



“MOTHER”

What knight of the pencil or pen would dare
To copy your eyes, your lips, your hair,
What artist with paint, palette and brush
Could picture your smile, your tear, your blush?
Yet I, with a single loving line
Can pen the letters that call thee “mine.”

What poet could sing of the love that lies
Deep in those lakes that form your eyes,
What maestro could sing of the word or note
That breathes or trills from your loving throat
Like those of the nightingale or lark,
That herald the dawn from out the dark?

What moulder of clay could understand
The beauty that lies within your hand,
What sculptor with fingers and chisel keen
Could model your form, the fairest seen,
Or fashion the stone to shape your breast,
More beautiful far than all the rest?

What lover of art could see the charm
Of your hidden heart, or dimpled arm,
Or what human eyes could ever see
The love in the kiss that waits for me?
Nay; Kings are poorer with a throne
Than I, with all my fate unknown,
For I can call thee, dear, MY OWN.