

Eyes of a child

Dan Evans, July 2002

In the eyes of a child the world is very small;
There's nothing beyond the horizon, nothing out there at all.

Mornings seems like forever and afternoons never end;
Night is a magical moment that's over before it begins.

To a child whose heartbeat and breath are but a rhyme,
Hours and days mingle forming the appearance of passing time.

When something goes wrong, nothing's ever been that bad,
For any good that's ever occurred is erased when a child is sad.

We emerge from childhood with responsibility,
Our creativity conformed by others and accountability.

The maturity to which we're propelled allows few second thoughts;
Learning is an occupation; to our knees mistakes make us drop.

The exercise we embark on as we crack the shell of childhood,
We experience once again through the cycles of adulthood.

Every hurt and fall is tragic 'til we find to our relief,
There's plenty of companionship on the trail of elusive dreams.

One can never know when you've reached the middle of your life,
Maps are only supplied us as needed and for short treks at a time.

The road signs may be faded, directions hard to know;
The compass of our hearts doesn't always reveal which way to go.

As the trail unfolds and our courage grows we begin to sense our way,
Learning that God's destination is the only ticket for which we should pay.