

The Midget

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Another "Midget"

Baby dear, little soft bunch of pink,
Mother wonders and wonders of what you think.
Your dear, dear eyes of baby blue,
Are just like the skies with clouds peeping through.
Your dear, dear nose of soft pink fat,
Is just like the roses on mother's Sunday hat.
Your wee, wee toes of pink so dear,
Are enough to keep any mother from shedding a tear,
And those soft, yellow curls of silk so fine,
Fill other mothers' hearts with envy sublime.
And last but not least, your red, red lips,
Through which now and then a bubble of laughter slips,
And that one little tooth so even and white,
Fill mother's heart with new delight.

—Lois Swanner.