

Of my progeny in their second covid winter
By Gwendolyn Bright

Gemini full moon had us awake in the wee hours
Baby boy with questions and giggles then return to slumber, stroking my arm, near
elbow he loves

Before I could resume my rest
My daughter was up, with ideas and notions
Goosebumps then daytime clothes
Hours before the sun

Soon we had cinnamon and vanilla
Steaming from the oven
Butter subbed for oil in an old family recipe

The gray, wet half day dragged on with
will they won't theys
Before willful ignorance or grateful respite
in vaxxed and masked community:

Tiny, mighty scouts and their wassailing
(mainly playground adventures with breaks for snacking)
Sky blued and wind fierce