

Where's Our Mommy?

Today, springtime is in elegant display
Skies restful, declaring what blue was meant to be
Wintered twigs, clothed now in their brightest dress
Waters in the valley, shimmering among mid-day ripples

Still, I am sad today
Somewhere, in a nest of artful embroidery
Somewhere, youngsters stir in their bed of woven care
Hunger makes them anxious in this springtime air
“Where's our mommy?” they chirp and cry
Little tummies and native fear move them

The breath of beauty is not theirs to share, today
A masterpiece of glory lies still on the road by my house
A cardinal in search of supply, halted there by rubber tires
Dear little ones, Mommy is not coming home today

Lovely trees and sun and waters pause to mourn such loss
And I, a redeemed son of creation, join her young in tears

