

# *Reach Out And Touch Someone*

*(On the occasion of my Mother's 65<sup>th</sup> Birthday)*

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My Mom is truly lucky to have me for a son,  
I've written several poems for her and I haven't charged for one.  
But she has skills of her own to show before the day is done.  
She's unmatched in her ability to reach out and touch someone.

Friends and all, she loves to call I think you would agree.  
There's a portrait of her in the headquarters of AT&T.  
She talks to you, she talks to me, she talks to all her friends.  
She talks about so many things the talking never ends.

She talks of things she likes to do, of bridge and clever bids.  
And you better have some hours free if you ask about her kids.  
She talks of children, friends and trips, she even talks of men.  
And when you think the talking's through she calls you back again.

She talks of Laura, Joel and kids, of Herberts Irwin and Dot.  
She talks of friends with crazy names like Selma Goldensnot.  
She talks of Bob and Carol and lots of other stuff.  
How they have too many kids and we don't have enough.

She talks of Marc and Kimba, taken away by fate.  
And how much better their lives would be inside the Garden State.  
She talks of Rich and Robin and their lavish new Lexus.  
At least they had the sense, she says, to come back home from Texas.

She talks of Di and Dave, how happy they both look.  
She talks about how nice it is that one of them can cook.  
She talks about her daughter-in-law, about to be a vet.  
She loves to talk of Mandel cousins whom you've never met.

She's been talking for so long now, this trend is not abating.  
She's become the family expert on the use of call waiting.  
Of all the things she talks about, granddaughters lead the pack.  
She loves to take them out and then she loves to give them back.

She loves to talk of things to come, I'm sure you also find.  
She plans so far ahead so that there's time to change her mind.  
She talks of making home cooked meals from her well stocked fridge.  
She talks about her mission - teaching yentas to play bridge.

Now this talker sits before us, listening to me today.  
She hasn't said a single word, refreshing, wouldn't you say?  
A word of warning before you get too comfortable in this room -  
When I'm done with poetry fun the litany will resume.

In the end it seems to me she's an expert listener too.  
And the words she chooses between her muses are genuine and true.  
And this voice of hers, the first one I heard is gentle and sincere.  
Although I digress, I must confess it's a voice I like to hear.