

Michael Ball

Perpetual Candle

An old mother never ages out
Of adoration for her first son.
Crepe-skinned ancients keep
Faithful hearts as other parts wane.

If he is the least frequent visitor
And rarest of telephone callers,
He remains still her ideal child.
She hopes and waits for him.

I knew such a mother,
Compelled to live out one cliché.
Every darkening on the window sill
Next to the front porch door
She lit a single candle for him.

He neither came nor called,
She made certain her candle
Stock never dwindled below seven,
A light for each night of the week.

The real light was never the candle,
Rather her love and longing.

Michael Ball scrambled from daily and weekly papers through business and technical pubs. Born in OK and raised in rural WV, he became more citified in Manhattan and Boston. As one of the Hyde Park Poets, he has moderate success placing poems in numerous online and print journals and anthologies.