

## Invisible Mother

When I walk down the road with her: in her blue pram;  
Her shining face, her beaming smile: my little lamb  
Attracts the world's attention.  
Young girls we pass at work chit-chat: in the shop;  
Bus-queuing women, bags yoked akimbo: look and stop;  
Then attend a baby convention.

Her little mouth with wet and rosy lips: wherein she sticks her finger;  
Is opened wide as women bill and coo: in baby Interlingua;  
Age-old language kept for doting.  
The sun-bright air is heavy hung with scent: of baby's milk;  
Her pretty hat of pink with ribbons all in green: of satin and of silk;  
Pretty pink of course a girl denoting.

When I walk down the road with her: in her high heels;  
Her shining hair, her tight-fit top: what it reveals  
Has all the men alerted.  
Young lads we pass at work tattooed: on the site;  
Bus-queuing men, newspapers folded: glance left and right;  
All other thoughts diverted.

Her lovely mouth with soft and glossy lips: as though she were a singer;  
Is slightly parted as men straighten, look, then stare : male-female Interlingua;  
Age-old language kept for mating.  
The evening air is heavy hung with scent: of musk and civet;  
Her pretty pants with neat cut rear in beige: tight as a trivet;  
Neat cut rear of course her case promoting.

I was a baby once, all women's eyes compelling.  
And then an invisible mother.  
I was a maiden once, all men their eyes admiring.  
And now an invisible mother.  
Biology, evolution, life - you have mislaid me.  
You have no plan or place for me.

I shall have to make my own place and my own plans.  
I can be desired for more than my soft and glossy lips.

I can be admired for more than my pink satin hat.

Joe St.Johanser