A Jewel in the Sun

Mama is often

a baby’s first word

With her mother gone

she tried it on me

A yearning question

Wistful hope in her eyes

I had to correct,

but held her close

She anchored me

in my place in time

gave me purpose

took my breath away

Years flowed and ebbed

reeling

lapping like waves

returning to shore

Serene against the rising sun

her babies in her arms

My heart circles back

to when she needed me

Her babies crawl in my lap

and cling to my heart

They have her eyes, her lips

her flaxen hair

I am anchored still

in my place in time

I am content,

my purpose fulfilled

“Thank you,” she says.

She too circles back

and remembers.

“I love you, Gram.”

I need no more than that.