

Fati's Games

by Stephen M. Golden

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Creed-crod walking along the fence,
Wonders where his buddies went.
Left no trail, left no scent. He is all alone.
Look! Who's that walking down this way?
Maybe a hand that wants to play!
A smile of surprise, "Oh, happy day!" It's one of his friends!

Just some of Fati's little games:
Make-believe guys with funny names.
Oh the fun that Fati made when we were just kids!

In the other room you hear the drone
of a fighter bomber on the roam.
A tickling hand will find its home if your tummy is not well hid!
Hauling a load, like we'd done before,
Shifting the gears, you hear the roar!
King of the road 'til his throat was sore. Making the sounds of a truck.

Just some of Fati's little games:
Making the sounds of trucks and planes.
Oh the fun that Fati made when we were just kids!

A man with his legs to the side of his head
In the kitchen looking to be fed.
Into everything 'til Mutti said, "Your name's gonna be MUD!"
Run for your lives — quick run this way!
Laugh to the other room and play.
Bouncing the balls, hear Mutti say, "What am I gonna do with you?"

Just some of Fati's little games:
Having a ball with simple things.
Oh the fun that Fati made when we were just kids!

I remember playing so many hours.
My father took the time to make us smile.
I remember playing so many hours,
But more than playful hours, he gave us love.