

## EINE KLEINE ALL OVER AGAIN

I heard you play the flute last night.  
Both your playing and the sound were so sweet.

Sure, you missed a few notes.  
And your breath control isn't what it used to be.  
But you haven't played in years.

In fact, you haven't seriously played  
Since you started hating us.  
Or pulling away.  
Or growing independent.  
Or growing up.

I honestly don't know how to characterize  
These last few years, other than this:  
They've been filled with pain and harshness.

That's why hearing the flute last evening was so very beautiful.  
Yes, you can and do play very nicely.  
But it wasn't the sweetness of the sound I love so much.  
Rather, it was more the reminder of gentler, more loving days.

And in those strains of 'Eine Kleine'  
I felt a warmth creep over me,  
And I was in love with you again.