

Tread Lightly

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Let me let you tell me about
the misty-moisty-wishy-washy morning
when *your* King was born.

That's not my holiday.

(tread lightly, teacher)

Ok, ok well you tell me about
the rocks and the trickery and the
goblin who didn't buy it and
the clay, clay, clay

it's not a top it's called a
Dreidel
and I made it and

That's not my holiday.

(tread lightly, teacher)

Oh. Oh, now I understand.
I'll let you tell me about your people
the ones you love and send
pink paper hearts with glue and never-ending glitter
on chip board with
invented postage stamps
all to make tangible
big love trapped in your

little body

It's not my holiday.

Those are my people too, though

I tread lightly.

I love them all and I don't care
about their sticky hands
or their thoughts about the making of our World.

I care about their integrity,
and the way in which they hold their heads up
and follow their noses and guts.

They are my holiday.
So, I tread lightly.