

# Birthday Boy

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The clowns have gone packed in their tiny red car, Balloons deflated after a big day on show, All that remains is birthday cake crumbs and a very tired one year old boy. As the first star falls into sight and the last page is turned, Sheets are folded back and new toys make mountains in his first new room, His second year waits with walking and talking on the rise. Walk to the bed tears are shed, Mother catches her toe on a piece thread, She use to play on the old woolen rug, A woven mat made by her Nana, Now passed on for the old to become new. A quick cuddle and tucked in tightly, Lullabies play as mum waits for a cry to rush in quietly. She falls asleep outside his bedroom door, As a son holds the keys to his mothers heart now and forever more.