

MARK
PRICE

Kids

By

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Kids are
The Forest after the rain
Fresh and new.

A dream of the future
A memory of the past.

The beginning of the alphabet
The end of a prayer.

Kids are Heaven and Hell
Rolled into one.

Kids are the reason for living
The sadness in dying.

They are complete and whole and beautiful
Their smile halts Satan's charge.

Cursed be the man who harms these gems
Their lives are more precious
Then yours or mine will ever be.

Kids keep being yourselves
My age doesn't remember how.