

How To Soothe

LAURA GRACE WELDON

When babies cried
my father picked them up,
politely, as if to apologize
for their locomotion issues,
then stepped outside.
He named trees, birds, rain.
"This is grass," he'd say.
"In no time at all
you'll be running on it."
Babies calmed at once,
eyes wide, awake
to the planet's glories.

I learned from my father
it's a matter of walking
inside to out
with someone capable
of truly seeing.