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Untitled

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I see you
 little girl
 So warm so dear
 your bright eyes shining peacefully today
 Tell me of your soul
 content in the important way
 Your blue eyes shimmer
 soft as a moonlit ocean
 Your smile springs from the corners of your mouth
 Making your cheeks round
 and looking pleased with yourself
 And why shouldn't you be?
 I'm pleased with you too.
 Although I will go away soon
 and miss to see you grow
 I will remember the sweet heart
 I saw through your eyes
 Being satisfied to say
 in years to come
 That I shared some moments
 in the spring of her life
 When her eyes shimmered blue
 of an early morning hue
 And her soft voice beckoned to play
 in the water just a little more.
 So we did enjoy the days
 watching your free spirit stretch out
 Filling mine with the joy
 of your springtime heart.

Louise Kolakovich

... We Go Round

Gotta get gas before we start,
 At last we're off to the supermart.
 Two by two and one in the cart,
 On a cold and frosty morning.

Swing your basket round the bend,
 There's Joy and Cheer and Bounce at the end.
 Maybe I'll even run into a friend,
 On a cold and frosty morning.

Round and round the aisles we wind.
 A song keeps turning around in my mind.
 Where am I going? What will I find,
 On a cold and frosty morning?

It isn't cool to pick your nose,
 And don't get gum all over your clothes.
 (Is this the role I freely chose,
 On a magical April morning?)

The baby howls but he's dry as a bone.
 (He's beginning to look like his father's clone.)
 And he chants the song of an ice cream cone,
 On a cold and frosty morning.

Fingering through a magazine,
 I wait in line. What's it all mean?
 The gossip, the glamour and haute cuisine,
 On a cold and frosty morning?

Where are the dreams I dreamed with you,
 Am I too blind to see they came true?
 There's never time to think it through,
 On a cold and frosty morning.

Ring me up so I can pay.
 We'll trundle our bundles and be on our way.
 The clouds unveil a crystal day,
 But a cold and frosty morning.

Its the children that make me smile
 and realize that
 the lollipop has just been licked... not eaten.
 Joan Leindecker



Barbara McDownell