

My First Drink

By Bob Boucher Nov, 2010

My memory is a bit hazy.
It as nineteen thirty four
of our round kitchen table
and our wooden floor

Mama was on this side
Papa on the other
I was in my high chair
opposite my brother

Then in my tiny hands
they put a tiny little cup
they said OK Bob
try and drink it up

I tried and I tried
my quest was unfulfilled
every time I tried
the milk was always spilled

At last the cup, it reached my lips
I took a little sip
Wow drinking's not so bad
I took another nip

O they were so proud of me
I have never let them down
Been drinking ever since
Let's have another round