

BORN STILL

Perfect

And yet the beating of your heart was silent
The breath of life from rosebud lips not felt.

Your silken lashes did not flutter,
Unopened eyes never held our gaze.

The grasp of your small fingers still and without strength
Your arms will never reach for us , feet carry you to our embrace

And we will never hear the music of your voice .

Or know the sweet fragrance of your skin

When did the tide of death steal you away?

If we could breathe our own life's breath

Bequeath you minutes days and years ; we would .

But we are not the author or deliverer of life

We cannot solve the mystery of spirit and of soul

Or remove the shroud of death that holds you still

Sweet child whose life will only ever live within our dreams

We speak your name upon the wind and it is carried far away

But you remain imprinted on our hearts

Forever.

Tricia Richards

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Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep