

Honey, Don't You Want This Trike? (Or, Never Take Your Mother To the Storage Unit When You're Downsizing) ©2016 Linda Allen

Honey, don't you want this trike?

It's as cute as the day I bought it for you

You looked so darling when you were just two

Pushing the pedals as your daddy pushed you

So tell me, what's not to like?

Honey, don't you want this trike?

Honey, don't you want this train?

It's Thomas Tank Engine and all of his friends'

We'd lie on the ground, I can still see that grin

We'd sound the train whistle as it rounded the bend

To dump it would be such a shame

Honey, don't you want this train?

Mom, thanks for helping, but I'll take it from here

My friend with the truck is on his way here

We're off to Goodwill then I'll buy him a beer

So goodbye, and thanks for your help

Honey, don't you want those books?

All of the Narnia tales we once read

Here's Harry, Hermione, Ron, George and Fred,

We read them each night cuddled up in your bed

Would you like to take one more look?

Honey, don't you want these books?

Mom, I can see this is stressful for you

Here comes the truck, I don't know what to do

Now you are crying all over my shoe

Gotta go – but thanks for yourhelp

Honey, you don't want this stuff

But maybe your children will want it some day

It makes me so sad to see you give it away

So here, let me help, I'll take it away

And I really can't thank you enough

For letting me help with your stuff

OK, this one is personal! It happened kind of this way. My family can tell you I have a hard time letting go of memorabilia.