

# Whistler's Mother

*by* Larry Strattner

Whistler's mother,  
neither angry, nor sad,  
resolutely looks ahead,  
pensive or a bit concerned,  
lost in verdant clearings,  
more frequently visited,  
by forest dwellers,  
strutting in sunbeams,  
reveling in shade,  
while Whistler's mother  
holds a hanky,  
worked of the finest lace.

Seated here for eternity,  
primal dreams of a mother's son,  
swathed in modulated color  
reflecting his nuanced celebrity.

Never seductive as his peers,  
Whistler pounded a nuanced nail  
into our inferior foreheads,  
upon which to hang this speculation,  
in black, gray and white;  
a mother is the holiest person alive.

