

THE TRIPLETS ARE CUMMINS!

by their Great Grandpa, Robert Fitt, July 2001

I love little babies. They're fun and they're cuddly,
And even, sometimes, just a little bit pudply.

But ya know what?

I thought they'd be better just *one* to a house,
Not bunched-up and crowded in Mom's bulky blouse
To later show up like a crowd of gangbusters.
Not just *one*—but *three*. Hey! They came out in clusters!!

And you know what?

Not a soul sees my mom any more very much,
'Cause she's feedin' and diaperin' and rockin' n' such
And even the grandmas get into the act,
And daddy and grandpa—it's true, it's a fact!

And you know what?

The triplets, first, whimpered; but soon they'll cry loud
They'll belt out a hunger that'd make a bear proud.
Yes, when they get stronger, they'll join in a trio
You can hear clear to Kansas or even to Rio,
How loud will they cry, then? Well, let me just say
They'll make *acres* of wheat and potato vines sway
'Cause when they get hungry they're loud little fellows,
And when they're unhappy they let out a bellow
That rattles the windows and rattles the doors,
And jiggles the dishes and vibrates the floors.

The sound of their voices will vibrate the ground
And stampede the cattle for ten miles around.

We love *all* of our triplets, we love them a lot;
But you know what?

We think that all three are a part of a plot
To make us all helpers (like good little elves),
And you know what?

To make us all happy in spite of ourselves!