

The Mobile

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The mobile swings above the crib
Its lullaby rocking the baby to sleep
Yet the overhanging objects cause a quiver in his lip
Eventually bringing him to weep
He wishes that he could escape
With his little hot wheels cars
But despite crawling every which way
The baby is trapped within the white bars
Forced to look until his eyes are closed
At the star and moon above
A planet green like garden hedgerows
And finally a flower supposedly filled with love
The shooting star passes by gently
Gliding through the night air
But through the good it has brought for many
The baby sees nothing but despair
In the moon, the baby sees himself
Or at least what he wants to become
And like the highest object on a faraway shelf
Slips out of his grasp as the lullaby continues to hum
The green planet confuses the baby boy
Because of the conflicting emotions expressed by the mother
Emphasizing its importance, but using it to buy her toy
The boy watches it pass, as would any other
Finally there is the flower, where love supposedly settles
Even though she smiles at him a lot
The baby can tell by counting the petals
That this flower loves him not
The baby pouts and watches it spin
Wondering why was it placed there
If he is supposed to be held in
How can he reach what seems so fair
If not this mobile, why should he pass
And live in this tiny bedroom
Will he ever leave the bottle, only to reach for a glass
With all this uncertain, is his childhood doomed
Of course, the baby doesn't understand everything
Although he wishes now he hadn't walked
Now his parents think he can do anything
And are surprised he hasn't already started to talk
Yet despite all this, they still refuse
To let their baby touch the mobile
So why do they think the boy's pulling a ruse
When he never wants to smile
The mobile swings above the crib
The lullaby rocking the baby to sleep
Yet the only time he may ever be able to touch it
Is within the confines of his own dreams.