Untitled

Saw poor Cecelia

Saw poor Cecelia in that old peoples place,
Perched on the verandah - half smile on her face
She said "They never came to see me - makes me cry - now and then
Still I wish all my children - were babies again"

The nurse came up softly, said "You know she's not really all there
But things like Mother's love - you can never compare"
Her grown up kids killed - first week of 2010 -
Every night in her dreams - she sees her babies again.

Max Glenn, Whiddon Beaudesert