

## Debra Davis "Childhood"

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As fleeting as the scent of violets  
Charming as a lover's gaze  
Penetrating as the eye of sun that stares the night to  
day  
A fruit from my mother's garden  
A wink from my father's eye  
Tucked under weedy passages that keep me digging  
for why  
Oh my childhood  
The memories I keep  
The ones that lose me sleep  
Like something burning in the distance  
Oh my childhood  
Is like a long lost friend  
Like a feather in the wind  
Keeps coming home again  
A whisper underneath the covers  
A tune that never leaves my head  
Voices from the other room that comfort me inside my  
bed  
A light underneath the doorway  
An old shoe that still fits  
The genie of my soul that always offers one more wish  
Oh my childhood  
The memories I keep  
The ones that lose me sleep  
Like something burning in the distance  
Oh my childhood  
Is like a long lost friend  
Like a feather in the wind  
Keeps coming home again  
Sometimes she knocks and I don't answer  
Sometimes she laughs and I don't smile  
I may be older now but I'm not wiser  
To refuse this child  
As fleeting as the scent of violets  
Charming as a lover's gaze  
Penetrating as the eye of sun that stares the night to  
day  
A fruit from my mother's garden  
A wink from my father's eye  
The power and the innocence that rock me through the

night  
Oh my childhood  
The memories I keep  
The ones that lose me sleep  
Like something burning in the distance  
Oh my childhood  
Is like a long lost friend  
Like a feather in the wind  
Keeps coming home again

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