

# 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

