

The Riddle of the Sphinx

When they cannot breathe, we carry them within us

In a place warmed by love.

When they cannot see, we hold them to us

In a swaddle of nurtured down.

And when they cannot walk, we push them before us

In four-wheeled trundles of care.

Yet when they can stand, we drag them behind us

In a line of rhythmed control.

When they can walk, we stride at their side

In a silence muffled by fear.

And when they can run, we anchor them down

In hopes they will not

But then they can fly, and we finally realize

get too far.

That they already are.

by Kendall Clarke