

ANDREW LANSDOWN

IN HER HASTE

She is going out with her mother
and she is calling, "Goodbye dad!" And
she is pushing open the fly-wire door,
always wanting to be off or anxious not

to be left behind. "Bye daddy!"
she bellows, bursting with importance
and impatience. From my desk
I call, "See you later!", and hear

thinly from the distance of the driveway,
her sweet, unsought rejoinder, "See you
later! Don't forget the toilet paper!"
These impish pleasures, heightened by im-
perfections. I smile like an alligator.