



My Short Mother Was So Proud of Having a Pram

poetry by Josef Krebs

My short mother was so proud of having a pram
It was her children she had no pride in
Her adaptability being limited by a strict Catholic upbringing
In a family that lived from selling icons
Reproductions and rosemary beads
The debilitating forces of belief and bias
That trip with trepidation
And rambunctious responsibility
Conscious of your limitations
Bounding out of your skull



Like a bunny in springtime
Driven by desires and impulses
Hard wired into the animal
Deceits of civilization notwithstanding
The cautious you survives
Without harming or alarming
Those creatures of the night
You come into contact with
In your strolls and reveries
Across the clouds of the city
In the dimly lit rooms
Of the moon lit nights
That allow for. . . .
Something

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