

In Dreams That Never End

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In whispers of the evening, with eyes asleep and tired,
In arms that hold me tightly, wrapped around my heart,
My child, soft and tender, I try to lay in bed,
But I hold to this moment, for hard it is to part.

And I keep the memory in dreams to which I wake,
Of life in endless wonder, days of endless play,
Of smiles and sounds of laughter that only children make,
Of my deliverance in each and every day.

The raging storms of living seem distant when I wake,
As I embrace the precious moments that I take.
For hearts can cry in parting, I know from being there,
But remembering love so giving, I cannot forsake.

So let a child love you, and there be born again,
In arms that never let you go, in dreams that never end.
In love to bind the time no one can escape,
By tiny hand, walk this pathway with your friend.

To feel so near and still be far away,
Living in the moment you depart,
Of outstretched arms and warm embrace,
In the power of love, how hard it is to part.