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Out her summer kitchen window,
The city ages children grow,
Fallen angels masquerade –
Morning spirits beloved parade.

Then its time again for chores,
Sweeping dusting washing floors –
Likes her world sparkling clean,
Hallway closet to larger scene.

A perfect mother not surprising,
Warm nurturing uncompromising –
Feelingful heart timeless deeds,
Lightning bolts if she should need.

With sanctuary a range away,
Saturn wanted this to say –
Cold the night taking long,
But don't start crying be strong.