

A Beautiful Mess

Holly Mader

Legos and crackers under my feet
crunching into the carpet dampened from pee.
The dog ate a diaper, and one won't get dressed,
food is in flight -a mop can't help this mess.
Out the front door to step in dog poo,
grabbed up the mail
while *they* found the glue.
Cleaning and scraping...I just want a maid!
I need a break and a roll in the hay!
Motherhood's not all it's cracked up to be.
Please, can I just have one moment to pee?
Dishes to do, and laundry to fold,
and fussing screaming toddlers to hold...
sigh take a deep breath...I tell myself.
I grab an old album off of the shelf...
Look back at all I am and have been;
the best is right now...even in this mayhem!
How could I not see the gold in the poo
and the sparkling diamonds in each little shoe?
Each treasure sleeping so sound in their bed...
maybe I'll stay and watch them instead...
of doing the dishes or scrubbing the floor,
picking up clothes, organizing a drawer,
washing a window, mowing the lawn,
folding the laundry, or doing the~ *yawn*. Goodnight...
I guess I didn't think that here I'd be...
and I thought I would seriously have more time to pee.
But there's more to life than black shiny S.U.V's,
than boats, and Ritz, and shopping sprees...
Than Brittney and Jon and even Kate...
than drinking too much and staying up late.
I have a life, I never could have dreamed...
even as messy as it sometimes seems.
Thank you God for blessing me...
with such an imperfect family...
for sassy mouths and little toes...
for a hairy husband who loves my nose...
For unanswered prayers and for saying "no"...
and for making me stay...when I wanted to go.