

The Maze

Those childhood fantasies were often a confusing maze,
where I lost all sense of direction,
but, still, there was always a favourite section,
where I gazed upon your face, through the haze,
of a warm and beautiful, bright summer's day.

Your vibrant dancing now is much as I imagined it would be,
while your blessed presence,
is a special essence,
with your sparkling diamond eyes gazing up at me,
as I hold you close, and cherish this tangible reverie.

How I often contemplated the thrill of the touch,
of those tiny angelic fingers,
dwarfed around mine, now it lingers.
with the scent that I adore with my selfish heart, such
that the notion I perceived now means so much.

For you are the rainbow that surges into view,
my chirping dawn chorus,
a flowing stream of chaos,
of childhood exploration and thrills renewed,
riding each misadventure 'till worn out shoes.

Such that when I look at you I see a mirror,
and I love your reflection,
it gives me direction,
through that maze I now see clearer,
cry sweet child bring those eyes nearer.

So I can search inside your soul for the solution,
do you feel it too,
my maze is me and you.
Your fantasies of life in motion,
these genes we share, our unique potion.