

child chaos
only louder and louder
i cannot concentrate
on anything else with this increasing noise.

i walk into the playroom as a
striding officer on the battlefield
and tell them
all of this must stop
and must stop right now.

no more of this nonsense.

we look at each other with the intensity
of a standoff
that could be death
or anything else that could ruin the day.
the moment becomes
frozen in the starkness of what could happen next.

then the giggles arrive
from the back of the room.

any semblance of authority is giggle overwhelmed.

it will be harder to read the death poem of buson...
a stabbing chill.

it may be that life needs to move on
but it should be careful where it steps
and avoid the disciplines
destroying life
that is moving differently.

what understands
the distance between the steps of children
and their parents
more than a giggle
when the reprimand
is sillier than its purpose.

a stabbing chill.
wf.h.
2023