

Moments

Those that I try to etch into my memory, recording every sense, focusing on the glimmer and shimmer in his eyes; watching how his mouth forms words tumbling out faster than he can catch and order them; video-taping his gestures and excited hops. So focused on those am I that I find it difficult to concentrate on what he is telling me. My baby is no longer a baby – he's a three year old little boy. Those moments - the ones that seem to crackle by with the speed of lightning - are the ones I would like to slow down.

2014