**This Is to Mother You**

By Sinead O’Connor

This is to mother you

To comfort you and get you through

Through when you nights are lonely

Through when your dreams are only blue

This is to mother you

This is to be with you

To hold you and to kiss you too

For when you need me I will do

What your own mother didn’t do

Which is to mother you

All the pain that you have known

All the violence in your soul

All the ‘wrong’ things you have done

I will take from you when I come

All mistakes made in distress

All your unhappiness

I will take away with my kiss, yes

I will give you tenderness

For child I am so glad I’ve found you

Although my arms have always been around you

Sweet bird although you did not see me

I saw you

And I’m here to mother you

To comfort you and get you through

Through when your nights are lonely

Through when your dreams are only blue

This is to mother you

Mother to Son

By [Langston Hughes](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poets/detail/langston-hughes)

Well, son, I’ll tell you:

Life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.

It’s had tacks in it,

And splinters,

And boards torn up,

And places with no carpet on the floor—

Bare.

But all the time

I’se been a-climbin’ on,

And reachin’ landin’s,

And turnin’ corners,

And sometimes goin’ in the dark

Where there ain’t been no light.

So boy, don’t you turn back.

Don’t you set down on the steps

’Cause you finds it’s kinder hard.

Don’t you fall now—

For I’se still goin’, honey,

I’se still climbin’,

And life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.