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Portrait of a Mother

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Portrait of a Mother

By Perris Alfonzo

Yoga, drink water, there is always hope.
The mantras seem to be instilled in your very veins.
The ones that run deep with love,
Rooted in healthy soil.

To wear your heart on your sleeve is not weak.
There are stories to be told,
Lessons you need to be reminded of.
A celebration of art and life and death.

Have patience, she would say,
Patience for Perris,
Patience for those who do not yet understand.
You rose above,
Never holding a grudge,
Like buds that bloom
With every new spring.

All my life you've been big.
Your presence large, your wisdom insurmountable.
In stature, we see eye to eye, but you are a tree
Tall, graceful, ever changing,
Breathtaking.

My toes are your toes.
My fingers are your fingers.
A propagate of the spider plant,
Growing from the inspiration of your image.
I am your only, your favorite.
You are my favorite, my only
Mother.

