Mother and Child: Etching by Henry Moore, circa. 1983

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Daffodils

*CRYSTAL A. PROXMIRE*

Whatever it was
that made the artist
paint the vase
of fresh spring daffodils
in shades of gray and brown
to hang in the hotel lobby,
is now what has
captured my soul,
and forces me to write a poem
not about love,
not about death,
not about the way the
sunlight turns pink and orange
where the sky meets the
edge of the ocean
and reflects in the eyes of
some fair-haired Romeo
about to leave for war,
but instead about what is real...
about colors of gray and brown
that do not
glisten in the moonlight
or jump from the pages
of some dime store romance novel,
but merely hide in the shadows
and observe the guests.

Mother and Child

*Etching by Henry Moore, circa. 1983*

*CRYSTAL A. PROXMIRE*

Mother,
This is so ridiculous.
Must you show me off
to every stranger
who doesn't look away quickly enough
when they try to pass us on the street?
Yes, I have your eyes.
Yes, I have father's forehead.
But I really don't resemble
either of you yet.
I'm just a little baby boy-
shriveled and blue and ugly,
just like every other baby boy
in the world.
Don't force my whining little blue face
on them - not now.
Wait until I am grown.
Wait until I am grown into a tall and slender and beautiful
woman
with my hair dyed cherry red
and black mascara with brilliant
blue eye shadow
which makes my eyes look even more
like yours.
And with a wardrobe to match.
Will you embrace me then?
Will you show me off to the world then?
Will you tell them what a beautiful dancer I am?
Will you tell them what a strong little boy
I used to be?
Or will you learn your lesson
and keep your damn children
to yourself?