

Reflection

Ben Cockrell

Snow falling on redwood trees and
I'm yawning all wrapped up in fleece
The kettle calls for me

Tiptoe softly down the living room hall
Mug held tightly as I feel my glasses fog
Now I can't see at all

Door creaks open and I stick my head in
You're just sleeping but you still make me grin
You're daddy's little girl

Some days in December are meant to remember your home
Your fingers so tender and tiny, I can't let them go

I open curtains and watch the flakes fall
Press my nose to the glass and I can't help
but laugh
I woke you again

Cradled arms and a sweet melody
The tears start to form as I think of what
used to be
Back when you were young

Every day in December is a day I remember
your face
I wish it wasn't so cold here without your
embrace

I should've never let go of your hands
My eyes replay the times when you learned
to stand
Now I can't without you

The third day of December all I do is remember your eyes
Mine soak with reflection, all bruised and battered with
time

All I have left are the pictures you left in my mind