

Angel in a Box

Once upon a time, not so long ago,
Came down a angel from heaven, her hair was white as snow,

So small, so precious we placed her in a box,
She lay sleeping in a cloud of blankets, a pillow and some socks,

She would sleep for hours, eat for days, her belly full to burse,
With Baby Chauncey in her mouth as though she were to nurse,

She followed us near or far, wherever we would go,
Her wings (legs) were short, but she kept up, by no means was she slow,

She grew up sock in mouth twisting as to tear,
Her bite was soft; her bark was big, pretending as to scare,

She loved long drives, and green, green parks, she run to every tree,
She own the world, or at least she thought, and I would have to agree,

Although time has past and she has lost pairs and pairs of socks,
I will never love as great, as my angel in a box

For Chauncey 1994