

As Children...

As children we see

Flowers and wishes not weeds
Magic and love, not holidays with needs
Puddles to splash in, instead of storms and floods
Magnificent creations instead of messy mud

As children we see

Best friends, not colors
Stacked castles of coins, not dollars
God's gift around every corner
Not nature that to progress must surrender

As children we are

Pure in vision and heart
God's greatest work of art
A sweet song of perfection
Refreshing innocence and affection

As children we are

What each of us should aspire
A simple virtue they have already acquired
Yet as we grow old with age
Blindness corrupts, creating a vicious rampage
The treadmill of life commences
And we lose all of our senses

Oh, to see with the eyes of a child
Oh, to feel with the heart of a child
Oh, to love with the love of a child
Oh, forever be the essence of a child

Before our souls are contaminated and brutally defiled

May 1, 2019

ISB

