

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Hidden Mothers

by Richard Lewis

She may be long gone but I see her face at every turn
On winding roads, leading who knows where
She's there, sharing moments
Beneath the diamond sky, along the broken trail
Through wind and hail
On sleepless nights, in dreamlands, she stands
Watching over, she knows my pain
In the curtaining rain, spreading those wide umbrella wings
Within walls of fear, she steals the silver from my tears

She may be long gone but she's with me now
In the rhythm of the hills, down hallways
Always, haunting my garden of green
Sharing the wonder of a single flower
By the apple tree or pear, she's there
Even the dandelion's face holds a place in her heart
Through colour and kind our passions entwine
As the blackbird wakes the morning, she's calling
Her song trips along

She may be long gone but we follow each other in time
Our two hearts combine
Though I've tried in my way to break free
She's always a part of me
Sharing Sunday's roast, or just tea and toast
Slender fingers steadying my hand, at her command
She brought me to this world, she'll see me out
There's no doubt, although she's long gone
Deep inside she lives on