

A JOB WELL DONE BY JACOB WILSON

Your hair is silver gray, it looks ten years older than you.
Three kids, and fifty years, you thought by now you'd be through.
But the time to know them is gone, and the lessons all are taught,
now it's you, it seems, the one who needs not to be forgot.

One is like his dad, a worker bee, too masculine to know,
he's a splintered pole, planted in clay, shot all up with Cupid's bow.
Your daughter's children are yours as well, a happy job with no end.
More adult than you, you say: she's your ally, confidant, and busiest of friends.

The other left and never really came back, somewhere far away and in-between.
Colorado boy, sometimes I see you yet, in small cowboy boots and holey jeans,
trying to ride the goats, rope the dog, and cowboy up the neighbor's trees,
and that, a phase all dead and gone, like that season's fallen leaves.

For them, all three, my hair turns gray; for work, for babies, and for play,
I gave them all to the universe, each their day, that they might find a better way.
Their childhood done, their turn has come, to make humans of their own,
And soon they'll see, that their hair won't remain the color it was sown.