



There are always so many of my
fingerprints to see,
on the furniture and walls from sticky,
grubby me,
But if you stop and think a while,
You'll see I'm growing fast,
Those little handprints will disappear,
You can't bring back the past.
So here's a small reminder,
To keep not throw away,
Of how those tiny hands once looked,
To make you smile one day.