

## WHEN YOUR MOTHER GRIEVES

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Painted desert baby  
Not so much a baby these days  
Dancing among the lizards  
Changing your appearance in a thousand ways

In the world's largest sandbox  
Your mother looks on  
Squinting into the sun  
Pining away for something that's already gone

And the days tumble by, long and warm and dry like the leaves  
And the nights bring the cold and the longing for home  
And the tears that she cries when your mother grieves

"Where is my family?"  
Your little thoughts float on the breeze  
Your father's off using his hands  
To try and bring home a living that he hopes will please  
But keeping her vigil like the coyotes you hear in your dreams  
Your mother bites her lip and she paces  
And she stops to look at you and her face just beams

She says, "We're on the ocean and I'm the ship that has sailed you  
Away to where things are tranquil and clean  
But I'm too far from one shore and I can barely see the other  
And I'm stuck somewhere in between"

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