

To the Children

If the day should come
When I shall be unraveled,
When my voice can't speak
The words I wish it would
Please try to hide impatience and despair.

My mind might be remembering
Sunny days and happy hours we shared,
The joy your being brought to me
And later quiet and peaceful times
Which led me to this place at last.

So smile at me and hold my hand
In your strong one
And when you see the fabric of my life undone,
Don't grieve or weep.
The weaving of my life
Has been such fun!

-Rita M. Braskie