

## How to Raise Small Gods

By summer, babies will grow into small gods  
and chase the sun around the cul-de-sac  
to crash into trash cans. They'll be small at first,  
and soon everywhere, all the time, American.

We'll stay inside.

We'll hide when the doorbell rings.

We'll clip their baby wings in the dark  
just to steady the hand on their chests,  
but by spring, with the nest already fouled,  
we'll push them out with the crows.

I know that sounds harsh to human ears,  
but we've never needed wings  
to lure us into the fancies of flight.  
Just the dream of one day landing.