

Dessert

With small hands and sticky fingers, the child
Reaches upward, squealing with anticipation,
He awaits the treat his big sister is already enjoying.
His plastic spoon thumping the grungy highchair, his
Words unclear but intentions unmistakable.
Sister, doll baby in tow, hums a tune from pre-school
As mother sits texting and father checks his scores.
The dog, left out again, whines and paces
As the final bites, snatched by tiny fingers, disappear.