

Toddler, aged one.

By Martha Goyder

You are a battery,  
Charging full-tilt, fizzing joy.

Outside the sun radiates.  
Inside is a universe,  
We nucleus; you electron,  
Your wide erratic orbit  
Splitting atoms and book spines.

Outrider of time's rampage,  
You crackle in your cell of now.  
Your energy transmits,  
It tingles in fingers,  
Enlivens old bones.

Small one, don't listen to our lessons.  
Slam shut our books.  
Teach us what to know.