

## “A Mother of All Elements”

Like the rain, my mom quenches the dry sands

Her love lifts me past a life full of walls

And rips the roots of evil from my lands

Though I have thorns, she loves me above all

Without her, I would be rooted in strife

By my side, I have the great strength to sprout

And stand tall against the hard winds of life

She is the rain saving me from a drought

The secrets of the seasons she knows well

As she nurtures me throughout spring to fall

No matter how dark and cold the wind swells

We stand strong together and never fall

I want to be her shield against the grey

For without her, life seems to waste away

*-Nick Harnisch*