

On a Saturday

I feel impatient
that she isn't ready to leave the house when I am,
and then I remember
that she got out the paper, crayons, and scissors
and cut and colored and pasted
happily by herself
for the first time.

We leave the park at 11:30 a.m. and I wonder
how I'll have time to fix lunch
make the grocery list, and finish the laundry.
Then I remember
that she loves trains
and the line was short
and the engineer friendly.

I stand in the kitchen
among the grocery bags
and wonder why the shopping trip took two hours.
Then I remember
that I let her weigh the melon
and weigh the milk
and weigh the melon with the milk.

I sit in the living room folding the laundry
at 10:00 p.m.
and wonder how the day got away.
And then I remember,
I took the time to be her mother.