

A Birthday/Mother's Day Poem to Jamey's Mother

Ah! Sometimes, Mother, I wonder
 How my heart learned to ache
 And yearn so for things
 Beyond myself.
Have I always tried to press a little further
 To grasp for things beyond my reach?
 Only a mother or father could know...
And still, I suppose I have been successful
 After my own fashion, at least.

Ah! Always I know, Mother,
 This yearning, this drive, this reaching beyond,
 However it may ache within my breast,
 Is a wonderful, wonderful gift.
A gift, given me by parents
 Given me by love and gentle kindness
 Given me by encouragement and hope.

What a double-edged sword this son of yours must be!
 Who loves his parents so and is still inclined
 Incessantly, it seems, to be always in motion.
My thoughts range far and wide, and fast,
 While my feet itch to follow suit.
Have I used these gifts in a way you could not expect?
 Or have you expected me all along?

Still, believe me,
 When I am still, when the tumult lulls,
 I stop, still, and thank the stars.
Thank them for the gift of parents
 As noble and gentle
 And who love as well
 As you.

Love, Jamey

James R. Halley