

This is a poem I wrote about one of the kids I have been babysitting for a long time and what I've learned from her.

Golden -

You,
What can I say about you?
You are golden,
And fearless,
And kind,
And. . .
And an inch taller since the last time I saw you.
When did that happen?

You're almost to my hip now.
But you've settled in my heart.
You.
You and your checkered smile,
Your hair curling softly around your cheeks
Your sweaty hands
Insisting on holding my own.
I hold on
Because I would never want you to think
That there's any part of you I don't love.

You.
You love everything.
The crickets' singing.
The soft coolness of your pillow.
The orange,
bursting out of the sun in the morning.
You love me
I wonder how I even compare
to any of that.

Because I am faulty.
My nose
My body
My brain

Me.

But you.

You look at me

Like I'm golden.