

The Postman Syndrome "Rotating Crib Toy"

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[Chapter VI]

"Oh no, not again."

One day I came to a trembling shadow.
Beneath my eyes he seemed to smile.
Then wouldn't you know, an arm came up
And grabbed a hold of my little wrist.
The arm was old,
And there seemed to be something all too familiar
about this.

Then I recalled a voice saying "don't be afraid,
The day will come when you don't recognize your very
own face
But you can't let it go,
You must give it away,
And it's on your own shoulders that this burden must
be placed."

"Little boy you will grow old."
"If I'm lucky, so I'm told."
"Are you afraid to let go?"
"It's beautiful how little you know..."
"Actually, I've been holding something I've been
meaning to give to you,
Because it's your turn to know who you are
And where I am, so I can forget you."
"Little boy what's this you say?
You act as if you've known of this day...
And why do I remember your face?"
I said, "Now I know I can never truly leave this place.
I'm sorry that I must do this to you.
But you asked,
And so you have now chosen to be the boy you hold for
a while.
So look harder at me into my eye."

Then I heard him cry "oh no."

[Chapter VII]

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