

Precious Children

*Precious children, laugh and run,
In the warmth of summer's sun.
Each new thrill, each new fright,
Form part of a child's delight.*

*I watch you smile, explore a notion,
Beautiful bodies, all in motion.
Hungry - eat, tired then sleep,
Draw a picture for me to keep.*

*You speak so well, I listen, intent,
To some new game that you invent.
When you've grown up,
These things I'll miss,*

*And your childish hugs,
And your innocent kiss.*

*Stephen Davids
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