

THINGS FORGOTTEN

Would you let me be a child again
And carry me in your arms?
I'd lose myself in daydreams,
Forget this world of harms.
I'd believe it's all still possible
And trust the world is good;
I'd stand fast and cling to faith
The way I know I should.
If you would only hold me tight,
A strong and warm embrace,
My hollow heart would find its hope,
And finally know its place.
If you'd remind me you are near,
My mind would find release;
I'd trade away my hurt and doubt,
My bitterness, for peace.

—*Rachel Schade*