

## Wonder

Child points finger to the sky  
In wonder, I wonder too  
I look the child looks looking up  
Laid back, a stroller, sky is blue

I smile we smile no choice we must  
A child's wonder no longer ours  
Or is it? Carried, smiling sparked  
Refreshed my wonder at that power

For theirs, infectious ~ or at least inspired.  
The birch bark peeled whiskersing in wind,  
I turn to look hear wonder  
where I wonder then I see.

Is that the way the babe in arms  
Looks to mother, father, nanny?  
Freed from care, no harm/alarm  
In peace to wonder freely

It is the wonder which we lose  
That wonder lost until we spy  
then wonder of all wondered world  
A child points finger towards the sky.

~ ~ ~