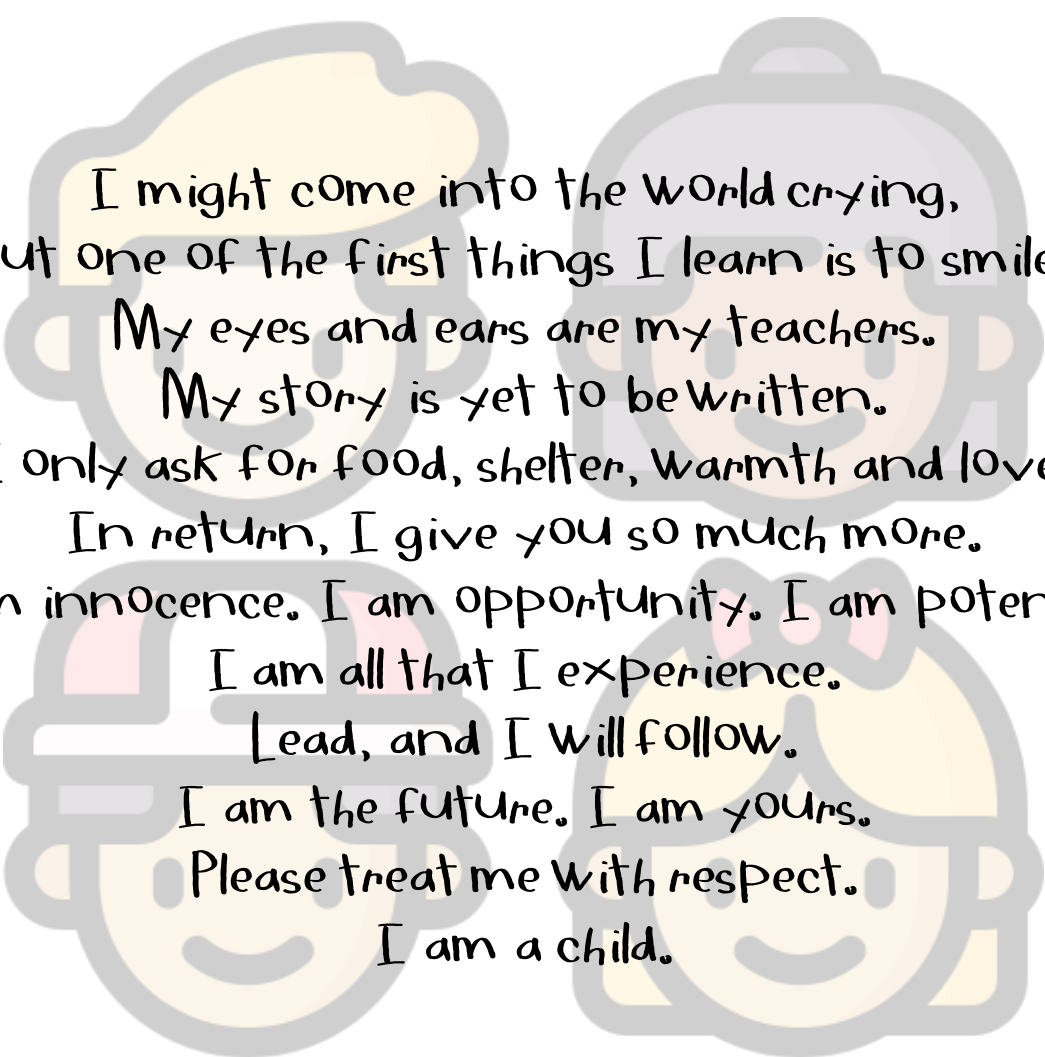


poem: I am a child

by Linda Millar



I might come into the world crying,
But one of the first things I learn is to smile.
My eyes and ears are my teachers.
My story is yet to be written.
I only ask for food, shelter, warmth and love.
In return, I give you so much more.
I am innocence. I am opportunity. I am potential.
I am all that I experience.
Lead, and I will follow.
I am the future. I am yours.
Please treat me with respect.
I am a child.

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