

Fair Weather

With proud chin and overbearing expression,
Mother could charge any room with atmospheric depression.
A lift of her brow - a stiff clearing of throat
would announce her displeasure in a single note.

There was never any doubt about *her* weather report
if a storm were raging from starboard to port.
Like winds that swiftly clear an o'er cast sky,
Her moods could shift with the bat of an eye.

A tragedienne in a life full of woeful flavor,
Stuck in a play with no hero to save her,
Mother pressed on like the prow of a ship –
a figurehead out looking for a safe place to slip.

And though I held my breath in my chest
every time that she said she *always* knew best,
I loved her, in spite of her weather.
Yes, I loved her even when she was nasty clever.

Mother was a hurricane out of season.
She could flatten my landscape beyond all reason -
unearthing relics of all her old fears,
then trying to drown me in *her* unshed tears.

But she was the woman who gave me life.
Married to Father, more servant than wife –
she bore up pretty well, through the whirlwinds of time.
She wasn't very tender and was often unkind.

But she was my mother and at journey's end,
I sat beside her - helping to send her
towards the horizon, with angels of grace,
to fair weather, at last...at last, a safe place.