

## Mother

Beyond the window, Mourning doves atop  
Snowdrifts; in soft shades of delicate brown,  
Maternal hues; I see thee, as they stop  
To lift their beaks and croon their mournful sound

Thy laughter is a pleasant pestilence,  
Infecting the most immune and morose  
Those near, see thee as wildflowers; vibrance  
Like honey bees; drawn by your grandiose

Subtle radiance, brightest in the light  
Of dusk and morningtide; a quiet fair  
With warm, weary eyes of sapphire; ignite  
The glint of subtle, silver strands of hair

In the absence of joy thy love is quick  
A stroke of luck to thank; that I was bred  
To thee; And in absence, I am frigid, homesick;  
Longing for thee, who dries each tear I've shed

Flawed as I am, when putrid passion take  
Hold; snarling, biting tongue that cut thee deep,  
Thou waver not; the patient tender ache  
Of a daughter, most temperate in her sleep

I think of thee in their song; crestfallen coo  
Of devotion, thou endured my bitter  
Winters, forsake me not and flutter  
Frosty wings; endless is my love for you.