

# THE LITTLE DÉJÀ VU

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Alika N

*Many summer months ago:*

*Distant memories flash by*

*In this shiny, little store*

*Where I hear a healing voice*

*Melting stranded tartrate tears*

*A remnant of dad's greatest love of all*

*Like a phoenix from the ashes*

*She seems to flap her tiny wings*

*Through time*

*I turn around, a girl just whispers*

*Telling daddy:*

*“I’m still here”*

*I’m still here is what I hear*

*Is what I hear*

*It is many summer months ago*

*God’s heaven feels so very near*

*So very near*