

Eighteen Today

She is eighteen today.. wow.
There are no words for such a thing,
Though I try.. I always try.
Somehow, I feel a need to wrap my mind
Around the ephemeral years (as if I ever could)
With some attempt at articulation.

Hannah herself escapes expression like a multi-colored butterfly,
Flitting from interest to interest with rapid rhythm.
The same basic tastes in the sweetest joys
Help her rest here, there, over there,
Till a few heartbeats of days or weeks pass and
Another newly blossomed fascination beckons..
Perhaps a new bloom on an older hobby.



The days and weeks passed into months and years
Faster than I could draw in my breath.
Suddenly, we are here and I feel.. dazed.
These feelings make me want to hold on,
But I will let go and blow gently on my outstretched fingers
So she may find more joy in the wide sunny field,
Though sometimes it may be rained on or beset by storm.

She will strengthen and change from butterfly to fairy,
Sharing her splendor with all who are willing to
See her generous desire to cultivate beauty in others.
Today I am proud to be her mother!

~cara colleen