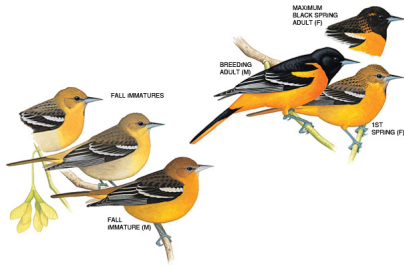


Tuesday is Poetry Day and it's Thursday so let's get to it!

Written by Administrator

Thursday, 29 January 2015 15:12 - Last Updated Thursday, 29 January 2015 18:51



Here is a poem by our erstwhile House Poet, CHAD ... Only Chad was missing when this poem was composed so we suspect it was another one of our staff.

It is dedicated to Rhian Ellis, (in May 2014) who manages the Scriabin Club here in Tiny Town

...

Written for a sad occasion but not, in essence, a sad poem:

To Rhian, whose Mom is waiting for the Orioles

Moms are forever

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But Moms are not *here* forever;

Some are quick to point out this fact.

Some Moms bake cakes and put on an act ...

Moms can be clever

And forever out of reach

Some are wreathed in smoke

They smell sweet and woozy

And know how to joke –

(Or not) ... some are real doozies.

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Some Moms are icy

Some are plain hot.

Some know how to teach and cook and sew ...

Some just don't know squat.

(Once I stuck a peanut M&M, a yellow one, way up my nose

and I thought if I told,

I'd get in big trouble and go

to hospital

Mom plucked it out with a tweezer

she stuck up my nostril

With precision innate and magistral!)

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Some Moms are simply daughters of Moms

Of Moms we forgot ... There's an awful lot

Of Moms in the *begats* and *begots*.

Some Moms are tender as trembling birds

They shiver in windstorms

As tho' haunted by things:

No kid sees into a Mom's memories.

There are Moms so fierce they can mince you

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With words ...

And then ... Some Moms

Rake deft fingers slow, across

The crown of your skull like some Angel-God

So you tingle and glow ...

Feeling safe as you row toward the Landings of Nod.

Some Moms quote Shakespeare

And play Texaco Opera

Or Robert Goulet or even Sinatra

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Some say “Ah Hells Bells, kitty cat shells –

Go ahead and do it,

Cuz I know I can't stop ya!”

Some Moms insist we're just like our Fathers

Other Moms say we must've come from some other –

And got swapped in the ward

With that towheaded kid from nextdoor.

Some Moms don't know

How much that we love them

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Some Moms love us

So much it's hard to just let'm.

Moms can be cops, judges and juries

And grill your sad ass with near militant furies;

You better not lie, unless you don't mind the pain

Of hurting your Mom like no one else can.

Moms can be scary, tender and true;

And Moms don't forget nothing 'bout you;

And we don't forget 'm, neither

Some times I'm thinking of who

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That lanky gal was before she got swept off her feet

Well beyond all good reason

By a man for all seasons ... all in a big fever.

(When the orioles return, they will sing of these things)

We're all someone's baby

Or so it is said;

And I'm still my Ma's baby,

Although she's long dead.

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Remember your Moms

Just like she was

For they tend to take residence

Deep within us.

We see flashes of Mom as we get on the bus

She's there in the pantry, when everything's hushed ...

And in time we become

– Boy or girl, it don't matter –

The Moms who made, bathed then

Bade us go! Go! Grow like rose vines – !

Just mind your thorns and bide your times ...

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Be a poet, a lover, a mother ...

As *also* I go ...

Be glad that you had her:

For there ain't nothing better

Than a Mom who was kind.

And there ain't nothing sadder,

Than to feel left behind.

That's only grief

And all grief is fleeting,

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Written by Administrator

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All sorrow, retreating ...

It's more than faith or belief

Moms are forever – no thief

In the night

Ever stole my right

To cheat

What we call the “here and now”

And sit down with my Mom

For a good old powwow.

– F. AI-58

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Illustration: Peter Burke, taken from *The National Geographic* page



tinytowntimes.com archival image, Oct. 26, 2010.