

## **Watching My Son**

by George Vukelich

I watched my son, hands in pockets,  
talking of frogs, talking of rockets.  
His eyes near rolling from their sockets,  
telling of wart hogs fleeing the lions.

Ratfish were eaten by elephant seals.  
Lake trout bled by the lamprey eels.  
Accepting of all this killing for meals,  
I awaited his discovering the Mayans.

His hardest question to my mind  
was why is there a human kind?  
Yet, watching him made it easy to find  
God in the eons, God in the ions.