

Ekphrastic Poems

By Amity S.G.W.N

Picture:(Migrant Mother 1936)

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That women dressed in sorrow.

The dark bands

Diminishing the color of her eyes

And her frown

dimly displaying her exhaust.

Dandling one child with one arm,

While she drapes the tattered

But warm wool blankets

On the others.

Distress consumes

Much of her days

But her faith still lies

On

that little glow

At the end of the tunnel.

-2

Child,  
I beg you not to pout,  
not to cry,  
not to shout.  
For now is not the time.

You mourn,  
and I know  
because it shows  
in your eyes.

I see  
those tears  
Your yearn for attention,  
But you cannot get affection  
For now is not the time

Although we are found  
in this dark age  
I bid you to  
remember.  
one very important thing,  
That although right now it isn't the time  
my love for you is still there  
as bright as  
an ember.

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Time passing  
                    Time wasted  
Time only used for work

These hands  
all worn up  
just to dig up the dirt

Maybe if we'd  
been born  
at some other time  
I could have showed you that everything,  
used to be sublime.