

Something for Mother

Will there be
Something for Mother?

The usual day arrives,
The lens of life in my mind's eye
Fixed in the tunnel of discipline,
Bound by the squint eyed microscope.
Through the air conditioned hum,
My mind traces
Its standard expectations.

Then.....
By afternoon,
My fixed fingers
Permit a pulse of relaxation.
After the long dive,
The exhausted seal
Peeks from his breathing hole.

Possibly,
Something for Mother.

Still.....
The kaleidoscopic world
Beyond the focus of discipline
Arrives slowly.
The steel screeches and locks
But the train does not stop with the wheels.

After the mowed lawn,
From the open window,
A shower slides under the blue.
Crystal sifted air seeps in
Through new grass in damp straw.

My daughter slices through,
“Daddy, Will there be a rainbow?”

Maybe there is more in the tea cup
Than the tea?

Perhaps,
Something for Mother.

Through the door,
The family moves out into the mist
Under the overhanging eaves
As the evening shower moves East.

Slowly,
The sun develops its golden rhythm
Between the wide meadow separated oaks.
The soft green and purple under belly
Glow into focus
And repeats.....repeats.....
Arch overcasting arch.

For a better view,
Socks wet on the cement,
Silent, fixed, together
We peer in rapt gaze.....
.....

My disciplined microscope
Consumed by the usual hum
Has left the scene.
I flow with the family,
Overtaken,
In the stunning moment!

My rejoined alterside exclaims,
"Wow!"
"That was really something,
Wasn't it!"
...Hugs abound.

Yes,
Definitely,
Something for Mother.