

## Child Again

Beth Nielsen Chapman

She's wheeled into the hallway  
Till the sun moves down the floor  
Little squares of daylight  
Like a hundred times before  
She's taken to the garden  
For the later afternoon  
Just before her dinner  
They return her to her room

And inside her mind  
She is running  
She is running in the summer wind  
Inside her mind  
She is running in the summer wind  
Like a child again

The family comes on Sunday  
And they hover for awhile  
They fill her room with chatter  
And they form a line of smiles  
Children of her children  
Bringing babies of their own  
Sometimes she remembers  
Then her mama calls her home

Playmate, come out and play with me  
(It's raining, it's poring, the old man is snoring)  
And bring your dollies three  
(Bumped his head on the edge of the bed)  
Climb up my apple tree  
(Never got up in the morning)  
Slide down my rain barrel  
(Rain, rain, go away)  
Into my cellar door  
(Come again another day)  
And we'll be jolly friends  
(Little Johnny wants to play)  
Forevermore  
(Some more)

And inside her mind  
She is running  
She is running in the summer wind  
Like a child again