

For a loving mother

I see you for the first time, mother

Your eyes, much movement, many shapes.

A circle In a shape I see

and yet more shapes

But, why?

I want to see my father's eyes

Are they like yours, mother?

In our journey here

I heard you talk of coloured flowers,

Mother, what is colour?

I want to see a garden

Do flowers look like mothers?

I heard my father talk of names.

I am Theo

Mother, who is Isaac?

What is brother?

In destined journey by bubbling sea

We climbed the mountains high

I heard the voice of animals

Sometime singing, sometimes not.

Mother – I have heard sad droning voices

Locked in round small mirrors.

Why are some animals sad in song?

Pat

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