Trouble With Father

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Last night I left upon the stair
A fuzzy, yellow teddy-bear.
  Tonight it was my "blox-that-lox"
  And colored crayons, with their box.

Dad tripped and said a nasty word
That Mom believed I hadn't heard.
  Said Mom, "Now, hold your temper Lou;
  Remember he is just past two."

Dad said, "I—now, you listen Liz—
Don't give a damn how young he is.
  If he can't learn where his things go,
  I'll find a way to help him know."

I heard him coming down the hall,
And couldn't do a thing at all;
  So I just squeezed my eyes up tight,
  And Mom said, "Why, he's such a mite.
He's fast asleep there. Don't you see?
Now don't you touch him." She meant me.

He said, "All right, then, not tonight,
But if I trip again I might—"

I knew he meant that he'd spank me.
But he won't have to. Wait and see.
  I'll pick up all my "blox-that-lox"
  And put my crayons in their box.
And take my fuzzy bear upstairs
Before I even say my prayers.