Mother

on the occasion of your Eightieth Birthday

Gosh Mom, is it really eighty already?
See how time flies when you're having fun?
For some it just marches, for some it's unsteady
But you've kept it flying; now aren't you the one?

It's a delicate job, this mom-biz of yours
You must always be kind and never embarass
You must always be ready with various cures
But three times a year you get "Evening in Paris"

There are chicken-pox, measles and, of course, bloody noses,
Whooping-cough, croup, and throats that get sore
But three times a year you get "Lilacs and Roses"
Now really, with all that, could life ever bore?

Life's not an endless comedy divine
All laughter and games and plenty of money
But each of us authors one really great line
Remember? "Tinklepaugh's fat, but she's funny!"?

In spite of falls out of trees and carbuncles
Dives off of roofs into blankets not there
In spite of our all acting just like our uncles
And being surrounded by BOYS with RED HAIR!
(Remember, in church how I used to get queasy?)
Gee Mom! you managed to make it all look so
..... easy!

your son,
Gerald Joseph Mulligan

Potenza Picena, July 1975.