



SONNET TO MY MOTHER

Upon the mind and ear sensations crowd;
The rain, in restless spasms flung our way,
Is dashed pell-mell against the glass; this day
Will see the spring, newborn & rapid in cloud.
When you were young you also looked, and dreamed,
And wondered what the downpour's wake would show.
You raised your face and studied drops that streamed
From unseen skies; you saw the currents blow,
And noted butyware in mist it gleamed.
You had to face life's storms, to feel the pain.
 There came across the miles a love aglow
 To answer when with thunder earth cries loud,
 Travailing with new birth, with torrent tears.
 I will not wait until the tempest clears,
But willingly unlock the door and go.