

## Backpacking With My One- Year- Old Son

Behind my ears the fretful cries dissolve  
Into a heaviness as gentle  
As the tiny pond of hiccupping sighs receding.  
My passenger prefers a rhythmic jostling,  
Reminiscent of the earliest ride  
When dream and waking seemed simultaneous  
Before the world abruptly filled with light  
Thrilling him with such a wondering  
He seldom wants to shut his eyes unless  
He can no longer keep them open.  
Walking back and forth soothes him to slumber.  
I walk and brood about the world he wakes towards.  
He doesn't know he has all the time in the world.  
For the young, Time's a growing forest,  
'Though lately our time and trees seem threatened  
By those of historically callous greed  
Poisoning the possibilities.  
As we walk I wonder, worry:  
What do I do to make the world better?  
What do I do to make a world for children  
Where there's time for trees and timelessness,  
The widening childhood once we grew and knew.