

That winter was a cold one, and everywhere I looked, there was snow,  
Icicles hanging from rooftops, my fingers wrapped in an icy coat,  
But as we approached a day of warmth and celebration, I had the privilege to behold,  
The dawn of a new life, so tiny and curious, not a scratch on her soul.

And as she grew into a shy little girl,  
Her charm still didn't evade most, a natural gift with which she was bestowed.  
And yet, she kept hearing the unanimous complaint,  
"Slow down, will you? I can still see the white in your drawing."

God, do the days go fast, for it felt like I'd just turned around for a moment,  
But there she was, in middle school, a teenager before I knew it.  
Amidst her insecurities and worries about fitting in,  
She couldn't figure it all out fast enough, and I watched her cave in,  
Shrink back into herself, wishing she didn't exist,  
Because she couldn't see any reason herself.

As such, her breakneck speed finally slowed down,  
People began to speak in hushed tones, or so she thought,  
Wondering what happened to the little girl that they all loved,  
And who this new inadequate, hollow replacement was.

It felt like no time to me, but I'm sure an eternity for her,  
When she turned sixteen, and suddenly realized she was a woman,  
Destined to live, destined to thrive,  
Oh Dear Lord, how she'd wasted all that time!

Slowly, people began to smile,  
As the little girl they knew began to shine.  
Not so little anymore, of course,  
She now had laser focus, only one goal.

Oh, how fast our children grow,  
Now she's twenty, barely a child anymore,  
Or so she thought, as usual,  
Even she wondered, how she could feel so big and yet so small.

But now that she was settled, en route a job where she could stick up her nose,  
She began to look around, and see the people she'd never bothered to know before.  
Hand in hand, laughter abounds, huddled in groups, making sure the world knew,  
She realized she was alone, and maybe... the only one so.

As she lay in bed, the day's distractions at an end,  
The thoughts began to race, converging in her head,  
Oh, Dear Lord, she'd run out of time again.

Her wit and her charm had been graced with time and age,  
So hyper-focused as usual, on her pretty rampage,

But Oh, my Dear Child, if I could have stopped you, if I could,  
From thinking that if you didn't get it now, you never would.

The seasons go by, I could swear in the blink of an eye,  
She comes home and now she's a real adult, in her own right,  
Skipping up the stairs with a new regality, her head held high,  
Coming home after ages, and yet to me, it seemed like barely a night.

But inside the house, I couldn't quite define,  
The atmosphere of tension and the disappointment they all tried to hide,  
She spent some time back home, even I'm not sure why,  
But before I knew it, she was off again, her head still held high.  
But I felt the urgency, her hurry to make things right.

And oh, do the days pass by,  
Once again, I'm taken by surprise,  
She's got a brand new house, a brand new car,  
And before even she knows it, a brand new life.

Now every day turns into a fight,  
They used to be each others' guiding light,  
Now it's about who should quit, and who's right,  
"What was I thinking when I married you"? Alright.  
The bills are piling up sky-high,  
She's high-strung by day and in tears by night,  
He wants to make it easy, but in hindsight,  
They realize they're both too focused on their own problems,  
Too consumed in their race to make the most of life.

Ah, just as she was when she was a child,  
She still can't sit still, or keep her place in line,  
Always fidgeting and worried that if she closes her eyes,  
She'll lose everything, what she worked for her entire life.

There's nothing quite like the relief of watching your child turn out alright,  
And she began to look at them both in a new light.  
He and She grew a little closer, initially,  
But then shut each other out again, and I don't know why.  
Pulling up bills to prove themselves right,  
Arguing simply to pass the time,  
Insisting that they earned this from life,  
But still tossing and turning and wondering, inside.

I watched her that day, alone in the garden,  
The smile on her face when her grandchild came by,  
The most beautiful thing I'd seen on her face, in a really long while.

It was a simple question,

"Gramma, what do *you* like?"

And if I could laugh, I just might,

Because the look on her face, so wrong but so right,

Her heart racing as she wondered if she'd let life pass her by.

Oh, my Dear Child, from the oak tree you used to climb,

My love for you never dies, back from your final tears to your first cry,

Now that we stand together on this soil,

You don't need to worry, you have the entire world's time.

And now that you're separate from that raging fire inside,

I wish you a well-deserved rest, my child.