

VIEWING POINT

There stands a child and to my horror
the sight of him is more the mirror.

In his glistening teeth I find
long buried angers, and am unkind.
All those tears, so much to face,
Reflect my own pain's hiding place.
With that young face hot with shame
Memories rise and I burn the same.

Rendered in a warm and smiling pose
The gift I am to life's purpose.
Scored in symphonies of child's play,
A Dream lost in me renews its way.
So from the treasure of that trust
Arise myself, kind and just.

It seems that in the child's whim
I see myself before I see him.

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Poem first published in CACCW
Conference Brochure

