

her body is always on high alert  
reminding her soul to look for her son

the years have quickly gone  
since at the court his father won

is her treasure on this train?  
or sauntering up this street?

does he long for her as she searches for him  
her mind races ahead, imagining they meet

she sees his spirit in other young boys  
skips a beat when she walks past

what if they were stood side by side  
would he say hello, or would he run fast

her heart breaks with no choice  
her ears strain for his voice

her arms long to embrace  
her eyes scan for his beautiful face

Jo Beth Gray