

*Mother Love*

**By Mark Low**

Somewhere the earth quakes,  
typhoons go by other names  
on distant coasts,  
and a mother rocks her child.

Ships bob like plastic pop bottles,  
on changing seas.  
Twisters, or tornadoes,  
touch down and vanish,  
swirling like conversation  
from lost friendship's refusing  
to sustain.

Here, and orange moon rises  
above the porch.  
Just beyond,  
the rabbit in the weeds  
is indifferent to the night,  
the reaching shadows –  
unaffected by retreating tides,  
like the child  
balanced on a mother's knee.



"Mother Love" by Mark Low

*Published by Enceladus Literary LLC*

©2013

*All Rights Reserved to Author*