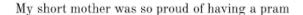


## My Short Mother Was So Proud of Having a Pram

poetry by Josef Krebs



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



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
$\underline{https://pubsecure.lucidpress.com/crackthespine255/?fbclid=IwAR2kp\_SB1jGO\_RrDvsYfW2o}$
aL9ktLy_GWvhGurnUsmRQEOBaUoVrpaKgESM#ZZUYfHRA8ABk

Like a bunny in springtime