

Kati at Fifteen Months

Seven blocks high there is this unsaid
glee spilling in the alphabeted room
where every speck's a great surprise
and every sound a mystery moving air
where your small hands are birds in spring
and all your movements sing discovery.

Age waits patiently in other rooms
while into your eyes the whole world
tumbles
like morning into apple groves
like lovers into bed.

—*Ken Stange*