

Moments...

(Child)

*I arrived in this world in a moment of grace,
in a room filled with joy and with hope on every face.*

*I am carried so gently to my mother's loving arms,
to be held with care, caressed by her palms.*

*I cry out in hunger and she understands,
I am nurtured and nourished as best she can.*

*The infinite bond we create as I suckle her breast
and look into her eyes, I am completely at rest.*

*At this moment of (complete) contentment, I drift into sleep;
in the arms of gentleness with a love so very deep.*

*The warmth of my mother and each breath that we take,
in stillness and quiet, this peace we make.*

*When these moments occur, they are blessings to behold;
to be loved unconditionally, a precious gift all told.*

PN

