

My Grandchildren's Eyes
by Diana Raab

Sometimes when I face-time
with my toddler grandchildren,
I have this urge to pierce a hole into their psyche—
just to know what emotions flood their own universe,
which they've not yet collected
a vocabulary to express.

There is so much depth
in those little sponge-like eyes,
trying to make sense of our complicated world
we call our own—
grappling with tool
they were born with.

Old souls in those young bodies,
and their frustration— or is it me
imposing mine on them—
my own childhood of being silenced—
no words until I learned to
pick up a pen,
to scribble upon blank pages,
while trying to come to terms
with inconsistencies engulfing me.

I felt then in my bones
how positive behavior
was reprimanded
bad behavior reinforces.

Now I don't think my kids
will ever be parents like that

I must have taught
them how to be,
and for this and so much more
proudfness leaks from my pore.