

Her Bruised Hands

I see the sky in my mother's eyes
Her eyes and her bruised hands
She's weak sometimes like a baby now
Needs my help so she can stand
The river runs but it runs both ways
I love her now as I loved my son
Though I did not know it in those crazy days
A thing can be undone

It was not long that my mother cried
Though I know she is afraid
Ma can walk if she holds my hand
She walked me just that way
When I kiss her cheek, I can feel her smile.
Feel her smile and her warm face
To love her now with a Mother's love
This to me is grace