To My Mother

By Ashley Kieres

To My Mother,

You are the warrior, raising the bar for the fight.
A wounded soldier, with every kiss goodnight.
You fight for love and compassion, you hope with a passion.
Have patience so intense, trying to raise kids with some sense.
Dry your tears in the night, but stand up tall in the light.
No written word to guide your hand,
Nothing prepared, as much as you planned.
No obedience at your command,
Yet unshaken did you stand.
The battle was bloody,
Took every ounce of your soul,
Had help from nobody,
But hard-fought and well-won met your goal.

Not every person has it right.
They make a choice and a mistake.
Even if you had foresight.
This is a journey we must take.
Every path has broken branches,
Makes you trip and scrape your knee,
But we get up and keep on dancing,
Even when the rain has rained a sea.
It is not for us to project,
Nor for you to take the blame.
When it comes to my choices,
I will always stake my claim.
May you know that while I see,
It was you who gave me sight.
To see that while this world, it may be spinning,
It’s up to me to spin it right.
And if I ever fall down on my knees,
I better get back up and fight.