

Melanie Scherencel Bockmann

Domestic Rodeo

The babysitter was hiding in fear—
He wouldn't do what he was told
But when I walked in,
I said (with a grin),
"I'll tame that two-year-old!"

Now, it's a scary thing around our house
When those strong, stubborn wills collide
I told him, "Young man,
You'll follow the plan
If not, I'll tan your hide."

He stared me down, but I stared right back
I said slowly, "Now look here, son."
I set down my purse
(Did I put on spurs?)
The contest had begun.

I dug in my heels and tested his reins
He gave me a heck of a show
I hung on real tight
(My knuckles were white),
And shouted, "Whoa, boy! Whoa!"

He bucked and he shrieked and he kicked his legs
As we went around and around
He was mean as sin,
Determined to win,
I had to calm him down.

Soon we both knew that I would win this round
And I'm certain that he saw red
But he said, "Yes, ma'am,"
(As meek as a lamb).
I put that boy to bed.

Woe be to the spirited two-year-old
Who thinks that obeying is strange:
Let me warn you, pal,
Your mom's a tough gal
When home, home on the range.