

**When am I? At six a.m.**

When am I? At six a.m.  
Though some around me near their end  
I am at the start, the start,  
And feel it press upon my heart.

Where am I? I'm in my youth.  
And cannot say, nor can forsooth  
Where I will be in future times,  
Or see, and know, and read the signs.

How am I? Well, I am fine.  
And though my family says I whine  
And call me hypochondriac,  
(It's not the worst of names, at that).

What am I? A son of man,  
delighting in things feminine.  
While boys I see, I do not touch.  
(Though ogle, just a bit too much.)

Why am I? Because of him,  
Who sacrificed himself for man,  
Allowed me to come here to earth  
And test my strength, my wit, my worth.

Who am I? I am Danielle,  
Whose name, said softly, I can tell  
Is coveted by those who see:  
It's pretty awesome to be me.