

Only a Mother Can Know

her soul-crushing loss
secreted behind a veil
of smiling good cheer

grief's smothering shroud
cloaks her tomb of living death
gladness cannot pierce

some few know her pain
mothers' tear-drenched lost-child club
woe to those who join

pin-hole view each way:
our sweet love and lucky life,
her dark lonely cave

despair's icy grip
can't endure but can't move on
none but moms can know



Photo: Tyghe's foot molds in bronze