



To My Unborn Child

I feel your gentle presence here within;
The hands that I will some day hold in mine.
I know you not at all and yet so well,
For you have been a part of me this long, long time.

How often have I dreamed of what you're like—
Your eyes, your smile, the sunlight on your cheeks;
And I have come to love you, oh, so well,
For this is wealth—the gold a mother seeks.

Some day when you are gone and I'm alone
I'll feel again the joy of this, our time.
And know your heart has never left its home
But will forever nestle next to mine.

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