**All Grown Up**

I have to take control.

“Weasel I’m hungry!”

My little sister had her arms crossed, standing in front of me.

Dun Dun Dun

She stomped her little feet.

I snapped.

“HOLD ON!”

I held my baby brother in one arm, attempting to push a bottle into his mouth.

*Ahhh...*

It was difficult to decipher my mood.

Happy or sad- I couldn’t tell.

The baby squealed as I turned my attention away.

“CHRISTIAN STOP THAT!”

I stood watching the middle eldest circle around me.

He was screaming a nonexistent language.

Brrahhhh Dlaaaappp Oooowwoo

Never losing focus on the toy airplane he held above his head.

Gavin stopped crying.

I set him in his swing- propping up his bottle.

Running to the fridge, I pulled out a few lunchables.

I threw them on the table.

The tiny devils went silent.

I took control.

Found Poem: Taken From My Personal Writer’s Notebook (p. 23)