



The Single Mom

By meredith

Published on Stories Space on 20 Jun 2014

Copyright(c) 2013 / 2018 by James W
All rights reserved, except for those permitted under the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, no part of James W's publication may be reproduced , distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without prior written consent of

Tribute to all the single mothers

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/the-single-mom.aspx>

She was quietly lying Morning light lit the dawn Just watching and waiting Next to her sleeping fawn
She teaches it the ways Of a life in the wild Just her giving guidance Looking over her child. Caring
for her spring spawn Teaching all that she knows Suddenly found them there In a late springtime
snow. With just her to raise it This child of the spring The product of fall tryst Alone this child to bring.
She does the best she can Like her mother before Caring for her only child The one that she adores.
Its father is long gone Far away in the wood Her job is now to raise This child the best she could. This
plight of single mom Child that is hers alone To foster and care for Til adult it is grown.