

They say that we live only once.
I don't believe that's true
As we become different people
Depending on what we go through.
From the day that we arrive on earth
We grow, develop and change
So how can we remain as one
When nothing stays the same?
Some people are enchanted by babies
Seeing magic in all that they do.
Of course, you also lived as a baby
But that's no longer you.
Yesterday's you has gone away
But do not mourn for her
For you're all you can be today;
She's just the girl you were.

- Ms Moem