

Mothers' Day (2020 in the Pandemic)

There is a tryst she cannot miss
So, dress her in her finest clothes.
Now smooth her skin; yes, part her hair,
And in her hands so white and cold
Place there a deep red perfumed rose.

So sad a journey's short-cut end
Once baby in a basket
She lies now gently bathed in silk
And waves of tears, and waves of fears
Within a rosewood casket.

Because there is no place to go
Please lie her on her bed to sleep.
And we, in surreal dreamlike scene,
With hope this nightmare will disperse
Pray mother earth our futures keep

Susan Long May 11th 2020