

MY MOTHER'S eyes
Have the warm sweetness
Of forget-me-nots.
When I look deep into them,
I am held tight
By her love.
Her hands have the coolness
Of a silver birch tree
In the spring,
Before the sun
Has poured heat
Into its gentle vigor.
When they touch me,
Peace fills my heart.
My mother's breast
Is soft and fragrant
With the loveliness
Of violets, deep-hidden in calm wood.
When I lay my head there,
I can not believe that there is anythi
In the world
But love.