

The day is over.  
And still so heavy on the mind:  
in flew glowing, smiling Mother, butterfly  
in yellow  
to join the frowning cactus crowd.  
Finding flowers - even there - to flutter round.

I thought, Isn't Mother grand?  
The way she flies and flies  
into the sting of the cold  
and the prick of the barbed wire.  
Isn't mother grand  
to gladly fly and swiftly fly  
into the sting of the cold  
and the prick of the barbed wire.

The day is over  
And still goes passing through the mind:  
in came glowing, smiling Mother, sure and kind.  
To rouse us  
to give ourselves out and to cry.  
Birth to warm intentions, worthless otherwise!

Oh, the lives that brush against us,  
pass us by and by,  
the friends who may or may not come  
if we would first invite.  
Oh to open doors,  
to always gladly fly and fly  
into the sting of the cold  
and the prick of the barded wire