

A Child's Eyes

by PlaidPooka

Children see what we've forgotten.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A CHILD'S EYES

A child's eyes see much more than we.

Her doll house is a palace grand.

The driveway turns to silver sand.

A mud puddle becomes a sea.

A journey in the woods to play,

Now it's a jungle deep and dark.

Where lions meow and wild wolves bark,

From the neighbor's house across the way.

Goldenrod fields and dragonflies,

Dandelions wet with morning dew,

(Perhaps throw in a mouse or two)

Grand sights to cause constant surprise.

A child's ears hear more than we.

Perhaps we forgot how to hear

The sounds our children still hold dear,
In every meadow, brook and tree.
Honking voices of geese in flight,
The first call of a whippoorwill,
The evening wind, so soft and still,
Are cause to bring a child delight.
Normal things we've disregarded,
Are magic to a child at play.
A child is not afraid to say
The flower bed's a fairy garden.
So to the children now take heed,
In everything you think and do.
Everyday let them remind you,
That dandelions are not just weeds.