

The Mother

She is a heroine of our time
The days before us and the days to come
A lifetime role model whose beauty
Is overshadowed only by her wisdom.

A cape of glittering patience
Matches her hat of tender care
And shoes too large for one to fill
Carry the incredible weight she bears.

She is a mystery of capability
How does it all get done?
In the face of responsibility
Her ability is questioned by none.

Her hands tell a story
Of quiet unrelenting love
And her unseen deeds cover them
like a humbly-woven glove.

Her embrace casts shadows
Over any that attempt to compare
It's warmth stands before others
With a welcomeness impossible to forbear.

Her necessity is shown
In the way she was chosen to raise the Babe
From naked infancy to full grown
So eventually over the earth He could reign.

So it is known
She is comparable to no other
She is a woman so special
Even the King of Kings needed a mother.

