



A Day Like Today: The Little Man Who Loves My Knee

The washing machine broke today
I burned lunch
Blacked chicken, burned blackened chicken..

Oh, my dear little man, why do you stick to my leg like a piece of old gum?
Why today of all the days?

The mashed potatoes came out like a milkshake.

No one before ever noticed how beautiful my knee is
Not even your daddy before he was your daddy.

Why won't the car start? OMG!
And, my little man, you really stick tight to my leg
What a little chicle you are...
A chicle with two strong lungs.. .

Oh, what to do?
There's no clean clothes. . . burnt blackened chicken. . .
I' ll serve the mashed potatoes with a straw.
I don't even have a car to escape . . .
Your arms say "hold me."
Your cries scream "kiss me."

They are cutting off the phone. . . I can't believe this!

My little man, why today?
Give me five minutes to fix some lunch at least. . .

The trash bag just exploded all over the dog.
Of course I just washed the dog
And just finished waxing the floor.

I just want to cry,
I want tears, little drops of water to clean out all this stuff that' s happening . . .

My little man, you can't even talk yet and me cry out "hugs, hugs, hugs."

How you adore my knee.

A vision passes through my mind.

I see a little man who is 7, maybe 17 years old.

I want to give you a hug and kiss

And you say, "Not now, I am too big for that."

OK, today, now. Today you want my want hugs.

Tomorrow, no. Today, yes.

OK, today I hug you, hold you, kiss you.

Today, right now.

I remember this exact moment.

I engrave this moment in my heart and soul.

I file this moment

Every detail.

One day, you might 7

or maybe 17 years old,

I will take this moment out of my mental file.

I won't remember burned blackened chicken

A broken washer, a broken car,

Not even the dog covered with trash dancing on a just waxed floor.

NO, one day,

In 7,

Or maybe 17 years,

I am going to remember a little man

Who cried for a hug—and I gave him many hugs,

I am going to remember a little man

Who screamed for a kiss—and I gave him many kisses.

In 7, maybe 17 years,

I am going to remember

A little man who loved my knee.

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