

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



"MY LITTLE GIRL"

We were so excited
When she was born,
Into our lives
Came this little storm.

Her tiny feet,
Hands so soft,
She giggled when
We held aloft.

Her blue, blue eyes,
Her soft sweet voice,
To her mother and I,
She was our choice.

Her questions came
As she grew up,
We answered them,
We filled her cup.

When winds would blow,
And skies grew dark,
We held her hand -
Our little lark.

Off to school -
She socialized,
I told the boys
She was my prize.

Then came college
We missed her so,
She learned so much -
As we let go...

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She met a boy,
She made a man,
Gave her away -
Our Peter Pan.

They visit us,
They keep in touch.
Her mom and I
Miss her so much.

If you have a girl
And things go well,
One day when right
These words she'll tell.

She'll tell her son
About her dad,
"Just be like him
You'll make me glad."

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