

Fledgling

How almost like a dream it is
To have him bringing home
His first report card.
He, who so lately answered to the foolish baby names
I had for him,
Without a reprimand.
Now, with his new-found dignity, and vast pre-occupation
I wouldn't DARE to call him "sweetie-pie".
He'd be offended to the nth degree!
Such silly nonsense!
Why, he is a schoolboy now
With one small book to carry to and fro.
A pencil with a rubber; and a certain martial swagger
That sets him off from all the tots not old enough to go.
Oh, well ... I guess I'll soon get used to it.
All mothers do, in time, I've heard them say,
And next, I s'pose, he'll not want "tucking in" ...
But let that be a long ... long ... time away.

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