

# The Birth Of Our Son

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*Another post from the point of view of an older friend Gary...aka 67Goat...*

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Of all the things you've given to me, As proof that the best things really are free, If I had to narrow it down to one, It would be the birth of our only son. Watching him smile I become elated, At the sight of the life we have created, Our unimaginable pride and joy, Disguised as a playful little boy. When I gaze into his eyes of blue, I cannot help but think of you, For that and his curly locks of hair, Are just two features you two share. I see you in his playful walk, I hear you in his playful talk, I've you to thank, my loving wife, For giving me this new life. If anyone ever needs proof of our love, There's no need to look to Heaven above, Because Heaven is right here on this Earth, In the eyes of the child you've given birth. And some day when we are long gone, Our love will surely always live on, In the product of a love beyond compare, Our playful, little, special heir. 02-26-10.