

Here's my problem

by Bibbybop

I was a reasonable two year old. I truly believe this to be the case. My memories are somewhat vague I will confess. My perception may be tainted by time and my spongy, misshapen Id, but everything I know matches with everything I have been told and it leads me to this...

I was a reasonable two year old.

Not in a philosophically advanced, let's debate the merits intrinsic to the give and take of a successful parent/child dynamic. I was not a cartoon.

My granny called me a wee bugger, a judgement never held against her but cheerfully passed on to any willing ears. But let's remember, I was two. Others sunk fresh minted teeth into willing, though never consenting, flesh.

My sister broke my nose and I knew she'd get in trouble, so to this day my mother is never certain if Mr Blahnik's measuring tape is dodgy or if my nose runs off to the right. My brother was prone to escape attempts from the changing mat while I considered the potty my Jackanory throne and I never forgot my pants. I can't recall my compositions but I have always imagined, considering my limited vocabulary, it might have been a little like this...

Here's a haiku I wrote for you, in time I may get it right, but I am only two, give me, at least, another day (several nappies later) night..

