

My Children Still Giggle

My children still giggle at such funny things
As hiccups and cartoons and tickles, it seems.
My children still break out in childish big grins,
When they see mommy or daddy coming for them.
I sleep with the thought of the glee in their eyes.
I live with the nightmare their smiles cannot hide.
There's so much for us to do.

My children play jump rope and tag, and they say
The Pledge of Allegiance on every school day.
They line up for recess, holds hands crossing streets,
Have trouble putting galoshes on small little feet.
And some might be solemn, or sullen, afraid,
If they knew the long odds of them making the grade.
There's so much for us to do.

My children dwell in broken homes without heat,
Sit at makeshift tables with too little to eat.
They live in buildings and walk up stairs where it's best
To peer around corners before climbing the next.
And some of them in their sleep cry out,
"Help me! Help me!"
Who'll answer their shout?
There's so much for us to do.

My children still giggle when they hear a strange name.
Still jump into puddles, forget hats in the rain.
They still believe that we love them, you know?
That we'll do all in our power to help them to grow.
We must do better, the price is so little.
To keep our world full of hope,
Where children still giggle.

Geoffrey Canada