

Cycles of Love

A winter chill pervades the air, the sun sinks slowly behind the twin bridges,
As holiday shoppers move quickly through the city.
Across the bay, four floors above the streets of Oakland,
A tiny boy sleeps amidst sophisticated systems designed to bring him back.
His eyes stare blankly as he struggles to rejoin
Their world of feeling, speaking, and love.
His young mother never leaves his side as she cuddles, pleads, and prays..
Her life is him, his life is her, as they are bound together for eternity.

In a bitter Midwestern winter, a caring mother
Struggles to give her children everything she can.
Alone, she bears the burden of survival where once there was two.
The children are asleep, their minds dance delightedly while
She sits pensively, gazing out the frost-framed window;
Her youth fled much too quickly in her struggle to provide...

The New Jersey wind whistles its wintry tune.
She sleeps quietly, her wrinkled face reflecting her life.
In her final years, she sleeps untroubled, dreaming of her youth.
Three generations of her children are drawn to her
Respectfully returning her love and filling the air with their strength.
Her days are fading, she speaks in whispers,
But her love beats strongly as he continues to nurture her family.
Her love is their Christmas beacon in the twilight of her life...

Three mothers, worlds apart, all sharing
The hopes and dreams of their children.
In each of them, a simple spark generates a marvelous torch
To be carried throughout our days.
May this Christmas season rekindle memories of caring and sacrifice,
And instill in each of us compassion and love for one another.

Frank Allocco-Christmas 1987