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Had we but world enough and time,

you'd push all the buttons
and visit every floor from 1 to 24.
You'd take three hours to eat your Cheerios
and spend whole afternoons
zipping and unzipping your jacket.
We'd read Richard Scarry's
"Cars and Trucks and Things That Go"
a hundred times a day
and listen to your favorite 10-second loop
of "3, 2, 1... Blastoff" until all the stars faded from the sky.

Always I hear about times' winged chariot:
how fast you'll grow
how little I'll catch.

Maybe I should be more sentimental.

But no, right now, we are late.
Friends are waiting.
I am hungry
and tired
and I dream at night of cars and trucks
and also of things that go
of which you are not one
because you are
so slow.

To My Slow Toddler

Holly Painter

