

I will take you home
By
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She presses her hand
Gently over the fallen chick
Cups it in her hands
Formed in a nest
Her thumb gently strokes its head
She bends close
And whispers
“You are safe with me, little one.”

Mother Robin hops around its nest
Cocking its head
Eyeing her
Chirping plaintively
For her baby.

She looks up and says
“Your baby’s safe with me.”
Holds out her arms
For mother to see.
“I will bring your baby home.”

She climbs the tree
In the nest
Places baby
And says
“Now, be a good chick and stay
home.”

That’s how she is
Broken as a child
Yet,
Making all the world’s creatures
Her children

Caring for those fallen
Trying to take them home
Make them whole
Make them safe.

Finding them broken
Heal them she tries
When unable though
She cries
Their pain hers
Their loss hers
For a lost soul
She mourns.

And now
She has me
Broken
And slipping away

Her hands
Form a nest around my face
Trying to keep me safe

Her thumb
Gently strokes my cheek
And she bends her head
Close to mine
And whispers
“You are safe with me.”

And I say
“I love you.”

With a gentle kiss
Her eyes fill
And a storm breaks
And she says
“I will take you home.”