

## MOTHER

You're an artist  
With your magic brush,  
Oils, and pastels.  
It's perfection one can tell,  
for the beauty you spread  
across a canvas.  
My heart with pride swells.  
Pride and love for.....  
My Mother

But, alas, first you have this child.  
This child,  
A lump of clay,  
Into a lady she must be made.  
With love, devotion and determination  
You vow a lady she will be one day.  
The polishing begins by the  
One who knows how.....  
My Mother

You take your magic brush,  
You stroke, blend and prod.  
But, alas, in vexation you find  
You must finally use it as a rod.  
In despair you take to your bed.  
I can only stand alone and  
Hang my head.  
Poor Mother!

Not one for defeat  
The lessons you repeat.  
Amid the lessons  
were the silly secrets we shared,  
Companionship and anything we dared.  
For you were always there.  
My Mother.

A Jack of all trades,  
A master of none,  
As through all the lessons I wade.  
Oh, to be as talented as you.....  
My Mother.

The stitches aren't perfect.  
But were made with love  
And being molded with your hand,  
I learned that love counts above  
Everything in the land.

So, alas, all was not in vain.  
I'm sorry I caused you pain.  
But so grateful for the love,  
Understanding and support.  
Thank God, through it all  
You remained sane!  
That's My Mother.....

A poem written by her daughter, Willie  
Martin in December 1991  
when she presented a hand crocheted  
tablecloth to her mother.