

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

Robert Gomez

I CAN'T WAIT TO HAVE A SON...

I can't wait to have a son so that I can make him great
We'll take a trip around the world, I will let him navigate
We'll buy a great big boat, and I will paint it blue
And in big black letter's he'll paint the name "I sea you"
We'll sail across the ocean, non-stop, days at a time
And the only thing we'll eat is roasted pig, hint of lime
When we stop we'll stop in Rome, in Italy, for just one day
We'll poke fun at Italian customs, in a most heartfelt kind of way
We'll fill Trevi fountain up with pasta and bathe, lo faremo
For shampoo we'll use marinara, for conditioner, alfredo
The Italians, they will laugh; the tourists all will scream
Oh, my son and I, we make the most mischievous kind of team
That night we'll go back to bed in our home on the sea
I'll lay awake for hours thinking about the things my son should see
"Tomorrow we'll stop in Turkey, the next day in Kuwait"
I can't wait to have a son so that I can make him great

I can't wait to have a son so that I can make him great
We'll build a ten-foot robot and teach him how to skate
We'll buy him a brand-new helmet, find a puck, and make a stick
We'll introduce our bot to hockey; he will pick the game up quick
We'll both act as his agent and we'll also be his coaches
And together we'll get him a tryout for the Cedar Rapids Roaches
"He skates so fast" the team will say, "and he hits so hard"
"Of course we'll let him on the squad, despite his cyborg heart!"
But ten games with the robot playing, the Roaches are in last
He's scored ten goals but his teammates hate him, we never taught him how to pass
The book was in on how to beat the Cedar Rapids team
Because he'll never pass the puck, just have everyone guard him
They'll yell "we're losing every game—teach him to pass!" sounding mad
But we won't respond, just walk away, a laughing son and laughing dad
Then we'll hit a round of golf, grab some food, and stay out late
I can't wait to have a son so that I can make him great

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

I can't wait to have a son so that I can make him great
We'll bet a grand playing the ponies, leaving everything to fate
Our colt "Bolt" will win the derby, we'll both be millionaires
We'll buy a brand new mansion, eat the fanciest of pears
Our backyard will have a lake and inside it is our whale
And it'll be the smartest cetacean alive, first in his class at Yale
Every day at four we'll go outside and have a chat
Just me, my son, and our genius whale, what do you think of that?
And when our whale decides to leave to seek a nautical wife
My son will weep before he cries out "Good luck with your life!"
And then we'll talk about the ways of life and of life's creation
At first he'll be confused but ultimately get an education
And he'll start to look at things differently than he did before
And there'll be a tear in my eye as I dream of what's in store
For my son, my pal, my pride and joy, my boy, and my mate
I can't wait to have a son so that I can make him great
I can't wait to have a son so that I can make him great
He'll grow into a strong and handsome lad, polite and never late
Good at sports and full of jokes, a man's man kind of guy
But he'll also be mysterious enough to make the girlies sigh
After high school there'll be college, after college off to work
I just hope his boss isn't some bowtie-wearing jerk
A few years later, he'll meet a lady and ask her for her hand
She'll, of course, agree while he's on one knee, he'll smile, they'll kiss, and
They'll call their friends and relatives, including dear old Dad
I'm happy for them but can't helping feeling just the smallest bit of sad
The wedding will be beautiful, his bride will be sublime
"And what's for dinner?" you might ask, why roasted pig and lime!
Soon my son's family duo to a trio will have grown
While I crawl closer to death's door, as I am dying all alone
I'll call him up to thank him for making my life great
But, alas, I'll never have that son until I can find a date.