

## **A Lionesses Pride**

Small girl

big heart, strong pull

protective mother

protective mother

Young girl

wondrous nature, path seeking

protective mother

protective mother

Young woman

gypsy days, wind thrown hair

wary mother

wary mother

Strong Woman

seeks her paw, wild nature

wary mother

wary mother

Earth Warrior

path hunter, power harvester

accepting mother

accepting mother

innocent infant, curious child, strong woman, earth warrior,

all dancing through shadows, free

proud mother

proud mother

## **A Lionesses Pride**

The clock reads 12:59 under midnight blue  
shocked even, for the clock  
that I am gaping at this hour  
words from my mother  
infecting like the plague  
she wants to cry, she said  
..she wants me to lye awake in bed  
For you my Mother, the memories  
which bring my eyes to weeping  
where sincere sadness can be found  
a heart of uncertainty

The year of '91 came with great vengeance  
a little one  
was five years young  
humming soundless tunes as the teacher taught  
the teacher taught and taught  
and away was her heart

Mama and Pa, momentarily connected  
lasting hours through  
sharing in pleasure and off they tromped  
onto prior paths previously unmarked,  
unscathed, unharmed by younger days  
for had they known five years away  
sat their uncertain child  
uncertain she was and will remain for years to come  
whose Soul wept more than once that day  
more days than can count a year  
she wept out of love for mother  
she sobbed in silence for a missing Paw  
no cushin for fall, no wild-  
to lend you their claws,  
good old Paw

The school bell rang, and like out of a dream I came to be, I came to be  
in saddened dismay, and determination I prayed,  
that that very day,  
he would greet me,

in the unsettling,  
heart throbbing foyer

Dashing up from my seat, I knew  
with a buzzing hum, blustering past  
my now long forgotten kindergarten class  
the foyer is filled  
filtering through nameless slobs  
none were mine, I was none theirs, I knew

when the space began concaving-  
tight for even a little one to bare  
pushing my way through 'daddy's girls'  
I ACHE for Fresh air...

But I knew..

Racing on to the nearest corner  
I knew who would be there  
and with out one single doubt,  
I dash-  
into the domestically bustling street  
At last-  
a girl five years young  
reaching a safely straight-ward path  
with little feet treading little steps  
rounding so steadfast,  
with archaic grinning eyes...

That is the bend the full hearted ended  
upon facing only brittle autumn air -  
and salt covered cheeks  
veiled in defeat,  
But- Life began just there.