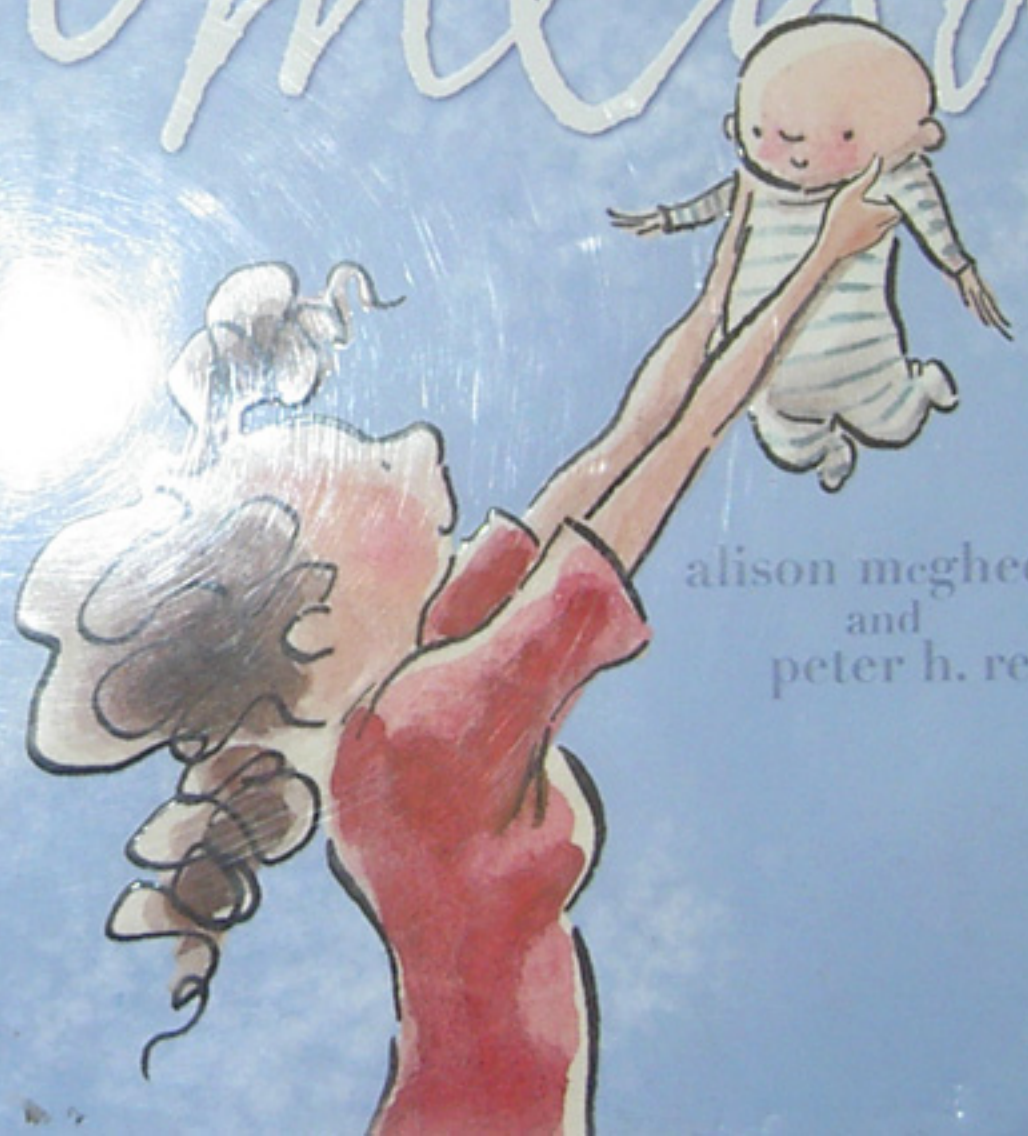


# Someday



alison meghee  
and  
peter h. reynolds



One day I counted your fingers  
and Kissed each one.

One day the first snowflakes fell, and I held you up and watched them melt on your baby skin.



One day  
we crossed the street,  
and you held my hand tight.





Then, you were my baby,



and now you are my child.

Sometimes, when you sleep, I watch you dream,



and I dream too....

That someday you will dive into the

cool, clear water of a lake.





Someday  
You will walk  
into a deep wood.





Someday your eyes will be filled with a joy so deep that they shine.



Someday you

will run so fast and so far your heart will feel like fire.

Someday you will swing high—so

high,

higher than you ever dared to swing.



Someday  
you will hear something so sad  
that you will fold up  
with sorrow.



Someday you will call a song to the wind,



and the wind will carry your song away.



Someday I will stand on this porch and watch your arms waving to me until I no longer see you.



Someday you will look at this house and

wonder how something that feels so big can look so small.



Someday you will feel  
a small weight  
against your strong back.





Someday I will  
watch you brushing  
your child's hair.





Someday, a long time  
from now, your own hair will glow  
silver in the sun.

And when that day comes, love,

you will remember me.

