

OF MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

SEVEN AGES - A MEDITATION

I. THE INFANT

First comes the infant
No
First comes the making of her
The passion and the pain

All those long hours and days
Consumed, and burdened
Light-headed
Heavy-limbed
Ever-growing
Until the moment
She is in my arms
My daughter

I know you, I whisper
I love you
I always have
I always will

First smile
First tooth
First step
First word
Mama

II. THE SCHOOL CHILD

First day of school
With shining morning face
Not a glance back at me
Off, into the bright room
Full of others

I go home, alone
The house is silent
Missing its small heart

III. THE LOVER

They sing of days
Of wine and roses
Star-filled nights
And summer lawns
And secret vows
Light-headed laughter
But oh that head
The morning after
The tears, the rows...

Wine has dregs
And roses thorns

They sing of June
And moon and spoon
Those we love the most
Always leave too soon

Come to me, you said
I will hold you

She held me close
And let me cry
How can I live
A moment longer?
I'd rather die
Than live this pain...

This too shall pass
You will mend stronger
And you will live
To love again

I know you, she whispered

Better than you do

You will soldier on

IV. THE SOLDIER

Out

Into the field

There are battles to be fought

Wars to win

A world to conquer

Let the games begin

Risk, and Reward

Trust and Treachery

Lust, and lechery

The madness of it all

The crocodile tears

The subtle smiles

As they watch you climb

How they long

To see you fall

V. THE JUSTICE

See her now

In her dark robes

Dispensing Justice

A mother's wisdom

Heads nod

Brows knit

Voices still

Rooms listen

She knows

Whereof she speaks

You once said to me
“I do not know the point of life
But I know the answer to life
And the answer is:
Solve the problems.”

Lodestone
Pole star
Gathered around her
Husband, offspring,
Grandchildren
Cousins and friends

We celebrate, she told us
Because we can

VI. THE GOLDEN YEARS

So unexpected
The Golden Years
Coming even to her
All knowing
All seeing
All slowing
As the last age
Empties

VII. WITHOUT ALL

She cannot see me now
Cannot hear me
Does not know me

I hold her hand

And there, beyond her
I see you
In your beauty
It is hers

Reborn in you

One either side

We sit

As one day

With the daughter we do not yet know

You will sit with me

Some distant afternoon

I will miss you, I will whisper

I love you

I always have

I always will

Those we love the most

Always leave too soon

RICHARD SPARKS

February 2013