Love Your Mother

Luke De-Sciscio

You should love your Mother
Like she was born to you
Carved from ice in summer
In wax beneath a flame

We each of us the emblem
We carry on our face
Bleeding out in poems
On some or other page

I still can't handle lovers
They're just strange

But still she kisses like the Sun kisses the Earth after a storm
Give me love in all its glory
Give me love in all of its forms
You should love your Mother
Like she was your first born
One day you'll understand

I recognised your silhouette
In shades beneath the moon
You are the vagabond
Steering with your boot upon the bar

I still can't handle lovers they take everything to heart

Still she kisses like the Sun kisses the Earth after a storm
Give me love in all its glory
Give me love in all of its forms
You should love your Mother
Like she was your first born
One day you'll understand

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