

# Wintermitts

Julie Doiron

Lego toys on the counters  
Dolls stuffed in a bag  
All the wintermitts on the radiators  
Are some of the things that I love

Boots and boots and boots  
Are stacked on wet newspapers  
There're puddles to avoid  
And the chorus from the kitchen sings  
"I love you"

Toilet paper tubes in every room  
He will use for constructions  
Drawings of Charlotte when she was a baby  
In my belly they were safe

They used to catch me crying  
I should not have cried that much  
But then they would console me  
They have such a gentle touch  
Would bring me a kleenex and tell me  
Everything was okay  
Now I know it will be

When I go away  
They go on without me  
But it never is the same  
And it makes my heart ache