

Sleepover

It's four in the morning
And I should be sleeping
My husband is snoring
And I'm in bed weeping.
I've just been up
For the umpteenth time
To deal with these lovely
Grandkids of mine.
Husband sleeps
As husbands do
While I get up
To deal with poo
And drinks
And cries
And comfort toys
Amazed he never
Hears the noise!

Finally there's peace at last
The little ones are sleeping fast.
I've left some Lego on their floor
In hope they'll let us lie in more.
My breathing slows, I'm almost there
But oh no, what is this I hear?

The littlest one, who's almost four
Is opening up our bedroom door.
Nana nana, he yells with glee
Someone has left some toys for me
There's Lego on our bedroom floor!
Go back to bed and sleep some more.
But no, he's up and wakes the others
Soon they're playing, the three brothers.
Back into bed I attempt to climb
But there's no point, it's breakfast time!