



**The house was a-flutter with tape and with tags,
With rattles and socks and delivery bags.**

**Blankets with clouds, and books stacked in rows☐
Tiny star onesies and button-sized toes.**



But off in the corner, both quiet and still,
Stood with a thought and a wondering will.
The gifts were all lovely, but something felt wrong
None were from , who'd been waiting so long.