

To My Daughter Danielle, Happy Birthday !

Instantaneous!

*Instantaneous is what we've become
From the strain of us, adding the sum
Of all the pain and suffering we've seen
A world that is muddy, though once it was green*

*The fast lane of instant, and love's fighting back
We're longing for substance when life seems so slack
As time is so precious when under attack
Please stop and smell roses while dodging the flack*

*Of all the times precious, and all the times dear
And all of the loved ones we wish were still near
To be in the moment of everything here
Instantaneous where all things are clear!*

Harmon Wilfred, Oct 16, 2009