

## Maria Doyle Kennedy

### "Mother"

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conduit of blood and stones  
food and shells  
spells and bones  
webs of skin  
precious things  
ways of being in them  
conduit to find you there  
sit you down , stroke your hair  
tell you how it is you should be feeling

conduit of blood and spells  
candle wishes  
warning bells  
sounds she made when you were born  
secret lines of suffering  
conduit of skin and bone  
sit you down and draw you in  
showing you the double edge of keening

and then you fill your house  
with things she likes  
and you line her way with reminders

you pray her heel upon your floor  
and you try so hard to find her

Mother , call down

conduit of blood and rope  
tender signs  
a lifeboat  
shows of kindness  
ways of pain  
the grace that,s in accepting  
conduit of everything early felt and early seen

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