

Child Again

Beth Nielsen Chapman

She's wheeled into the hallway
Till the sun moves down the floor
Little squares of daylight
Like a hundred times before
She's taken to the garden
For the later afternoon
Just before her dinner
They return her to her room

And inside her mind
She is running
She is running in the summer wind
Inside her mind
She is running in the summer wind
Like a child again

The family comes on Sunday
And they hover for awhile
They fill her room with chatter
And they form a line of smiles
Children of her children
Bringing babies of their own
Sometimes she remembers
Then her mama calls her home

Playmate, come out and play with me
(It's raining, it's poring, the old man is snoring)
And bring your dollies three
(Bumped his head on the edge of the bed)
Climb up my apple tree
(Never got up in the morning)
Slide down my rain barrel
(Rain, rain, go away)
Into my cellar door
(Come again another day)
And we'll be jolly friends
(Little Johnny wants to play)
Forevermore
(Some more)

And inside her mind
She is running
She is running in the summer wind
Like a child again