

## TIME

The quiet afternoon breathes around me.  
The rocking chair is still.  
You sleep in my arms so safely,  
so beautiful, so small, so mine.

And there's a thought that flashes,  
and makes me feel amazed.  
"How could I feel so jealous of something  
so far away?"

I lay my head on the back of the chair,  
and gently begin to rock.  
The thoughts of the distant future,  
a quick present in my head.

You're mine for now and only now.  
You'll steadily move away.  
And that's just as it should be,  
but it's overwhelming to think of you not mine.

I know the years will change us both.  
I'll grow as much as you.  
But to think that someday another girl  
will be more important than I . . .

I hope we will enjoy each other.  
I hope you grow up smart and handsome and happy,  
I hope you find someone who will love you  
as much as I do now.

Nothing happens without a reason.  
This insight will give me time to get ready,  
because the only way to keep you will be to let you go.  
I rock and hope the years go slowly.