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Mothers

Donna Gors

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ANGEL FACE Cinde Rawn



MOTHERS Donna Gors



Chief of the Angels scribed in red from my own wounded pedals-
Telling the sinful city streets where I stood when their world was in trouble.
I thirst in frozen water-
Me a gentle rose winded with the chilled smell of this endless February tundra.

And the sun then rises again.
Agonized and tired. Faith frozen.
Scared of what it will bring to the world today-
With leftover love roses below-
Roaming the halls timid with their slowing heart-shaped steps-
Mourning their love brothers buried in a field of poppies that live for death-
Broken by another mass of life swept off its feet on Valentine's.
A day of love never ends a day of love.
And now my love is gone.

Loneliness clicking away the hours when roses ruled the world . . .