POETRY Mother's Action of the Prestianni, Valley Stream, NY

Mother's Movice

The Paradox of Time

by Patricia Spadaro, Bozeman, MT

Time is not constant no matter what the clock likes to say

Love moves its hands slowly, rapidly, through moments of pain or joy or wondering where the light has gone

Fear freezes its pointy black fingers, demanding attention from every one of our electric cells

"You're late!" it shouts and tugs, when playing that grumpy master of ceremonies, racing by on its busy way to somewhere, where?

And then, and then—unexpected, the mind bends, the heart opens, universes expand and contract in barely a blink

No, time is never constant.

What good is a clock anyway?



I offer "suggestions" to my daughter and sons. Suggestions never followed, the opposite is done.

They should heed mom's advice, as close to the letter. It would make their lives infinitely better.

Sometimes however, they followed other voices. And though I hate to admit ... it has lead to better choices!

At Wonderland Lake

Song For My Sister by Lynne Soulagnet, Medford, NY

O Sister, With bandages tight they make us take small steps so they will lead and we must follow behind them.

They tower over us like giant pillars so we will tremble and cower in their shadows.

They push us down and keep us "in our place" so they will remain always on top.

They deny us our rightful place at the altar of life taking our creations and sculpting them to fit only their needs.

O Sister, we are bound together in joy and sorrow I too have shared your hopes, dreamt your dreams, and longed for more. I too have shared your losses cried your tears, and ached with the pain only a woman knows.

O Sister, I too have bled with you on battlefields where women are sacrificed to some nameless god in some foreign land we call home.

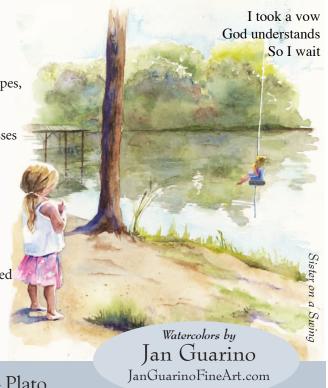
Devotion or Misguided

by Rhonda Weiss, Leeds, NY

Upstairs the sounds from below "Don't hurt my mommy" "Don't hurt my mommy" The crash The scream The silence The excuses I walked into the refrigerator I fell over the tricycle I believe in God I honor my marriage Not like those other women How can my friends tell me to leave? I told that woman at work You're the loser for leaving I'm good; you're bad How can my parents tell me to leave? "Don't hurt my mommy" "Don't hurt my mommy" The sounds from below keep coming upstairs "No! No!" Someone took my husband away They locked him in a psych ward In a veterans' hospital But I'll wait for his return

My family says to leave My friends have long gone My child now grown is ashamed of me

> "Why don't you leave, mom? It's not because of me He's confined You're safe now, mom Why do you stay?"



Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history. – Plato