

## MOTHER AND FATHER

I cried as I exited mother—  
In whom I was knitted with care—  
And squirmed in the arms of my father,  
Who smiled at my body so bare.

I nursed at the breast of my mother,  
Who bathed me and diapered my rear,  
Then bounced on the knee of my father,  
Who whispered sweet things in my ear.

I grew on the hugs of my mother,  
On food from the table she set,  
And, on the firm lap of my father,  
Heard tales I will never forget.

Those memories nothing can smother,  
Though often remembered with tears,  
As I recall mother and father,  
Who've been gone these many long years.

But I am still walking on Mother,  
Who stretches before me so wide,  
And following light from the Father,  
This earthly life's Guardian and Guide.

Soon I will be exiting Mother  
And leaving the loan of her dust,  
Caught up in the arms of the Father,  
Still growing and learning, I trust.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/5/2017*