

She Had Two Sons

Once I knew
A very attractive
And clever woman.
To her winning smile
And carefree confidence,
All eyes turned
And fell in love.

She had two sons -her own-
One was a daring darling,
The other, a clinging dunce.

Her darling made her very proud,
For everyone liked his clever words,
His daring and his darting smile.
With him she liked to cuddle and kiss,
And upon him she loved to gaze.

The other made her very uneasy.
For from his unsureness, his needs & fears,
He clung to her too close.
A bit too plain to stand apart;
A bit too dull for all to like;
With him she found it hard to cope.

Once she and I
Had touched in love,
Until it grew too plain
And I began to stand so near,
That it reminded her of him.

Yet caught by herself the other night,
A little frightened when alone,
She asked me to stay
To calm her nerves
And fill the empty room.

Into the night
We drank and talked
In a cabin by a stream,
Until out of the darkness
And her laughing smile,
Shone the diamond of a tear.

Deep from the anguish of her soul she wept
For Fate's injustice to her clinging son.
She wept for his unsureness,
His needs and fears,
And the lonely struggle
Of his painful path.

And as she cried her Beautiful Tears
In the pain of her clinging child,
His uncertain struggle was in her eyes
As if it were her own.

From her tears
Came a tender glow,
A warm-softness to her face,
And the fire grew to light the room,
While its flames danced through Our Soul.

Beside her I lay
To watch Shadows and Lights
Play silent on her sleeping face.
Each by its own and special stroke,
Painted the Beauty of a passing Truth.

And somehow I knew
That when she learned
To cope with her clinging child,
To gaze on him with equal love,
To accept the Beauty of his painful path,
The Beauty of His Truth,
Her nerves would calm,
Her fears would cease,
And she could be alone.

The final flame shivered;
It sputtered and died
And I wept that I could not stay.
For I was in love
With both her sons.
For I was in love
With Her!

