

Grand daughter By Martin Brown

Rest, my little rose-cheeked beauty,  
Sleep will feed your milky frame.  
Its store of dreams, like you, still tiny,  
The years await, for you to claim.

The best of me lies gone before  
In places that you cannot grasp.  
Your life will stretch for decades more,  
Where I'm a shadow, long since cast.

Down I gaze, and fondly pause,  
Then reach to stroke your flimsy hair.  
The past is mine, the future's yours,  
The present is what we have to share.