

For my lost child

by Myra King

If I could close the gap of my fingers
to something that shows
more than depth
I'd protect you as I did
when you were within
but how could I know
where you were going
or how far you have been

and how can I feel
beneath your skin
the deepness of you
when I can only see
as if through
a veil thinly
my own

and where have the years sped
how distant was your youth
but you will always
be my child
from motherhood and birth

if only I could
I would
catch you up
but the space
between us
is never diminishing
like some endless play
for as fast as I run to you

you are running away

