

Childhood

Growing up is hard to do.
It starts without a roadmap,
Without a single clue.

A baby wakes up hungry,
Its whole world's gone berserk;
But can't express its feelings
'Cause its little mouth won't work.

A toddler tries so hard to walk,
But that's a "falling-forward" thing.
Who wants to fall to get ahead,
And what good would that bring?

A child likes to play with toys,
A plethora of them is fine.
But playing with another child
Means sharing what is "Mine!".

A teen knows how to talk, to share,
But then is hit a different blow.
How can a feeling be expressed
While lifted high or dropped down low?

Adulthood is another stage
That growing up must do:
Like having children of your own
And trying to pull each child through.

Love is learned in all its forms—
Some with blessings, some with strife—
As each one tries to find a passion
That becomes a way of life.

Even old age brings a focus.
Two very different points of view:
A "looking back" and straight ahead"
Before one's born anew.

October 10, 2016