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till min förlorade Arvid

Imagination

Imagination is the only game between you and me, my baby

I imagine your first cry, first smile

Your first step towards me

And your very first speaking "mama"

I imagine how you look like when you're 2, 5, and 10

I imagine your first day in school, and every of your best friends

Imagination is the only dream between you and me, my child

I imagine one day you come home and sad

Telling me the girl you like does not like you

I imagine your clean eyes and joyful laughs when we go out on vacation

I imagine your curiosity on animals, stories and many many things

I imagine you run marathon and fond of playing tennis

I imagine you're a kind caring sensitive young guy

Imagination is the only connection between you and me, my dearest

I imagine you at your high school graduation, happy, healthy, handsome boy

I imagine you work as you wish, having freedom and creativity

I imagine your beautiful wife at your wedding

You dance with me telling me you're lucky

I imagine you have children and you're a wonderful dad as well as an excellent cook

I imagine you and your family send Christmas cards to me, lots of love

Imagination is the only gift I can offer you, my Arvid

A life full of dreams and fantasy

The beauty of it is that you can be at any age

A baby, a boy

Or a man getting old together inside me,

Until the day we meet again...

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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