

FROM MOTHER..... WITH LOVE..

My daughter stays this week-end
 She is --- so very pretty,
Her dreams! Are the hopes of the young,
I love to feel her closeness without touch
 So independent! She reminds me of youth.

I fear for her future --- her trust
Yet without them, there is no life
 No strength like the weakness of others,
 She regrets my passing years
Would like to see me young and unflustered.

“Sit down” she says “take it easy,
let someone else do that Mum”
 But I too am independent
Cling to my habits, as greedy as birds,
Refuse to let the reign slip.

I remember my Mum, stubborn as iron,
 “my own door, my table, my chair
 I am my own Master”,
And I --- the link --- the strength ---
 That hold --- the pattern --- in place.

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IN DEATH....

My Mother stands beside me
 And guides me ---
With the wisdom of her years,
I see beauty thru' her eyes,
In the colours she loved so well,
Tho' I need no mementoes
 No reminders of the past,
I feel her close beside me
In the memories that will last.

The things she gave me in life ---
 I treasure as my own.

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