

May Poem

MY MOTHER

I have the finest mother
That any boy could have;
She cleanses all my scratches,
And binds them up with salve.

She fixes all my clothes,
And doesn't mind at all
If I've torn my shirt,
Or outgrown it' cause I'm tall.

She helps me with my lessons,
And takes the greatest pain
To be sure I understand them.
And my interest doesn't wane.

She welcomes all my friends,
And let's us use her stuff;
Poppin' corn and makin' candy,
Till we've had enough.

She teaches me of God,
And helps me understand
The way to live to gain
A home in heaven's land.

No I wouldn't trade my mother
For all the jewels on earth;
'Cause there is no way to tell,
What an awful lot she's worth.

