

Stuart Davis

"You My Child"

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Of all the world's perfections,
we safely may assume
the most blessed and untainted
is the treasure in the womb

We wait for revelations,
some miracle, some sign
and suddenly a life is sparked
it almost seems divine

But both of us are much too young
to know what we believe
and we can't find the answers
in how you were conceived

Chorus:
So you won't feel the rapture
of your mother's first embrace
and I won't see my features
in the contour of your face
we won't hug your body
and press against its warmth
for you my child will not be born

If we fear the grand design
or deny a higher source
it's only that we all prefer
controlling our own course
Because a million things can happen,
and you were just the one
we were the least prepared for,
a daughter or a son

The choice is more than painful,
the wounds may never mend
as we wonder what you might have done
and who you might have been

Chorus

