

The Ache of Mothers

The rain drifts in on gray flannel,
Chasing the blue, sunrise-white clouds.
The new-tinted leaves
Scratch each others backs
In the light breeze.

It looks to be one of those rains
That doesn't fuss,
Only settles the lid over the roof tops
And patterns the windows with spots.

Soon it will be the day
To laud clean bedrooms,
Cold water on cuts,
Heating pads for earaches;
All the array of necessary trivialities.

Yet it is not for all these
That the day is honorable;
These duties trot by into exhaustion
And die on the pillow.

The pain is in the battle inside,
The walk up a one way alley
Where a possession being carved
Becomes a carved being apart.
A rewarding anxiety
That creates what is desired
And takes what is wanted.
A strange paradox
That ends in lip-bitten happiness,
That loses with each gain.

This is the ache of mothers;
The fulfilling choice for emptiness.

The rain never came in the clouds;
The sprinklers were set out
But the odd numbers water today.

Watching the faint blue
Pull at the gray curtain,
The leaves scratch a crisper tune.

Children calling from afar,
It will be a fine day
To honor Mothers.

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