Lullaby for My Mother

Let me kiss away the frowns
as you kissed away the fears.
When rolling thunder flung me to your lap,
your breast became my haven.
Now it's my turn to snuggle you into sleep.
Sleep, Mamele, sleep.

These gnarled hands spoke of love
more eloquently than words - fed, diapered,
braided ribbons into my hair,
made dolls out of rags, cookies of dough.
Unfurl them, like flowers to the sun.
Sleep, Mamele, sleep.

Feel safe with me, I'll protect you
from sharp breeze or impatient eye.
Close your eyes, my aged child
and when you no longer can see
you'll hear me softly croon
Sleep, Mamele, sleep.

Bella Kudatsky

*Mamele - Yiddish endearment ("little Mommy")