

A Grandparent's Delight

The innocence of infants,
The wonder of wide-open eyes
As she prances naked
Through the sprinklers
Before she learns to hide.

Full of wonder, full of life,
She picks up a lonely stone
And causes it to breathe,
And invites it to live with her
In her imaginary home.

Her telling me she prays to God
Before she goes to sleep
Brings me to my knees,
Beside her little bed
Almost causing me to weep:

For her simple faith,
For my wrinkled hands,
For the doubt which clouds
The once-blue skies
In my adulterated land.

She teaches me unknowingly
As she bides my beck and call,
About to ride a bicycle
As I hold her from behind
Hoping not to have her fall.

Yet fall she must, it pains me so
That she too must age and grow,
And leave the Garden of Eden
With only the memory of her youth
To help *her* children age and grow.

Such is this wonderful life,
Grateful for our child grand
To recall our younger days
As did *our* children when they too
Romped naked in grace-land.

-jbarile.Aug 6, 2015



Lois reading in the North Beach Library.