

In Mommy Time

by Rabbi David Zaslow

In mommy time
I once did ask,
did the sea
sighed sun
whistle along
the shore
of the day
dipped
ice cream
lake inside
your eyes?
Huh, mommy?
Huh?
Did the TV
talk to
the tuna
whirling wind
that I ate
on a burger
with a bun?
Huh, mommy?
Huh?

