

There's a little girl who lives in my heart.

A younger, more innocent version of me.
I see her with her straight-cut bangs.
She's kind, soft, and gentle.
Playful, Buoyant, Unafraid.
She's not yet aware that the world can bring pain.
I often see her—She comes to me.
At times unsuspecting, it seems.
But also, truthfully, She's always there.
Living and breathing within my heart.
She's always with me. I feel her—her energy.
Her hope, her longing for love and connection.
An enthusiasm to play,
To connect, To feel seen.
She's the one I cradle when I feel sad,
The one I speak to, Whose little hand— I hold.
She's light, hopeful, filled with joy,
But, also feels a little distanced and alone.
She realized, at some point, how to take a deep breath
And just be strong.
Push her emotions aside and do what needs to be done.
I'm still working to soften this.
We don't have to be strong.



I want her to know, she's safe And she's never alone.
I see her when I'm processing a revealed pain or fear—
I see her eyes When I realize
That this little girl grew up to carry What I've carried.
What I feel myself thankfully, finally letting go of
And releasing.
Thoughts, feelings, insecurities,
Distorted beliefs about the world and what it means to live in it.
Who I should be to function within it.
Deep, unconscious beliefs she and I have spent years tenderly
and frustratingly— Unraveling from.
I also see her when I feel happy,
Excited, Hopeful, Present, And joyous.
When I picture her little face,
those eyes, that smile,
I want to wrap her in a big, warm hug.
It softens this journey
To have her, To feel her, To breathe with her.
To feel her breathing in and with me
I can see that little girl every now and then.
Don't lose her keep her close.

That little girl has grown into a beautiful woman who shared over 50 years of her life with us.

She now continues that eternal journey beyond this realm and joins the others who share the love in a new spiritual life.

Katherine Thank you for a lifetime of love and memories.

We share with you our love until we meet again.

Poem “There is a little girl who lives in my heart”

By Lisa Erickson

Lisa Erickson is a writer, dreamer, thinker, and recovering over-analyzer. She is enchanted by nature, and when she is not trying to string thoughts into cogent sentences, she enjoys spending her time taking long walks, practicing yoga, meditating, or studying something that calls to her soul. Connect with her on Instagram.

