

If Only It Were Tomorrow

The days of the week, all different for sure.
You never know what might happen or occur.
Each day brings its own mix of despair and joy,
Especially for one specific little boy.

On Sunday, he went to the holy place,
A small town church where he learns about Jesus's grace.
He continued the day with the Bible in his hand.
He recites the memory verse, seeking to understand.
The sun begins to set and at dinner his parents begin to fight.
The boy ran to his room to avoid the awful sight.
He started to pray to God in sorrow,
"Oh, if only it were tomorrow."

He woke up Monday morning with a positive attitude.
All he could feel is a sense of gratitude.
He got on the bus and sits in an empty seat
Until a little girl arrived who appeared very sweet.
They both chattered until they got off to depart.
The boy felt a warmth inside of his heart.
He spent the rest of the day thinking of the kind deed,
Hoping the day would go by with a fast speed.
That night he thanked God and called out the same thing as the night ago,
"Oh, if only it were tomorrow."

Tuesday arose in a hurry,
But out the window was a sporadic snow flurry.
The home phone rang like an alarm;
School was canceled to avoid any harm!
A mix of emotions went through his head.
He wouldn't get to see the girl up ahead.
He spent the day playing with the white, fluffy cloud,
Making snowmen with the rest of the crowd.
He lied down in bed, exhausted yet content,
Pleased he got to enjoy the rare event.
He closed his eyes, speaking very, very slow,
"Oh, if only it were tomorrow."

Wednesday, also known as hump day,
Was bright with the sun shining array.
The little boy sat again with the little girl.
He admired her necklace which was made of pearl.
He never had someone to call a friend,
Until the little girl had an idea to recommend.
“We should have a playdate this weekend!”
He agreed with an enormous amount of excitement,
And after school the invite would be sent.
He looked in the mailbox and there he saw
The invitation which he gazed at in awe.
He ran to his mom, shaking the card in front of her face.
She found the address and wrote down the place.
While he was brushing his teeth, he gurgled over the water flow,
“Oh, if only it were tomorrow.”

Thursday he wished never came,
Because on the playground the others kept calling him a cruel name.
Tears flowed down his freckled cheek.
He couldn't find the words to speak.
If he told the teacher, he would be a tattletale,
But if he didn't it would only prevail.
He decided to run to the bathroom, curled in a fetal position.
Why couldn't he just receive normal recognition?
When he came home, as if the day couldn't get any worse,
His parents announced they plan to disperse.
The little boy couldn't decide how he felt,
Not understanding why their differences couldn't be dealt.
He cried that night, weeping quiet and low,
“Oh, if only it were tomorrow.”

Friday, at sunrise, the little boy woke up with a headache.
His mom brought him liquid medicine to take.
He didn't want to go to school after the previous occurrences,
But his devotion book gave him multiple reassurances.
As the little girl approached him with a smile,
She gave him a jar with a cookie pile.
All his past worries were quickly ignored.
He ate them with her, a friend he adored.
He saved half of them to give to his classmates.
They all laughed and giggled, waving their paper plates.
He told the story to his parents which whom
Were sitting on opposite ends of the room.
He asked them to make their own cookies, and they couldn't say no.

He said out loud, munching on cookie dough,
"Oh, if only it were tomorrow!"

Saturday evening, he jumped in the car,
Excited to see the girl's home that wasn't too far.
Before he left the vehicle, his mom gave him a kiss goodbye.
His son finally having a friend made her want to cry.
The girl opened the door and led him inside.
They ate some snacks and bounced on the trampoline.
He stated to the little girl, "I'm glad you're not mean."
The meetup went faster than a cheetah.
The girl called out, "It was nice to see ya!"
The boy ranted to his mother about the events that took place.
He talked and talked with a huge grin on his face.
He later told his dad too
But all he had to say was, "Who?"
Realizing his dad never really cared,
He didn't answer and just stared.
He mumbled with a hurt that his dad wouldn't know,
"Oh, if only it were tomorrow."

Sunday morning, the little boy went back to God's house.
He made sure to stay as quiet as a mouse.
He reflected on the past week,
And thought about how it was so unique.
He went through many emotions in a short span,
But now he felt an exhilaration to make a brilliant plan.
During prayer requests he raised his hand to go.
"Oh, if only it were tomorrow."

The following day he began the course of action.
That boy's plan was to document his each and every reaction
In hopes of maybe feeling some new satisfaction.
Despite this new goal, he continued to wish one wish;
One that he would be the only one to know,
And that was the wish for an always better tomorrow.