



I knew there'd be tears, yes, bad dreams might come too.
So I dreamed you'd feel safe with my arms around you.



Yes, before you were mine, I dreamed of your smile.



At the thought of your voice, my heart skipped a mile.



Would you have my hair? My eyes? Your dad's nose?



I dreamed up each freckle and finger—your toes.

I dreamed of spring picnics and windblown kites,



And counting the stars on warm, firefly nights.

