

# MY WOMAN-CHILD

Sonia Weitz (November 1976)

(for my daughter Andi)

Like a poem, like a song  
Like the cypress slim and strong  
Like the ancient olive tree  
This, my woman-child I see.  
And her brow is smooth and clear  
Radiant, happy, without fear.

Wind-blown hair softly grace  
Almond eyes, a sunburned face  
So alive, yet mellow-mind  
This, my lovely woman-child.

And her soul is proud and free  
Like the ancient olive tree...