

# Gilded Fields

My son comes in the morning,  
touches my sleeping thigh, and reassured,  
he wanders off to sit among his toys  
with sunlight shimmered  
on his tousled hair.

The bedside clock comes awake, garbled  
words drag me from my sunken slumbers  
to shoulder burdens dropped the night before  
beside my slippers on the floor.

I squelch the volume, struggle from bed  
as the murmured sounds of child play  
float to me gently across the drowsy air.  
I smile.

He is standing when I reach the door,  
his hungry eyes begging for praise  
for the scribbled portrait in his  
outstretched little hand.

I feign wonder at his lopsided labors  
and sweep him up into my arms,  
he shrieks and squeals as I lift him  
higher, higher, even higher  
until his chubby, stubby fingers  
scrape the scalloped paint  
above his head.

I sit him upon the bed, whisper into his ear  
a funny song I made up just for him,

he giggles and wiggles away,  
back to his crayons,  
and his crumbled mounds of clay.

I linger beside his gilded fields,  
thankful that I can still savor  
the gossamer days of childhood  
that I myself have long since lost.