

Little Jackies Lament

I was called here before I was ready to come
Out of my mothers warm sheltering home
Into a big house of glass, there to stay
For many, many, a long lonesome day;
Fed through a tube, or some little old toy
Which naut a bit nice for a fine little boy,
Wrapped in some cotten, and warmed with a
No clothes to put on me. Oh my! what a flight,^(light)
Not a grandma, or auntie, or uncle, to see,
I wailed out my complaints - just a tiny "Pee wee,"
Only nurses, and doctors, combined in their might
To look after my needs, and keep me just right;
The only bright spot; - and a sure saving grace,
No one came with water to wash off my face,
But I s'pose I must stay here, the whole time through,
Till out in the big world I can make my debut.

Great Grandmother -

Mellie L. Thomas.