

Mothers are Forever

by Lorna Kniaz

I feel my mother in me,
Watching my children.
Still turning at a mommy-call
From far away.

And in a quiet moment
Eternity gets tangled in my mind.
I wonder at the reverberations
Of the generations.
I lose the linearity of time.

The echoes flow back and forwards.
So that the great grandmothers I never knew
Rock the cradles
Of the great grandchildren
I will never see.

Unable to stop the ripples
As they pass and circle around us.
We keep our places for a moment,
A pause in time to be.

We cannot keep our babies
As our mothers could not hold us.
But they carry our memories
And take along our dreams.

Sand washed from stones and pebbles
Flows down streams and rivers.
Stops, and makes beaches,
Where children come to play.

Mothers are forever,
Carried by our children.
As they travel with our mothers' mothers,
Locked in their hearts.
Where children come to play.