

In defense of the fidget spinner

Usually I agree with my friend and fellow *Catholic Review* blogger, Robyn Barberry. But we have finally found the topic that divides us: fidget spinners. Read Robyn's persuasive (and also poetic) take over at her blog, *Unconditional*.

But take a spin through mine first.

It's small, it's fast, it's so much fun,

And nearly every kid has one,

Or two, or three, or four, or eight,

Since fidget spinners are so great.

For weeks I've heard the fidget buzz,

And I broke down. Why? Just because.

I'd heard about them, that's for sure,

But didn't know what was in store.

These spinners move and twirl, you see,

On land, in air, or in a tree.

A child can spin it on his nose,

Or on an eyelash, I suppose.

He twirls it on his knee or shoe,

While hopping backwards next to you.

Just when you think you've seen it all,

A spinner crab walks down the hall.

While teachers ban them by the score,

The kids just master even more.

Annoying? Spinners just might be,

But no complaints will come from me.

I've got a few tricks left to learn,

And I would really like a turn.