

Mother

By Molly Murphy Knudsen

The marsh grass flickers in the faint wind of sunset.
The dying sun casts its last red glows upon the swamp.
A marsh rabbit scampers away under a fern.
I glide slowly and silently through the water.
My babies swarm around me, showing off their dives.
A stork watches warily, as every animal fears me,
a mother alligator,
the queen of the wetlands.