

Poem: Nothing like putting a Child to Sleep

*By Sarah Fathima—Published in Introspections-13 poets, 7 countries; Amazon, 23
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Running after the butterflies fluttering in the golden sunshine
You try to capture the frisky beauties in your little fist so tender
 You sail your rickety paper boats,
Handcrafted, to bravely endure unfathomable journeys

And then you play in the moist earth, carefully moulding chocolaty mountains
 Reaching for the endless stretch of azure blue canopy above
And finally, dear child, when your blackberry-like eyes become heavy and sombre
 It is time to lull you to the enchanting world of your dreams

 That pine for your chirpy enthusiasm
 Let me sing you a soft lullaby, melodious and soothing
Closing your eyes, unlocking your innocent fantasies smeared with vibrant colour and
 hue
I feel a mysterious feeling of tranquillity as you cuddle into your warm quilt

 Snug, cosy, content
Hugging your teddy bear tight, as priceless to you as you are to me, the apple of my eyes
As you drift off into a sound nap, happiness and peace beckons my heart and soul
 Sleep, my child, and wander into the meadows of your lofty dreams,

Pocket the glowing stars aplenty, slide down the flamboyant rainbow
 Forget for a while the bustle and din of this hasty world
Forget the harsh and bitter who wrestle with your fragile emotions

 Begin your journey towards joyous freedom sublime
 Embracing you fondly with its arms wide open
Where your lovingly conjured dreams are as precious as you!
