



Denise M. Lacy

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Your mother is always with you. She's the whisper of the leaves when you walk down the street. She's the smell of cretin foods you remember, flowers you pick, the fragrance of life itself. She's the cool hand on your brow when your not feeling well. She's your breath in the air on a cold winters day, She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colors of a rainbow, she is Christmas morning. Your mother lives inside your laughter. She's the place you came from, your first home and she's the map you follow with every step you take. She's your first love and first friend even your first enemy but nothing on earth can separate you not time, not space, not even death.