

ADRIENNE LATSON

BODILY FUNCTIONS

3 A.M. and I my eyelids wish to meet, yet that reunion is still hours away. People are most entertaining during the wee hours of the morning, providing fodder for hilarious stories to be recounted again and again, to as many listeners as possible. Bonus points if someone snaps a photo of said fodder.

3 A.M. and I wake to the screams. My eyelids refuse to disengage. Would somebody shut that kid up? Oh, wait that somebody is me. As I peek my bed head and blood shot eyes over the edge of the crib, he gives me a look of profound relief that suggests he has long been sounding the alarm. Feed and change, with bonus points if each action is applied to the correct end. Sleep, like eating a meal while it is still hot, are sacrifices that shall go unnoticed until someone is around to call me Nana. I've determined that napping during the musical guests on Saturday Night Live does not count as watching it all the way through, but it definitely deserves an honorable mention.

Saturday afternoon. Magazines and books crowd the end tables, and my husband's latest "I'll fix it" is spread throughout the computer room. Tiny pieces of machinery, rubber bands and screws are stolen in the middle of the night by little furry paws to be found half way down the basement steps in the morning. Those silly felines. Later that day, we play monkey in the middle with the cat until he hisses and begins chasing his tail.

Saturday. Squash on the kitchen walls, foul smell emanating from the hamper, and toys with too much battery life blinking on the living room floor. I must shove over Grover and Oscar to sit on the couch, if only to watch Noggin. "Uh-oh", my husband says. Little baby fingernail clippings fly through the air, and land in the short shag of the carpet. We watch as the cat approaches, inspects and rejects the clipping. I admonish the cat, "Why didn't you pick that up instead of just leaving it there on the floor?"

Phone rings and its Mary. She and her husband want us to meet them for dinner tonight. In two hours. Sure, why not. We'll jump in the shower and be right there. Next weekend, hubby and I see Vantage Point, the last showing on a Sunday night, around 11 P.M. We discuss

plans for a short get-away for my birthday, no longer than four days. We leave several bowls of food and water for the cats and pack one suitcase between the two of us. We won't be leaving the hotel much, anyway.

Phone rings and its Mom. Uncle David is finally in town, and wants to see the newest member of the family. Now. Baby needs to eat, then a diaper change, dress in one more layer than the adults, and finally buckled into the five-point harness. The diaper bag inventory; diapers (4), wipes, burp cloths (2), extra shirt and pants, socks, blanket, toys (4), pacifier, antibacterial liquid for germaphobic husband, and the nasal bulb, because baby has been phlegmy lately. I dress in whatever fits and pick up my son, who vomits in my hair and in my cleavage. I debate whether a change of clothes is necessary, then find my purse and truck keys. Two hours later, we are ready to leave, but baby needs to eat again. "Will we need the stroller?" hubby asks. No, I say, we won't be leaving the house much, anyway.

Sunday night, watching "Mad Men". My husband burps, says excuse me. I ask him to keep the noise down so I can hear what Don is saying.

Sunday night, watching football. My husband burps, and baby giggles. Hubby fake-burps, and baby giggles harder. We laugh. Husband wonders aloud about stand-up comedians. Hubby and baby continue their conversation. After all, boys will be boys. Later, during the fourth quarter, I wonder aloud, what is so funny about bodily functions, anyway? Keep the noise down, my husband says, the baby's napping.