Portrait of My Mother

She is nothing short of a goddess
In my eyes. This plump pleasant
Looking woman who has been so
Nurturing and kind.

She stands only shoulder height
To me, But is the biggest person I
Know.

She raised 6 children and has always
Been there when needed. She has
Never forgotten any birthdays, But she
Herself is often forgotten.

She is not needed quite so much
As years go by, adding wisdom
To our lives, yet we all know that
Certain life lessons can only be learned
At home and by our dear mother.

A mother does little things that often
Go unrecognized as important and are
Taken for granted. These little things
Are later cherished memories as
We look back on all that a mother
Is...

When we enter her home, our noses
Are filled with wonderful smells from
The kitchen as things baked with
Love are “shared”, even if not meant
For us...

Remember the pies-
She also has a tender touch and a
Soft shoulder to cry on and when
She needs one herself, we’re often
Unavailable or too busy.

This is the woman who taught
Us right from wrong, mended our
Clothes, bandaged our wounds, gave
Us her opinion and solved all of our
Problems no matter how small.
And speaking of small she even babysat
Our children; all free of charge.

(I’ve heard it said a mother can take care of 6
children)

And so I exchange, Do we
Give her only “only love” when we
Truly owe her so much more.

This is a portrait of my
“mother”

by Patricia Aini