

MOTHERBLIND

Dear daughter, fully petaled now, you were
the royal blossom I raised in my yard.
Friends tried to tell me: Don't forget it's her
life budding there, you shouldn't force the bloom.
Anticipation tuned me like a bard,
possessed me, made me proud perfection's groom.
The neighbors said you never had a chance
to be yourself, to be a normal child.
My airs, my highflown heraldry, self-styled,
made everybody look at us askance.
No spot or blight could mar my precious plant,
no careless foot or lower life invade
that destined ground where I prepared to grant
New Eden's need for white of purest shade.

Then came the day my prize unfurled its news--
you're not the flower I tried to impose--
not white--but brushed with brilliant vibrant hues--
a hybrid--never lily nor a rose.
I pled my case with Psyche in the night,
my disappointment pouring in her ear,
pretense and pomp supplanted by my fear.
Had outside forces stolen my birthright
to mold my offspring in the grand design?
Then warm new wisdom greater than my own
pushed through the pose, spared you, made me resign
as regent gardener, keeper of the throne.
You, daughter, grew above my fool's endeavor.
When you forgave, old patterns broke forever.