

## WISDOM

On a day like every other

Jane crept in to check her Mother.

The room was dark, and she stumbled.

“Who is it?” her mother mumbled.

Late afternoon, and still in bed.

She’d been crying, her eyes were red.

“What’s the matter?” the girl whispered.

“Life is so hard,” her mom whimpered.

“I’m tired, and sad, and can’t get up.

You deserve smiles, hugs, and a pup.”

“Hush,” Jane murmured with a small sigh,

Smoothed her mom’s hair back. “Please don’t cry.”

“I’m sorry!” Mom said with a sob.

“I can’t even work at a job.”

“We will get by, we always do.

I know you will get better, too.”

Mom’s face was pale, she looked thinner.

Jane said “I’ll make soup for dinner.”

She left the room, a battle won.

Her fourth grade homework must be done.

On a chair, washing the dishes,

Jane dreamt of having three wishes.

A knock, knock, knock at the front door.

No surprise there – it's Mrs. Moore.

"Hello, Sweetie" with a big hug.

Prancing close, Abe, her stocky pug.

"Any change?" the old lady asked.

"Oh, she's great!" Jane's sad fears kept masked.

Abe, the pug, could sense her distress,

So nudged her hand, pawed at her dress.

It was too much – it was too hard.

Finally Jane let down her guard.

She wept, she cried, she sobbed and wailed

Her mother was worse - she had failed.

"Sweets, is it your fault she is sad?

Have you been mean? Have you been bad?"

"No! No! I do all that I can.

The others – the others all ran."

"Can you fix her, all by yourself?"

"I have no magic – I'm not an elf."

"Then calm down, let me wipe your eyes.

Wisdom will give you a surprise.

It's not your fault! You're just a girl!

A little lamb, a precious pearl.

Allow your gentle heart some peace

Your fears and anger have to cease.

Learn when you can help your Mother

She does love you like no other.

But don't feel bad, and get riled up.

Now, see my Abe? Go hug my pup!"

The girl lifted the young pug dog.

A sense of peace broke through her fog.

He licked her face and made her laugh,

Soon she was all doubled in half.

"You just might be right, Mrs. Moore.

I need to feel it to my core."

The old lady, her work now done,

Murmured "Sweetie, I now must run!"

They hugged, with Abe in the middle,

Jane now as fit as a fiddle.

As she lay in her bed that night,

She finally felt she'd be all right.