

MOTHER'S DAYS

Penelope Gallogly

Elusive fantasies betray
what grieving spirits reap;
faint images of children play,
as spectral visions leap.

Their voices echo with no sound,
and she alone knows why
no consolation will be found
to soothe an empty sigh.

No fleeting daydream can allay
the sorrow she must keep;
she feigns an ordinary day,
till somber shadows creep.

In silent darkness all around,
the phantom infants cry,
as remnants of lament resound
a haunted lullaby.

When apparitions of dismay
compel her soul to weep,
she tucks them quietly away
and cradles them to sleep.

Though longing fills a bleak surround
no pretense can belie,
where little, fragile dreams rebound,
she'll rock them by and by.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 5 No. 1 2008