

* * * * LEXIE FIND ME * * * *

Honey Doo, My Boo,
Look for me in the windows of your soul;
in the strength of your knees.
Peep for me, no matter what you've been told.
For you the end of my soul;
I pray for you on my knees.
I am in the origin of your soul;
in the strength of you bones,
in the beginning of the life in your blood.
I am not dead, nor in the clouds above;
I am not who you've been told!
I am your flesh and your bones.
I am your father, your dad, please know.
Lift your head--see the clouds above.
Make a vow, in your flesh and bones.
If they said that: "I'm in the clouds",
they have caused you sorrow!
Search for me on the back of the wind;
on the wings of the breeze that blows,
which helps the one that faints.
Think of me, please, on the reign of silence.
Dance with me in the prom dance!
Watch for me, Honey, when you wear that black robe;
when you feel that diploma you will hold.
And if they said I'm a deadbeat dad,
they try to make you beat it bad.
I am not the invention, that they'd like,
I am not an illusion in their mind;
they have lied.
I am very real and very much alive.
Look for me when you're by yourself.
Cherie, when the life's tests you're in the midst of,
I am for ever present in your past, present and future;
look in the mirror.
I am not a mystery,
they have made me your mystery!
though my song is threnodic;
I am in the sail of your spirit.
Find me quick, find me Lexie!

Penning by Childeric Maxy, 100 corrections Drive, Stanley WI 54768

In Honor of Lexie's 14th Birthday

June 1st 2014.