

the thread of mother

cut from seventies cloth
there is power in the flowers
but the pattern is hard to match

a little woman, ageing toddler
domestic chores and maternal
instincts, formed and nurtured
wishing for the closeness
of the breast
tied in fear

stitched into a fifties housewife
pockets of pain numbing the self
denial
modestly hung by long underskirts
emotions ballooning from sleeves
hemmed in by outward appearance
the snagging thread of mother

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