The Kids Have Grown Up

I never thought
I'd miss muddy fingerprints on the door,
Messy soup spilled on the floor,
Washing dirty shirts and soiled socks,
Tripping over toys and building blocks.

I never thought
I'd miss saving pennies for school lunches,
Sweeping crumbs from party munchies,
Their nightly prayers so sweet and mild
And questions, questions that drove me wild!

The passing years have been a weather vane
Filled with laughter, joy and pain.
Now Joe's in college, Sally's teaching school,
But I'm still here trying to keep my cool.

Mary E. West