

A Sonnet for Mom's Bonnet



Today I pray a special blessing for my mom,
As I struggle to remain calm,
As I wrestle with the desire to flee,
As I scream deep inside of me.

A home is hard to care for.

Plucking me out of a public mud bath,
Dealing with the baking aftermath,
She always made sure I was well taken care of,
And filled our home with her acts of love.

She is a great mom and more.

My youngest is always somehow getting hurt,
And his every crevasse filled with dirt.

My oldest is quoting a random fact,

Instead of putting his schoolwork back.

Who knows how i can keep score?

Speaking for moms, far and wide,

What makes us every day decide

To care for the families we love so much,

Is the little bit of insanity that we touch

When we find that we love them and more.

-Shanna Lyn