



Women of the Divine

By Kameo Monson

Swaddling me, she held tight,
a soft smile across her face.
A mother mine, count one.

“Let me hold her,” Grammy said.
“I see your hands are full.”
Soft arms cradled then my head.
A mother mine, count two.

A fall. A scratch upon me knee.
“Come here,” Aunt Christi called.
“A Band-aid, with a kiss I’ll give.”
A mother mine, count three.

At school, I stood among the crowd,
alone in all my pain.
Tears ran down and caressed my cheek.
My teacher pulled me close.
Comforting words tickled my ear.
A mother mine, count four.

My gray-haired friend, with red-ruby lips,
sat and laughed with me.
A pat on my shoulder with a knowing wink,
she reminded me who to become.
A mother mine, count five.

When all seems lost, I slowly slip lower to my knees.
I cry aloud with clutched pillow close,
then my bosom fills with peace.
A Mother Mine, I recognize.
A Mother in Heav’n, our Mother, one.

One Mother in Heav’n, and mothers on earth.

Women are blessed, each of them,
to nurture the children of God.
Mother, grammy, aunt, teacher, and friend.
Look. See them there.
Mother, one, we all are giv’n,
but others before us stand.
Women of purity, honor, and love,
more than all the sand.

Parents in Heav’n knew our needs,
and that knowledge they did use,
giving to us all womanhood,
as mothers for our earthly good.

