

Twenty Minutes A Day

By Richard Peck

Read to your children
Twenty minutes a day;
You have time
And so do they.

Read while the laundry is in the machine;
Read while the dinner cooks;
Tuck a child in the crook of your arm
And reach for the library books.

Hide the remote
Let the computer games cool,
For one day your child will be off to school;
"Remedial?" "Gifted?" You have the choice,
Let me hear their first tales
In the sound of your voice.
Read in the morning;
Read over noon;
Read by the light of the
Good night moon.

Turn the pages together,
Sitting close as you'll fit,
Till a small voice besides you says,
"Hey, don't quit."