

The Paper Crane

I heard the voices of a little girl.
"Mommy, mommy," she said,
"Will I get better?"
Leukemia took away her youth
and left her hospital bed,
"Mommy, mommy, when can
I be home to play?", she said.

"My child," her mommy said,
"Keep your spirits up.
"Let us hope and pray by
making paper cranes.
"When you have your
one thousandth crane,
You shall go home and play
again", her mommy said.

So the little girl
folds and folds away.
She stopped at the six hundred
and twenty-fourth crane.
She said "Mommy,
I did all that I can."
"I am sorry
I could not be home to play."

Well, words spread and
hundreds heard her pray.
Thousands and thousands
of cranes flew in to them.
Purple, yellow, red,
green and plain.
So many little girls
can go home again.



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