



“MAMA”

“Mama” is a term we hear, a title used each day.
It often is the name we first conform our lips to say:
A common, household epithet, a word that stands for her
Who runs the show at home and makes important things occur.
But “mother,” “mom,” and “mama” cannot ever be the same
When it becomes a woman’s turn to bear that lovely name.
For nothing in our history of dwelling on the earth
Compares with what can happen in the time surrounding birth.
For never did another person live in someone’s space,
So cozy soft and hugging warm: the womb’s a magic place
Where heels and knees and elbows kick reminding, “I am here!”
And dance into a woman’s dreams and plans till they appear.
There’s something God creates inside that nothing can reverse—
A call to bring into the world a special life to nurse.
And she who bears the challenge has an everlasting claim
To be a child’s “Mama,” and she’ll never be the same . . .

— David L. Hatton, 3/17/1992

