



Silly Maya "Muffin" Elwer



**Oh, the morning rush, a blur, a haze,
Through endless toys and children's ways.
A call of nature, strong and clear,
My private moment drawing near.**



I made a dash, a hurried race,
Towards that quiet, safe space.
But little feet did follow close,
A constant shadow, as one knows.



Just as I sat, a sigh so deep,
A tiny voice broke my sweet sleep.
From 'neath the door, a question grand:
"What do you know 'bout armadillo land?"



**My thoughts raced fast, a funny jam,
While in this spot, a flustered mom.
Of armored beasts, what could I say?
At such a time, on such a day?**



**With chuckle soft, I gave a plea,
"We'll learn them later, you and me!"
A memory made, so clear and bright,
My small one's wonder, pure delight.**



Merry Christmas! Love, Mom!