

10-19 POEM: Handling
By Dayniah Manderson

In the handling of other people's children
We oft forget that we were once kids
Chatterboxes
Sticky fingers
Sassy and fiesty
We defied authority and broke the rules
Class clowns, downright fools
Sneaking out of windows
Smoking in our bedrooms
Kissing the person weren't not supposed to
Doing things we were told not to with friends we were not to have
In the handling of other people's kids
We let our biases run wild
Our expectations sink low
We judge from our moral high seat
Nose upturned as you look down
Their parents could've been us if we had been misguided like they were
Our children can face similar fates like the children of others
One car accident, a bad turn of events
And our children, our precious daughter or son, can become an orphan
Or, they may choose to go contrary to the rearing as if they've lost their hearing
It can happen I tell you
So, in the handling of other people's children
Handle with care