

## A Letter to the Inner Child

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Received: March 05, 2026

Accepted: March 09, 2026

Published Online: March 30, 2026

### ABSTRACT

From the days spent frolicking around the meadows

Around the spring stream of crystal clear water

Under the warmth of the glorious gentle sun

The child that once was me has come a long way.

I see him now, here and there somehow

Flitting about in moments of euphoria

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From the days spent frolicking around the meadows

Around the spring stream of crystal clear water

Under the warmth of the glorious gentle sun

The child that once was me has come a long way.

I see him now, here and there somehow

Flitting about in moments of euphoria

Showing up when it is safe and appropriate

Forgetting slowly the nature of his being.

I write to him now, in the hopes that he is still around

To help me stand still and let God move

To start believing in the best of humanity

To sit down and do nothing save admire this life

I cry out to him, in my sleep deep and troubled

To come help me be my old self, at all times

To join me in that laughter I long for in tears

To make me love myself, the way I used to then

Alas, the child in me has grown up

Adulting his way through this organised chaos of life

An iota of his child-self is lurking in a clearing that's safe

To come out and about at the end of life, when the child is born anew!