

MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN

*Lithe and lovely
Boasting
Startlingly erect posture
For so tall a lady*

She was my lover

*Her breasts
Yet to be tasted
were positioned high and expectant
above a tiny waist
girdling a sensually lordotic spine
on a most perfect pelvic pedestal
whose backward tilt thrust the
lower abdomen forward to an apex
in gentle rotundae
proudly flanking
A most perfect umbilicus.
Athletically seasoned muscles
filled her gluteal fossae
and broadcast so alluring a contour
that competition could come only
from the juxtaposed legs
so long and so slender that
they seemed never to end.*

She was my lover

*Love, I gave to her
and she returned it
one hundred score over.
She was beautiful,
as was our shared love
And God blessed it
That glorious body
began to blossom and swell
bursting outwards with the New life
contained therein.
Her wee waist thickened
and her tantalizing breasts filled
with their destiny.
The body expanded with edematous fluids
and a store of adiposity sequestered
calories
Against that day when another's nutrition
Would prioritize gratification.*

*A son was born
who thrived on her eucharistic gift
of white Communion
Her body became his
And he became our joy
our fulfillment
Our hope for the future
our conduit to greater faith
A gift to us
he is yet our gift to Life.*

*With this tiny transient
she shared not only her body
she shared her sleep
her rest
her sinew
her time
her recreation
her figure
her health
her intimacy
her love life.*

*She shared her listening,
as Beethoven, Bach & Bruchner
and easy jazz, yielded
to infant theme songs
the rhythmic Hmpgrf-Hfmew, Hmpgrf-
Hfmew
of a breast feeding infant
a sigh, a cough, a bubble, a cry
These became her music.*

*She shared her composure
Circling tiny Soviet hotel rooms
through frightful nights
whispering "shushes" into an ear
screaming with pain
on an adventure
she was reluctant to take.*

*Throughout the years
since this son's conception
she shared her focus
Diverting most of her awareness
to another being.*

*She shared her leisure
yielding to a small child's
constant needs
Her discretionary moments
she gave to devouring books
on the care and rearing of children.*

*So much sharing
and to continue
She chose another
as did I
but my choice was easy.
Once again this lover of mine
gave, shared and sacrificed
all that she was and is
to create as ideal a beginning
as little ones can ever know.*

*And now, especially on this day
I say of this incredible woman*

***She was my lover
She is my lover***

*She has become
above all else,
Lover, Mother
The source and
Sustenance of life and
Health for these, my
beautiful children.*

And I love her more.....


This woman —

who was, and is my lover!

by Robert S. Flowers
written for Susan -Wife, lover, friend
mother, professional woman.



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