

## Messes Through the Ages

*by Carole Gauntlett*

Baby messes, while they last are  
Often quite repulsive,  
The Quantity and Substance  
Make avoidance just impulsive.  
But the parents muddle through it,  
Often with a smile  
For THEIR little one's so precious  
It's the other ones who're so vile.

Toddlers are so busy  
Hopping from toy to toy  
And who are you to stop them  
When they're so filled with joy?  
You spend their entire nap time  
Putting everything away  
Just to watch them reconstruct the mess  
At something they call "play."

The Kindergarten teacher  
Has taught them freely to explore  
The world of markers, glue and glitter  
Now covering your floor.  
Also the dreaded scissors  
So hard to hold and cut.  
So long to Daddy's paper  
And the hair on the family mutt.

The garage is filled with sports equipment  
No room now for a car.  
But there is no doubt that this child  
Was born to be a star.  
Now tackle the piles of laundry  
Stacked up ceiling high  
A hundred smelly socks are clean  
And paired up with a sigh.

Husbands make their messes  
on poker and football nights.  
And huge garage creations  
Using every tool in sight.  
Wives clutter up the kitchen  
Drop needles from stitchery  
When Bridge Club or the Book Group gather

Expect some bitchery.

Life is messy and that's a fact

Waste no time on placing blame.

For if you do you'll simply hear  
excuses way too lame.

When you live alone and only deal

With messes YOU create,

You'll MISS stepping on those Legos

And that careless, loving mate.