MY MOTHER'S HATS

When you were twenty.  
You stood you posed.  
You showed off your hats, you revealed your soles.  
With color, distinction, class, and command.  
You showed your nature,  
Your promise and plan.

Each hat was different, delicious select.  
One had a feather, curved and erect.  
Another a jewel, sparkling with glee.  
Each other were special, in some other way.  
Brimming so wide, they extended your stay.  
Shading one eye, though hardly protecting your say.

Ellie, oh Ellie, you had them,  
You loved them,  
You wore them,  
You acted them.  
But then you hid them away.

Placed on top with untold care.
They admitted no purpose,
But suggested your dare.
Standing high and so bold.
Tilting, provocative, revealing your flare.
They promoted a woman with strength to wear.

You made quite a statement.
Surely you knew.
You projected a dream.
And had your hats to carry you through.

Ellie, oh Ellie, you had it,
You loved it,
You wore it,
You lived it.
But then why did you hide it away?

**MAP 11/84 MPLS.**