


April 2017

To My Mother

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Recommended Citation

Wells, Alexander (2017) "To My Mother," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 71 : Iss. 1 , Article 25.

Available at: <http://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol71/iss1/25>

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TO MY MOTHER

Alexander Wells

It occurred to me at lunch,
while we shared orange chicken
with fried rice and egg rolls,
that my mother was beautiful.

Something about the slanted shadows
cast by the lantern with painted azaleas
made her curls lay just right –
hugging her face like thick lace
embroidering a valentine.

The creases of her face chronicled
vacations in the Florida sun,
evening walks through the park,
and late-night shopping as Santa Claus.

My mother greets the spring
like the budding daffodil –
first to breathe the forgotten warm air
or catch drops during humid rainfall.

I hope she takes a moment
and looks in the mirror
to trace the creases of her face
that tell stories of her beauty.