

Forbidden Voices --- Cradle

by Angie

*"No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.' "*

A voice, deep as the woods of my birth, so long ago, caresses me like a rainshower.
My cherubs watch over my precious burden.
The child entrusted to me sleeps. His special father watches and I love him too.
It is easy to love the ones I hold, rock them – and give joy to those who love them too.

*"It's flying from somewhere
As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.' " **



* A A Milne *"Wind on the Hill"*