

On my growing Son

The East and West winds play with my Son in the garden
chasing leaves and cats and squirrels

We used to say:

"One day this baby will be grown,
and will play in the garden with the wind
chasing leaves and cats and squirrels".

And now we say:

"One day this boy will be grown,
Will sigh upon another's breast
and her belly will swell
with the mystery of life."

And one day, when your babies are grown
Will you bring them here to play with the wind
chasing leaves and cats and squirrels?