

MOTHERHOOD (AS OBSERVED)

Walking In the spirit, my presence unknown,
I entered the nursery of a new mother's home.
 There in a rocker with her child in lap,
 Sat the new mother completely enrapt.
 She looked neither to her left nor right—
Her newborn infant the only one in her sight.
 All tasks were forgotten except for the need
 Of her newborn when it was time to feed.
She took much care to make everything right:
 Laying her baby down to sleep each night.
Winters passed on to springs when new things grow.
The mother trained her child in the way she should go.
 She taught her about the birds and the bees—
 To know joy in life and to climb a few trees.
The days turned to months, the months into years.
They shared lots of laughter and shed a few tears.
 Then came the day she had to say goodbye:
 Mother to child who was a new bride.
 The mother now sits alone in her room—
 Missing the child who came from her womb.
The days turned to months, the months into years.
 Then the cry of a baby took away her tears.
In the spirit again with my presence unknown,
I entered the nursery of this new grandmother's home.
 There in a rocker with her grandchild in lap,
 Sat the grandmother, completely enrapt.
 She looked neither to the left nor right—
Her little grandson the only one in her sight.