

Remembering tomorrow

by [Thomas Schmidt](#) in the [May 8, 2019](#) issue

It's N-scale trains these days, delight du jour  
As I drive up the hill and think I can  
And think I can switch tracks to turn him toward  
What happens in first grade apart from recess,  
But no, although he joins me willingly  
On errands, reaches up instinctively  
In parking lots, at corners, takes my hand  
While scanning the horizon for a sign  
Of toy stores or construction vehicles,  
Then tells me in a confidential tone  
That Santa Claus is real, he knows because  
In school he learned there is a real North Pole,  
And I, relieved it isn't all recess  
But also theological research,  
Resume the journey home where he inhales  
A sandwich, minus crust, cut into fours,  
And gulp of milk, from which the drips and crumbs  
Trail to some tiny trucks and Play-Doh blobs  
That I roll pat roll pat roll pat into  
Array of obstacles for tires to squish  
Until a sudden nature call requiring  
An adult escort for quality control,  
Then back to trucks and trucks and trucks until  
Another meal, a bath, a storybook,  
A nudge or two through various ablutions,  
Deployment of the covers and the loveys,  
A back rub while I improvise a tale  
Of which he is the hero all aboard  
A dreamland train saved from derailling dragons;  
I hesitate as I tiptoe away  
In hope of word or even glance of love,

Then shrug remembering tomorrow when  
I'll be alone except of course for God  
Whose day will be a lot like mine today.