Wilhelmina

Aloke

Willie, what can I say to you to hold true in
Your changing life? You've come into a cruel
World : little girls can lose their way in the
Growing night

-- I hope you'll be alright.
Willie, try to stay a child sometime, for as long
As you feel you can learn. Babies all turn to
People, and people can really be strange : they
Change and, changing, bring pain.
Try to treat your parents well because they care,
And what more can you do?
When you find your lovers, be good to them as
You hope they'll be to you

Be honest,
Be true.
Willie, you are the future; all our lives, in the end,
Are in your hands. Life's hard now
---
you know,
It gets harder, and hope is but a single strand;
We pass it on and hope you'll understand....
We know that we do it wrong, we're not so strong
And not so sure at all; groping in our blindness,
We may seem big now but, really, we're so small
And alone and searching for a home
in the night.
Meanwhile you're still a baby; you'll be a lady
Soon enough and then you will feel the burn.
So hold my words : people all turn to children,
Spiteful children, and they're really so cruel...
cruel fools!
Just follow your own rules

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Don't think that I'm silly, Willie,
If I say I hope that there is hope for you.

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