



FALLING, BY BEN SOWARDS, MAY NOT BE COPIED

MOTHERHOOD

By Eliza Terry Roylance

*Sleeping soundly, so unaware,
So peaceful, soft, without a care.
I pray each night you're safe and warm
From every day's encircling storm.
Some say this is no place to raise a child,
So small, so pure, so meek, so mild.
But me, I tend to disagree . . .
This child, it seems, is raising me.
The author lives in Arizona, USA.*