

Wild Child

By Carole Gauntlett

Oh, Wild Child how you do make me smile,
Come climb into my lap for just a short while.

Let me feel your warm skin, Smell your tickly soft hair
Let me kiss your sweet lips, hear you laugh without care.

Your warmth, your scent, your sweet grinning face
How ever does anyone keep up with your pace?

I watch you each moment out the corner of my eye
It's a bit like your favorite game of "I SPY."

If there's a ladder, you'll climb it, a hallway, you'll run
Feet flying, arms flailing you're having such fun.

I don't want to stop you but I live in such dread
That you'll just go too far and land on your head.

Oh wild child how you do make me smile
Come climb into my lap for just a short while.