She's Their Mother

When she tells kids a story
that's sweet, funny or gory
she *is* the monster or goat
on the bridge across the moat.

She *is* the scared child,
the lion or monkey who's wild
her voice squeaks or roars
arms gyrate as if on all fours.

Wherever she sits she's at ease
with children gathered at her knees
for they're expecting to leave that place
by balloon, plane, or car in a race.

If you are in a room that's near
it's not hard for you to hear
kids laughing or shrieking
at whatever story she's speaking.

The adults gathered nearby
have a glint in their eye
glancing at one another
for she's also *their* mother.

Author's Note: Dedicated to Helen on Mother's Day.

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