



Mothers Day Poems

By Beulah Godwin from clippings from The Miami Herald 1960-1962

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Beulah Goodwin (1901 – 2004)

What is a Mother

A mother is a lullaby that soothes her babe when sleep is nigh.

A mother is two loving arms to guard her children from all harms.

A mother is a conscience strong to teach her young ones right from wrong.

A mother is a gentle hand for soft caress or firm command.

A mother is a pair of eyes, watchful, wistful, merry, wise.

A mother is all healing kiss, transforming tears to quiet bliss.

A mother is the wide world's heart . . . A mother is God's work of art.

All this I know, and know it's true . . .

I learned it, mother mine, from you.

A Blossom For Mother's Day

Snow-white or rose-red . . . Which will it be?

Which color will you choose, on Mother's Day?

Red . . . For the mother now here, and near . . .

Or White . . . For the mother who's gone away?

For it's long been the fashion and custom's decree

That a small boutonniere or a tiny bouquet

Proclaims, by its color, that all may see

Which mothers are here, and which . . . Away

But let's change that old custom! Let everyone wear

Cherry blossoms whose crimson will joyously say:

There is no distinction! For this we hold true . . .

The mothers who love us . . . Are NEVER away!

New Words to an old Refrain

How can I, on Mother's Day,
Say the same old things in a brand new way?
For one thing, I'll not be sentimental,
I'll be nonchalantly incidental.
I'll not let heart dictate to pen,
As has been done over and over again.
So, in a simple, unemotional way,
I'll wish you a happy Mother's Day.
Besides why should I say I care.
When all the while I know it's there,
Between each word, between each line
Today and always, Mother Mine?

Words for her mother's 73rd birthday

Where goes the day? I cannot say,
I only know it flies away.
So much to do from sun to sun
So much to do . . . So little done!