfant
Petit Un*

Little bitty spot of sunshine
Curly wheat hair, golden skin, and caramel doe eyes

That sweetness is all I'll ever want in life

Sing-song voice when he's lying
The staccato breaths when he's ready to confess
That innocent wonder whenever he speaks
That excited flare of his laugh when he wins

*I love my darling
I love when he's happy*

Grabbing my hand when we get to the street
Reciting his prayers before he can sleep
Sneaking around when he thinks no one can see
He believes no one pays attention

*Ce que je donnerais pour redevenir un enfant
Petit Un*