

I'm Just A Baby

The special little angels that God has let us borrow have lived their too short lives knowing nothing but sorrow.

There is nothing more precious than tiny little feet, making those pitter-patter sounds and making your life complete.

The tiny little hands that hold onto big hands they adore, why can't we love them equally and give them so much more?

Why must we find such angels in garbage cans and rivers, and hear about such horrors that up your spine send shivers?

When babies are so tiny they do not understand, why mommy wasn't there to lend a helping hand.

Where was she when they needed her, where were the loving arms...the ones that were supposed to guard and keep them from all harm?

Why were those eyes so hateful, why's mommy being so mean? What have I done to make her ignore my desperate screams?

Maybe someone will hear me...Is there a mommy there? Will she please take me with her and show me that she cares?

Dear Lord, I'm just a baby, please make her understand, she's not supposed to kill me or leave me in this can.

Oh God, I thought you told me that she would love me so, that she would love me always and rock me to and fro.

You said that she would kiss me and hold me when I cry, but dear Lord, she's leaving me and hoping that I'll die.

I am too small to crawl right now and much too small to walk, oh Lord, please won't you tell her for I can't even talk.

I promise I'll be happy, I promise I won't cry...Oh please, dear Lord, please tell her, I'll really, really try.

To be the perfect baby, I'll do my very best, I'll sleep, I promise, soundly, and even let her rest.

If only she could hear my thoughts, I promise not to nag. Please someone won't you help me, she's put me in this bag.

Maybe someone will find me before the break of dawn, and care for me and love me before my life is gone.

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