

Tomorrow's Child

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Without a name; an unseen face
and knowing not your time nor place
Tomorrow's Child, though yet unborn,
I met you first last Tuesday morn.

A wise friend introduced us two,
and through his sobering point of view
I saw a day that you would see;
a day for you, but not for me

Knowing you has changed my thinking,
for I never had an inkling
That perhaps the things I do
might someday, somehow, threaten you

Tomorrow's Child, my daughter-son
I'm afraid I've just begun
To think of you and of your good,
Though always having known I should.

Begin I will to weigh the cost
of what I squander; what is lost
If ever I forget that you
will someday come to live here too.

This piece of poetry was the signature piece to each presentation made by Ray Anderson, founder and Chairman of Interface Inc. It was written by Interface staff member Glen Thomas. Here's a link to a reading by Ray Anderson. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ymCFu7jro18>