

Babies [the in between]

Anthony Stewart Head

A baby in a restaurant
So tiny her head fit into her father's hand
And as he looked into her eyes she smiled
Not bothered by the loudness of the live rock n' roll band.
And as I watched them both,
I longed to cradle you in my arms again.
And all I could really think of was
That I longed to hold my babies.

A little later that same night
A child of eight or nine entered the dining room.
She had the pale, poetic grace of that age,
She was so tired she could hardly keep her eyes from closing.
And as I watched her older sister lay her down between two chairs to sleep,
All that I was thinking was
That I wanted to hold my babies.

Looking at photographs
Watching you grow before my eyes.
Remembering the moments,
The instant before the camera saw them.
And as I smile at all the times we shared,
I'm reminded of all the in between.
Christ, how I miss you, both then and now, my babies...

I longed to hold you in my arms,
To know you're by my side.
To feel your little hands in mine,
To look into trusting eyes.
I longed to be your Daddy,
Felt guilty for not being there for you.
Oh, how I miss you, my babies.