

Mother's Secret

A Ballad

*Tell me a secret of living, dear Mother,
a new one I've never been told--
some hint about life to remember you by
that will stay with me when I've grown old.*

"An overlooked secret of humans, my child,
is that each is a seed that will flower,
and that each has a future of limitless joy,
whatever the pains of the hour.

"And I tell you that no love has ever been lost
nor is anything out of place--
that your work is to strive, to give and to know
in this journey through time and space.

"Your grandmother told me the same when she died
and I willingly pass it along.
May your living go deeper than what you can see
and your heart hear the Infinite Song."

*Now rest, dear Mother, and sleep your sleep
in a region where pain is unknown.
As long as I live I will treasure your words
and will pass them along to my own.*