Beka 11-2-12

Miracle child, newly born

Beautiful smile and twinkly eyes

So small and tender, fragile, really

Future new, just the start

Where will she go?

What will she see?

Walk the Valles Marineris?

 Or scale Olympus Mons?

Write the treatise that heals us all?

And leads us to a better place?

Or simply, be the best woman she can be . . .

I’ll see the beginning, but not the end

Good luck little Beka, good luck.