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Kaleidoscope Child

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Someone once asked me
what I thought
would be the best gift
to receive
and I said
a kaleidoscope.

A child is
like a kaleidoscope,
the way the pieces cartwheel
and tumble over, always showing
something new. We’ve seen it before—
just not the silly way
he flops the orange; or with the character
she twists the black. Continually surprised
we are, though it is the same thing
only a little bit different this time.

A child is
like a kaleidoscope,
with small chips of color
splashing through the last life and into
this one. The bits of purple that are me,
and the slices of green that are you.
All coming together finding new
resting places that are the person
in constant flux: floating, melting.

A child is
like a kaleidoscope.
One minute happy in bright yellow
and the next midnight blue
with that bottom lip hanging down
like Florida. One moment flush red from play
and the next a sleepy white that drifts
like Nevada clouds in sweet dreams.
In whatever way the light trickles in
A child is
every color.