There will be time enough for laughter when this long night is over and daylight is forever.

There will be time to be the child you never were, when play is for fields – not always concealed.

Believe me: there will come a time your screams will be pure pleasure – a bounty flowing over.

There will be rest with magical dreams, not terror, and you will walk, as you imagined, on sunbeams.

Yes, I believe, there will come a time for rejoicing, for you with the sad eyes and tongue always tied.

There is a day you will stand next to a stranger and point out yourself circa nineteen whatever and say,
“I wasn’t bright, but I was so happy as a child.” And both will smile and shout, “Yippy.”

Believe me: Akiel, Sean, Amy (of names too many), there are those who survive and remember only to learn to speak, no matter how imperfectly, of your dream and theirs to be first mere children. **For now, we, the unbright, mourn** for the dawn of right.