SONGS FOR MOTHER'S DAY LYRICS BY JOANNA DRUMMOND

Lullaby for a New Mother

Oh those lips in their searching this fractured bliss as she is born into her fears Those small hands in their grasping hard and fast as if the world might disappear

This is a lullaby for a new mother the early morning's hush, the weight of skin to skin This is a lullaby, not by but for her when she's breathless in the changes she's let in

The ache of milk
as it lets down,
with skin of silk
we are made fragile for her arms
And at the breast
those needful sounds
the heavy head
and how it fits within her palm

This is a lullaby for a new mother the early morning's hush, the weight of skin to skin This is a lullaby, not by but for her when she's breathless in the changes she's let in

To be so tired
you might just vanish
the tight-rope wire
between the woman and the role,
the tautened steps
to find a balance
the tenderness
as you are learning it will hold

This is a lullaby, oh the early morning's hush, the weight of skin to skin This is a lullaby for a new mother when she's breathless in these changes she begins

Spring Run-off

Red gum boots with a sticker by the heals, plastic boats, unsteadiness of keel, the prettiest stones, for cargo and for weight, they tip and flood, small hands to set them right

> Spring run-off has begun, let the rivulets race Dig a path for them to run to the water's edge we'll chase

And digging deep, she'll make a waterfall the angle steep, the trickle and the call I hear her laugh as the day is winding down I hear her splash for the joy of the sound

Spring run-off has begun, let the rivulets race Dig a path for them to run to the water's edge we'll chase.

And by the shore the algae in its pool, here like before to speak of what is new And by the dock, the water is so still the pebble drops, its ripple moves until

spring run-off has begun
Let the rivulets race
Dig a path for them to run
to the water's edge we'll chase

4AM Waking

She could not settle before the sun for her dreams had made her run
Her smallest whimpers, her cuddled fright, and I'm the mother against the night
And I am weary and missing sleep but these covenants we keep
I turn to hold her, and from my mind muddled and murky this advice

I said, "Fear is like a fire, darling All of us have taken our turns, so you can add more wood and stare, or you can turn your head turn away from the glare of what burns"

And when the morning chose it's pale grey all her fear had run away

She lay so peaceful, arms stretched above like a baby given to love

But I am wakeful for I rehearse there are these worries that I nurse I rise before her to set things right I remember this advice

how I said "Fear is like a fire, darling
All of us have taken our turns,
so you can add more wood
and stare, or you can turn your head
turn away from the glare of what burns,"
and why it burns, what burns, and why it burns

And I can't settle before the sun, these days my dreams they make me run And I'm so close now that I could touch but these flames they want too much And I am weary, how my doubts flare, how they pull against the air And I am wishing that my own fright was as simple as nightmares to fight

Fear is like a fire

All of us have taken our turns,

so you can add more wood

and stare, or you can turn your head

turn away from the glare of what burns,
and why it burns, what burns, and why it burns

Dandelion Bouquet

Another year slipped by and my spring-born child, she is growing
The school year winding down, on the June playground the seeds are blowing

And I dance with her on the sidewalk squares, the summer wind in her pig-tail hair And everyday on the small walk home she picks for me a dandelion bouquet

> And she holds it up and her cheeks will blush pink with pleasure So I take her gift On those cheeks I'll kiss in full measure

And I dance with her on the sidewalk squares, the summer wind in her pig-tail hair And everyday on the small walk home she picks for me a dandelion bouquet

> So we'll find a vase to put it on display but she won't notice how the blooms, they fold when they're minutes old oh how soon I will miss

when I danced with her on the sidewalk squares the summer wind in her pig-tail hair when everyday on the small walk home she'd pick for me a dandelion bouquet

How Will We Learn

We're sounding it out where language is doubt Turn the letters around and about

We're scratching the page in our patience and rage and it's better to face the problem now

And oh, how we learn How will we learn?

There's so much to teach, grade levels to reach And the ways that we hope our children feel Imaginations, caught in constant motion And the ways they can break against what's real

And oh, how we learn How will we learn?

We add and subtract,
make equations exact
take our rulers to measure out the facts

We'll curse and we'll moan
'til we spell it alone
'til it's truer to know
that oh, we must learn
we all must learn

Oh, how we learn, How will we learn?

