

## **a story to tell**

My mother was ill

But with the will of the world  
She kept her girls  
Bore miracles  
a direct link to the  
Spiritual  
With her physical on the brink  
She always thought of what her girls would think  
They laughed and played and fought and prayed  
Us three making it another day  
But the foundation crumbled and she stumbled  
Had to pick up the pieces of this puzzle  
Couldn't bury her past with a shovel  
It was alive and well, she loved so hard she fell  
Her pain stared her in the face and took from her everyday  
Hospital gowns, hidden frowns, piercing sounds  
Winded by stairs, constant glares, and inflated fares  
How did she bear such demands from the world?  
Enduring it all for her girls  
What a life she was living  
A gift that kept on giving  
Her faith in the most high carried her throughout the darkest nights  
A resiliency bestowed upon me  
As I weep and cry for her she speaks to me  
Warms me with hugs reminding me of a mother's love  
We are one, spirit has assimilated our tongues  
A righteous Oracle she was and is a portal  
That Became immortal  
She lends me her grace and chose our names  
And we became

Hope & Faith.