

Mindy Watson

A POEM IN IAMBIC TETRAMETER

The Three

Young Clotho spins new Thread of Life,
She holds Fate's spindle taut. Precise
Lachesis measures life's strand's length,
Thus governs lifetime's span and lot.
5 And Atropos, death's agent, cuts
The mortal thread that Clotho wrought.

When I first burst from mother's womb,
Three Fates were watching o'er my room.
Lachesis doled me ample thread,
10 And so, in time, I grew to be
The mother of my own young Three.

Upon my bosom all three drank;
They slept and flourished there. Across
Ten years, four jobs, three homes-I nursed
Away their sorrows, hurts, and scares.

15 And now I know our nursing age
(Which one year past, met poignant end)
Was in itself a life, a thread,
Spun, drawn, and sheared by three small Fates.

20 My eldest son precisely spun
That nursing thread with infant's cord.
His warm-breathed suckling sutured closed
The wound my late son's loss exposed.

25 My younger boy, for four years straight,
Was nursing life's allotting Fate.
He lengthened thread, bridged start and end -
Became his sister's nursing mate.

My Three's sole girl, at three years old,
Adroitly sheared our tender twine
When, blonde crown bowed, she deftly swore,
30 "I don't need boo-boo anymore."

And from these Fates I deem my Three,
I've learned the joys of genesis-
I've learned there's silent eloquence
In birth, in growth-in severance.
35 From newborn's threaded cry all Three
Ascend: beginning, middle, end.