

## Memories of Childhood

By Robert T. Birkinshaw

He's all dressed but his shoes.  
He even pulled on his own socks.  
It makes no difference  
That they're inside out  
And that the heel of the sock  
Is on the top of his foot  
Because he did it all himself.

Patiently he sits,  
Waiting for his mother to  
Finish the dishes and tie his shoes.

Swinging his little legs back and forth  
And trying to learn how to whistle  
Help him pass the time.

But the sky is blue, and  
There is a gentle breeze  
Coming through the screen door  
Which beckons him to come out to  
play.

"How long is a minute?" he asks.  
His mother tells him to watch  
The clock on the wall to see  
The tiny second hand go in a circle.

He wanted to be sure to see, so  
He climbed upon a chair and  
Traced the movement with his finger.

