

"May you wake with a sense of play,
An exultation of the possible.
May you rest without guilt,
Satisfied at the end of a day well done.
May all the rough edges be smoothed,
If to smooth is to heal,
And the edges be left rough,
When the unpolished is more true
And infinitely more interesting.
May you wear your years like a well-tailored coat
Or a brave sassy scarf.
May every year yet to come:
Be one more bright button
Sewn on a hat you wear with a tilt.
May the friendships you've sown
Grown tall as summer corn.
And the things you've left behind,
Rest quietly in the unchangeable past.
May you embrace this day,
But as this day.
Your day.
Held in trust
By you,
In a singular place,
Called now."