

Let's Ride the Bus

Mama and I ride the bus;
It's a splendid time together.
I give her kisses and no fuss,
While we wait in any weather.

I hide within her coat
When the raw wind blows.
"Mommy wings" I boast,
To warm me to my toes.

To Queen Street is our ride
For children's books. Storytime!
The Bus zigzags with pride.
Does it know the wall I'll climb?

Books, puppets, stories galore.
Next Wednesday again at Library's door.

-Robin Moscati, 2015