

# Through Me

Through me

Your trained memory can tell  
All Mom's cooking by its smell;  
Though imposters morsels bring,  
You're not fooled with anything.

Through me

Ev'ry year Thanksgiving Day  
(Day when stomach's girth would pay),  
All your senses overload  
When they switch to feasting mode.

Through me

You can taste the food she made  
(Gifts for which you never paid):  
Turkey salad which you sought  
(On her visits always brought);  
All your favorite kinds of bread:  
Apple, pumpkin which she fed;  
The zucchini which you craved,  
And banana which you raved.

Through me

You can feel her afghan's heat  
As you're covered head to feet;  
For each child this time she made,  
And her fingers long obeyed.

Through me

You remember mother's kiss,  
And the hugs which you now miss;  
How she used to hold your hand  
On the outings she had planned.

Through me

You can cherish photos made  
Of vacations when you played  
With your Mom and Dad and kin  
In the wilderness fishin'.  
You can see the pike she caught  
And remember battle fought,  
And the smile which filled her face  
As we rushed back home to base.

Through me

You can hear her voice so dear  
As you listen with your ear  
To the words which she would sing  
Making off'rings to her King.  
And from childhood 'til today,  
You would always hear her say:  
That she thought of you in prayer,  
That she loved you, always cared.

Through me

I am memory.

T. R. Hobson  
3/1/2013 – For my Mom