

LETTER TO ALEXIA

Lexie, you've just turned
thirteen.
Now, you're a young "Lady".
There's no more joy,
my joy;
than to see you smile,
to smile for me,
and talk to me!
But we've been prevented from doing that.
So much for "Big" smile and "Small talk",
and all.

You may have heard,
and I know you have heard,
that I have a "Soul of Stone!"
A really cold heart of stone.
You have, I hope;
from on high, Wisdom.
So you can see thru the "plume",
see their erected "Epitome",
depicting on crystal, their hearts and thoughts.
Feel, Child, their hearts in their souls,
for they are up to no good.

"Pictures are worth a thousand words".
Words are worth much more!
I've seen your report card; good report,
what would please me, much more:
If you look at my words.
Child. My pen is mightier than many swords,
swords used, even in this war of words!

"Read between the lines".
Please, Child hear my cryptic cries;
see, I did my part in giving you life.
I did tried to be part of your life;
the rest, I could not do,
not even the least for you, Boo!
Cause they gave me a hard time.

I write, hoping in my day-dream.
I weep, and hope in my dreams!
This will be my treat.
This, one day you will read;
sooner than I wished.
But, something much better, I shall wish,
From you, My Dear, the very first visit!

Written in honor of Alexia, my only child!
For PPW and Between the Bars, 7/13/13
By Childeric Maxy, 100 Corrections Drive
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