

MARILYN L. TAYLOR

Open Letter to Grownup Kids Who Call Home

It's not that we don't like it when you phone us—
it's wonderful to have you on the line;
we're pleased about your friends, your house, your bonus,
and know we shouldn't worry, you're just fine.

Well, honey, we're not worried in the slightest;
we know that you are competent and wise,
undoubtedly the sweetest and the brightest
survivor of those Happy Meals with fries

But lately we have other obligations,
the stuff that we have time (at last) to do—
it could be work, it could be recreation,
but hasn't got a thing to do with you.

It might involve a cruise to Casablanca
or biking from Saint Cloud to Saskatoon
or working as a nurse in Sri Lanka
or going bowling every afternoon

So when you call to say you've done it Your Way,
you're doing great, we're listening to you—
but even so, our eyes are on the doorway
that in a minute we'll be bolting through.