

A Boy's Eyes

I'd like to be a Cub Scout
(His eyes were deepest blue).
I'd like to learn, and play, and build
Like Jim and Freddy do.

I know how to use a hammer;
I can drive a nail if I try.
I'm six years old, I'm big and strong
And hardly ever cry.

I gave him the application
And his parents-participation sheet.
(His eyes were filled with sunshine
As he left on dancing feet.)

Next day, my friend was back again,
A dejected little lad.
"I guess I'll skip the Cub Scouts."
(His eyes were dark and sad.)

My Mom is awful busy,
She has lots of friends you see.
She'd never have any time for a den;
She hardly has time for me.

And Dad is always working-
He's hardly ever there.
To give them more to do
Just wouldn't be quite fair.

He handed back the paper
With the dignity of six years
And smiling bravely, left me
(His eyes were filled with tears).

Do you see your own boy's eyes,
As other people may?
How he looks when you're "too busy"
Or "just haven't time today."

A boy is such a special gift,
Why won't you realize
It only takes a little time
To put sunshine in his eyes.

