The Coming of Age and Love Remains

Ashley Moore

Her little toddler eyes twinkle
Fully certain that the world is her own
Every day is make-believe
And the laughter falls all around her
She is held and believed in
And loved unconditionally

Her youthful eyes are strained
From watching after a toddler that never tires
Every day is an adventure
And the pursuit for a better life drives her
She is pulled and grown up
A part of the climb

Her womanly eyes weary and tear up
After raising her toddlers to maturity and letting go
Every day is pressing on
And the obligations never cease while the demands increase
She is burdened and invincible
Climbing with all her might

Her aged, wrinkled eyes are worn
From 80 years of opening and closing, laughing and crying
Every day is forgetting herself
And the once wise woman becomes toddler innocent
She is fading and fighting little
Unaware of what she´s losing
Maybe it´s better that she knows nothing--
But that she is held and believed in
And loved unconditionally