

Children Of Bright Summer Mornings

Here I sit alone with my poems
My children of bright summer mornings
Some were born in the dead of night
Ripped from my heart and my soul
Like pictures taken from a faded brown wallet
Some sing some dance some cry
As children pull here then there
Skipping through the mind
Tears in eyes heartfelt sigh joy in a smile
Or cries in the night from trembling hand
Eyes open wide
Carried away in heartfelt play
By children of bright summer mornings
Or poems born in the dead of night
Ripped from my heart and my soul

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