

Mingling

(For those with worries about being equally nice to others.)

How do you do?

My name is and My job is and My life is

All defined in a few sentences.

We summate and gestate and gesticulate

Our lives

Before moving onto the next.

Into a few lines.

A few lines of text, well-rehearsed, well repeated.

Well-rehearsed

Well repeated:

How do you My name is I am a

Done.

Easy when you know how.

If you're one of them.

A mingler.

Mingler: Noun, properly attired –

A breed of person that is not yet fully developed

Evolves into:

into an extrovert

A party animal

or (Heaven forbid)

A host.

It starts with the children's party.
(I say the children's party but
it is the adult's party organised for the child by
the parent for the other parents to show how well
they have worked, so hard, at being a parent.
Look at me, I am successful. How do *you* do?)

The child looks around, anxious.
Friends they have invited?
Maybe. If the love is strong.
Entertainment they like?
Hopefully, if the love is aware.
Food and music and colours and invites and streamers and iced rings
and, and...
It's expected, love.

A child has to learn how to mingle, to blend, to be friendly.
Welcome to my home. I like your home.
Do your best, love. I'll just be over here, love.
"Lovely party".

We pass the parcels of expectation from one parent to the other
We freeze with the music choices correctly, while one by one the
chairs are removed.
We expect the children to know the rules because we know the
rules
Don't we, lovely party, how do you do I am a...
Where is the bathroom please?
"You'll always find me in the kitchen at parties."

Mingling is not on the curriculum and there are no rules of engagement
(Geneva has yet to list the child's party in its treaties)

I'm worried.

I don't want to play with the others

I don't want to play with their toys

They might not like me

They may not want me

How long will it last

Will there be cake

I'm allergic to

I don't want to

Why do I have to

Where is the

Did you bring the

The child, overwhelmed, anxious

Cries the night before.

(It isn't made any easier when their body has grown though)

The mingling has yet to be taught

The rules are still unwritten

You just muddle through, love.

Do your best, love.

How do you do?

"Lovely party".