

jace

Kelsey Steinbach

there's something poetic about
your tiny hands
reaching for my nose.
there is wisdom behind the
heavy eyelids
attempting to pull you to sleep.
i see beauty in you-
a temporary clean slate.
you cry,
but forgive.
you yell,
but move on.
you hurt,
but you heal.
a bundle of joy,
unable to tell jokes,
yet hosts a room of laughter.
this fresh life,
responsible for more love
than my twenty years has
witnessed.
you're growing up and you
always will be.
i am too,
my only hope
is to be more like you.