Beatbeat Whisper, A Childhood Of Playful Heart

Which miracle is it that I get to choose, he got the last one and put it to use
fortune in hand, coloring sand, drawing pictures of truth
And all of the shades between the years are the same
guessing the color next seems such a waste
and the taste of his marker stained parts of his teeth
and when he bit down all the colors leaked
My light bulb remembers a dinner mom made, two minutes in nostalgic microwave
timer it rang, did I tell you he sang every time that he ate
And up on a hilltop in a bathtub I read, last words of funny men make a degree
he made me laugh, dry bubble bath, he took the water to school
Where he met a girl to climb a tree, to lay in her arms comfortably
but unlike my sister who always climbed quicker, I know he said so to me
He always gloated getting top bunk, twenty-one wishes and he still wouldn't budge
morning I wake, I draw a bath late, you know I still wash his feet