

Tears for a Child Not Yet Born

by HermioneWeasley1972

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Chapter 1 of 1

This is a poem I wrote tonight because I am going through this myself.

As I sit here, thinking of you
my heart is filled with aching.
Each moment we are kept apart
I can feel it slowly breaking.
I long to see your gentle face
and to hold you in my arms.
I want to say, "I love you,"
and keep you safe from harm.
I will be there when you need me
each morning and every night.
To tell you about the love of God,
and teach you wrong from right.
I can't tell you how hard it is,
but my faith in God is steadfast.
One day soon, in His timing
I know we will meet at last.
And on that day, I'll smile at you;

I'll know you from all others.

As I look into your face, I'll say,

"Darling, I am your mother."

Sharon B. Hendricks

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