



The Day i Was Born

On the day i was born
a proud mother cried tears of joy.
Where was my father?
i don't know if he wanted a boy. . .
or a girl, maybe?
i cannot even guess.
i would like to ask him,
but he left.

On the day i was born,
i was held by my mother.
She loved me so much,
unlike any other.
i was alive and well,
a brand new life,
crying and kicking,
and breathing in life.

On the day i was born,
it was October 6th, 1969,
after the Summer of Love
and the future was mine.
Happy days, revolutionary days,
and days of love and rage.
Happy days, and sad days,
and the day of a New Age.

Happy Birthday!