

Bards in the Bog



Eisenhower's Mother

She stood anonymous in tweed among the audience of families,
and behind the press and flash of the world's media
as the general stepped back onto star-spangled soil at war's end

Pulling her handbag into a hug
she aimed quiet words into the ear of a mother at her side.
'I too have a son with the army.'

Around her the morning grew into itself,
and the sky cleared save for a solitary cloud
like the shadow cast from a giant hawk
aimed at the heart of the sun.

Michael Malone

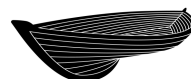
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