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My little angels have taught me to understand that the most brilliant comets often streak the sky only briefly. If this poem touches or speaks to you *PLEASE* consider a donation to Mitoaction ([www.mitoaction.org](http://www.mitoaction.org)) or UMDF ([www.umd.org](http://www.umd.org)).

## Only a Moment

Sweet little angel, born to die.  
Could you sprout wings and fly?  
Away, far away to another tomorrow  
Filled with laughter not sorrow?

Sweet little angel, come lie in bed,  
Rest your weary head.  
Dispel your dread,  
Dream dreams of innocence instead  
Of sickness and death.

Sweet little angel, please fly away  
To another day,  
To another place,  
Where tears no longer stain your mother's face.

Sweet little angel, you've gone to sleep,  
You were not ours to keep  
Yet we were blessed  
To have been held and caressed  
By your spirit and strength, if only for a moment.

*frankendall*

Fran D. Kendall, M.D.

Originally composed August 8, 1996 in memory of Amanda

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