

Mama

by George Bailin (May 2015)

How,

without a single sound,

did suddenly descend

on mama's brow.

how? avalanche of white,

neat ringlets, waves,

freezing billows

to crown her,

regal, bright

in her shattered dark.

beneath a ragged night

she slept, white

as exile.

never had I seen

before how frail

a queen may be.

o, friend,

so feeble is authority!

sharp, the night

must sever

silently

what swiftly comes,

and soon must go.

know: frightful

is such frailty,

a wrecked, reclining

sovereignty.

o we learn here this:

indifference to what is

is not compassion,

is far, so far

from majesty.

George Bailin is a retired high school English teacher in the city of New York who taught as well in several colleges in the metropolitan area. He has published widely in many university literary magazines over the years. He is at work at on a novel which has implications for

spiritual life. The founder of Seaport Poets & Writers Press, he will finish his book this summer. Like many others, he has been considering the the threat to international polity posed by nuclear weapons, especially those in the hands of triumphalists

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