

Handprints

There used to be so many
Of my fingerprints to see
On furniture and walls and things
From sticky, grubby me!

But if you stop and think a while
You'll see I'm growing fast
Those little handprints disappear
You can't bring back what's passed.

So here's a small reminder
To keep - not wipe away
Of tiny hands and how they looked
To make you smile someday!

Love from
