

Gigi and Papa Babysit Jack and Peter

Overmatched from the start.
The almost three and the little over one year old
are shorter, faster, floor-huggers.
They find and eat something the vacuum missed.
“What was that?” Papa panics.
“What did he put in this mouth?”

If they can't eat it,
they maul it.
The older scales the Everest coffee table
while the younger crawls under it
and sits unreachable.

The older hits the younger for good measure
and runs to the television
that captures his consciousness
for 43.6 seconds.
The younger opens the lowest kitchen drawer
and pulls out napkin holders, spatulas,
and a votive candle
Gigi and Papa thought was lost.

When is their mother coming back?
She has been gone over five minutes.

The idea to feed them arrives
like a gift from the Holy Spirit.
Strapped in bumbo seats,
they munch on chopped grapes
and sliced muffins – their favorites.
When finished, they turn as one
and look at their keepers
like boxers waiting for the bell
of the next round.

Gigi realizes, “O God, we just given them more energy.”
“Maybe Papa proposes, “Maybe we should keep them strapped in the bumbo seats,”

They know. Both cry.

And the melting hearts
of their grandparents
set them free.

Their complete lack of ethics
has given them the edge.

