

Upright

The baby walked today;
 Been trying to for days.
He'd walk around the chairs
 And test in other ways.
He'd take a couple steps
 Then forward fall and crawl.
On hands and knees he'd find
 A table, chair or wall.

Today he rose and stood
 Alone upon his feet.
Then stepped off into space,
 For him a major feat.
He made it through the room
 Before he fell to floor
And did not crawl this time,
 But stood and stepped once more.

The wonder filled our eyes.
 We watched our baby boy.
This one small miracle
 Engulfed our home with joy.
No greater thrill was felt
 When man stepped on the moon
Than when our infant child
 Walked off across the room.

Note: inspired by grandson Jason Arehart on September 26, 1983