

I Am My Mother's Keeper

By: Sapphira Israel

The woman whose hips cracked open,
To bruise a birth of a fruitful sprout.
Where brown bones become broken for a bloody burst,
Of a Hebrew baby now born.
Lips suck breast and tiny toes curl,
With wide doe eyes in innocence of the Mother.
Oh precious thing! That once was inside,
What spirit does this regeneration bring forth.

Will the winds call upon thy name to forbear the witnessing of a royal bloodline?
Will the waters run low at the breaking of dawn and kneel its passage to a higher king?

My mother I thank thee in all that you are for in your trainings of this truth.

The Corinthian pledge you for took to your heart is written forevermore,
In your role in which you honor me, guide me, teach me, mold me,
Make me the Israelite that I am to be.

I am my mothers keeper,
For the spirit of the foremother rests in her eyes that besought me.