

Protected

Still groggy with sleep and
wrapped in a long fuzzy robe,
I drag into the kitchen at 5 a.m.

I'm a wooly blue sheep, thick
with winter's coat, cozy and
snug and protected.

I'm greeted by a handsome man-child—
my own—with a steaming mug of coffee
(he knows how I love my morning coffee).

His voice a deep, gentle purr,
I'm reminded of the day he was born,
then his song little more than a mew.

He asks of my plans and I of his;
In times past
there was no need to ask—

No need because I knew—his plans
and mine, were mine alone;
now he is almost grown and on his own.

I, who is his mother and he,
who is my son
are playing the aging game.

I age, he grows. He progresses,
I regress. I, the protector,
have become the protected.