# Mother's Love

It's as binding as gravity and endless as time,
It's a force more luminous than pure sunshine,

It's the first to hold you, for nine months your nest,
It's the first to greet you at life's first breath,

It's there for countless feedings, awake endless nights,
It's holding you in the dark, bright beacon of lights,

It's your early moral compass, to know right from wrong,
It's your guide through first steps, a hand firm and strong,

It's a molder of worlds, providing soft places to fall,
It kisses away fears, comes to the rescue first call,

It's sharing of wisdom, of truths you must know:
Never run with scissors! Don't eat yellow snow!

And when the world starts getting rougher it shields the attack,
And when the punches start coming it punches back,

It's an avenging angel and a needed hug,
It carries your pain and offers its blood,

It's accepting of your mistakes and helps clean the mess,
It's a coach who can do tough love or finesse,

It prepares you to go forth, to spread wings and to fly,
As it battles its instincts to keep you sheltered and dry,

And when another love comes that might take its place,
It weathers the hurt with patience and grace,

It's silent suffering over distances of miles and years,
It's silent suffering while consoling you through losses and tears,

It's seeing adulthood slowly erase the child it knew,
Left with just photos and memories of long-gone you,

It's being a hero in reserve but never gone,
The one at your side when a new life dawns,

It's a steady hand on your shoulder as the stork circles above,
It'll always be with you… it's Mother's Love.