

## MIRROR REFLECTION

Who is she looking  
out from this tree?  
The one in the mirror  
reflected as me.

Crone woman, elder  
in this decade of 60.  
A soul to be proud of...  
imperfect... yet nifty.

A softer, a wiser  
more sensitive one.  
A rounder, more wrinkly  
juicier plum.

This one I've become  
I really must say,  
Works hard to be true  
to her high standard ways.

Pouring consciousness, love  
in family and friends.  
Owning errors and faults  
while making amends.

Being part of a team  
seeking justice and peace.  
Opening doorways for many  
seeking life as a feast.

My mother, I think  
would smile on my face,  
And with grace and amazement  
around me embrace.

She'd tell me she's proud

of who I'd become...  
Of my daughters – three now,  
their men and their sons.

She's wink and then nod  
flying off to her game.  
And I feel her support  
in all that I aim.

Surrounded by family,  
hearts filled with joy.  
Love, all abounding,  
it's hard to be coy.

Though I look  
far less frequent  
and move with much haste,  
The mirror before me  
is clear with no waste.

It shows me a woman,  
a joy to behold,  
Dancing with life  
true to herself and bold.

Who feels with her breath  
and loves with her heart.  
Who lives from her soul  
trying not to depart.

From her values, beliefs,  
her truth and her tears,  
her pleasures, her passions,  
and even her fears.

So tonight, my Beloveds

as we toast over wine  
I salute and I thank you  
for this birthday dine.

Without you I wouldn't  
be who I am...  
And I love you...  
and I love her....  
This Crone Aries Ram.