

She

She follows me everywhere —
a butterfly in my palm,
a breeze at my face,
the forest whispering in the night.

I see her in a flower,
hear her in a rhapsody,
imagine her in a poem.

I am absorbed by her beauty,
her simple laughter,
the song of her voice.

She calls out to me in the night,
and again in the morn,
and again in the silence of my meditation,
telling me endlessly:
“I love you,
I love you.”

And she fully expects this love in return.
She fully expects play, laughter,
Sincerity and adventure.

She will not let me forget who she is:
my greatest vision, ideal, creation.

My daughter, Sonji.

Poppi
July 19, 2002