In the Bud

It's funny how a child born
can make you grow up
It's funny how a mother's love
is almost always enough
They say live for your children
and it makes you still
while the morning light is endless
on the seedlings in the windowsill

And in bud there is a fragile shade of green
And in the fall, brilliant and true the autumn leaf
And becoming is a quiet thing

It's funny how a silence grows inside that time before speech, when unformed just like the syllables that babble by, she waits to meet the woman she thought she'd be and nothing is clear but the gravity of small arms inexorably here

And in bud there is a fragile shade of green
And in the fall, brilliant and true the autumn leaf
And becoming is a quiet thing

The season of her sacrifice
will come to pass,
the moment when she stands upright
and forgives herself for what she lacks
The new words are forming
those dimpled steps are stumbling along
and beside them she is listening
before they're taken she's learned to fall

And it's funny how the right work
when it's chosen breathes deep and clean
It's funny how the past hurt
becomes a well from which you can glean
all you've been wanting
while growing yet still
the morning light is endless
on the seedlings in the windowsill

Good Mother

Make the school-box lunch in the morning so it's fresh
Use a gentle voice when you wake them from their rest
All these these things we should, all these things we could if there was time,
oh a baking smell from the kitchen would be divine

She wants to be a good mother She says to me "Well the other day, you would not believe how I failed"

Find a patience drawn from the deepest of wells
Find the book they want for the school day show-and-tell
When you walk with them remember not to rush
When you talk with them remember not to hush

I say to her,
"You're such a good mother"
and her answer is
"Well the other day
you would not believe
how I failed"

So on the days when it feels impossible, take heart for the kisses we've given are numbered as the stars And I know my friend, how the small regrets happen fast But the love we leave is the only thing that lasts

She wants to be
a good mother
And I want to be
a good mother
Sometimes all I can see
is that the other day
you would not believe
how I failed

Only Just Begun

This mind is on a setting that needs to shift
This mind is on a setting that will make you miss
all the joys that pass in the daily swirl,
all the joys that will make this a beautiful world

When life is a pattern that's come undone some battles make you feel like they can't be won When change is a thread that you can't pull through some battles make you feel like the world is new

And we held him in our arms this tiny one kept safe from harm And we told him what is to come when he's only just begun

This mind has been dwelling on the ways to fall, but I'll sit with him and make contentment small, his hands in mittens so his face won't scratch his body in swaddling so his dreams will last

And we held him in our arms this tiny one kept safe from harm And we told him what is to come when he's only just begun

So take what you can of the joyful facts from the simple things don't let sorrow distract Each struggle has a moment that finds its end and all of us are just making sense

And we held him in our arms oh tiny one kept safe from harm How can we tell you what is to come when we've only just begun

And we held you in our arms
Oh tiny one kept safe from harm,
how can we tell you what is to come
when we've only just begun

Let's Pretend

She wants to play a little longer You be the king I'll be the queen, the gentle and good will grow stronger I'm in her court to see what she sees

So let's pretend
I want the game to never end
Let's pretend

You be the audience in thunder
I'll be the show that dazzles and delights
You be the character of wonder
I'll be the curtains opening to light

So let's pretend I want the game to never end Let's pretend

But I rush on 'cause there is so much to do And I have missed so many moments with you I rush on 'cause there are things I want too But my child you are the part of me most true So let's pretend So take out the dressing trunk of worn clothes Take out the toys that move by their own stars And I'll be the story that your heart knows And you'll be the joy I wear against the dark

So let's pretend
I want the game to never end
Let's pretend

She wants to play a little longer

These Flickered Scenes

We skate on the ice of memory in the hush of a moonless melody
As I wait to see your face all I feel is the cold space between our arms

We fade in the light through which the present pours
We let time pass, we forget the ones we've loved before
In the quiet of plush frost
we glide with the weight of loss
to keep us here

I want to see what has been and gather up these flickered scenes I want to feel the details melt against my skin

> We skate on the ice of memory our reflections never fully seen And it changes like the snow memory drifts and falls below beyond our reach

But I know the whisper of its hold It will find me in this moonless night Will I find you in this moonless night?

Farther Afield

How she runs down the hill
to see if her legs will take a spill,
at two years old she's moving fast
The wide green world is hers to take
what it will be is hers to make
and she risks the tumble that's rushing past

And I am right behind her, as she's looking back to see how it feels And I am her mother, and I know she needs to run farther afield

Now she's practicing at love the valentines sent in whispered clubs at eleven years she's barely begun The glitter will spin at her first dance She'll take or she will not take her chance and those first tears, they'll break the sun

But I am right behind her if she's looking back to see how it feels
And I am her mother and I know she needs to run farther afield

The time will soon come when she has grown she'll leave with the pieces we have shown her of how it is, and how it could be
The wide green world, hers to take what it will be, hers to make and how I will miss having her with me

But I am still behind her though she's not looking back to see how this feels And I am her mother and I know she needs to run farther afield

