MOTHERS TO BE

I dedicate this ode to you
The staunch type puffed out bellied few
That who because of pregnancy
Have carried on maternity.

Those with such a swollen tummy
We know you'll soon become a "mommy."
Be it a boy or girl or be it twins
The prize the mommies always win.

You have been chosen, you will see
Through motherhood a slave to be
To that little bundle you'll soon hold
And yet whose life you'll have to mold

Into the type of person who
Will someday be so proud of you!
To them you'll dedicate your all,
You'll even run a two o'clock call

When you yourself can barely see,
Even though you've tried to wake daddy.
You'll learn it doesn't take pregnancy
To make a true mother; you'll soon see

It takes a lot of tears and strife
And plenty of love throughout their life.
So mothers-to-be don't stand and cry,
Hold up your heads and bellies high,

For many will envy you your position
As you carry on motherhood's tradition.
And after birth we'll give a cheer
For you and the wee one who now is here

To run your life and make of you
A nervous wreck like all kids do.

And in a year or so you'll fret
And wonder if it was worth it, yet
As you watch that monster so lovingly
That just about that time you'll see

It really wasn't all in vain
And you are now very pregnant again.
So on with life—it is as it should be
With women, and mothers, and maternity.

Marquitta