

## GLIMPSES OF A MOTHER'S LOVE

Fresh, cut grass mingles with  
the cool, crisp smell of clean linen  
swayin' from the line,  
like ghosts of the past

Bringing with them  
glimpses of mother:  
Her tweed cologne, rosy red lips,  
smiling eyes.

And with a voice so gentle  
she "sings" a story  
as I sit mesmerized  
on her most generous lap  
until sleep finally comes

It's not too long before I realize  
that I was only stealing glimpses  
of mother's love  
through my own daughter's eyes.