Mama's Wings

1.

She hovered as a protective eagle above our childish aerie, her broad wings spread over us, softly fanning and sheltering us from the heat.

Unaware of the scorching of her outspread wings, we lived in a pocket of naïveté only seeing her tender smile, only hearing her cheerful songs, only feeling a loving breeze.

Leaving our fluffy down behind, we quit the nest, then for years, we worked and played in tunneled obscurity, focusing on running, yet hoping to soar.

Together we now spread our wings to protect our chicks from the heat. Tired, sometimes losing composure, we are now bonded with her, better understanding her humanity.

2.

Many bumps in our childish lives flatten or steepen over time as their dimensions thin in our memories, becoming romantically spellbound or dwelling darkly as the true remembrances fade away.

We watched her fail in our perfectionistic expectations. Now we seek forgiveness for thinking her flawless, outside our idealistic constraints, not seeing her as she really was--perfect in her humanness.