Morning Bell Prayer, A Poem
Mama Linda’s Chapbook
The Peale, Baltimore
Recorded in May 2021

Mama Linda (00:00): [Singing] My mama cares for me. My mama prays for me. I'm so glad that she prayed for me. She prayed all day, she prayed through the night. She prayed and prayed until I felt the light. Mama prayed for me. Yes, she cared for me. I'm so glad that she prayed for me. She prayed through the day, she prayed through the night. She prayed and prayed until I felt the light. She prayed and prayed until I felt the light.

Mama Linda (00:54): I know there is a heaven cause my dear mama is there. She's resting with her Lord in his infinite care. They say, if you love your mama, you will see her one day in the sky. I hoped to meet mine there, in the sweet by and by. Ma, momma, mother, mama, mom, mother dear, mother love and "Mommy!". We sure recall the sacrifices she made, the love she gave, and the pennies she saved long after the flowers have withered on her grave. Moore's legacy will be on the family tree a radiant star, so generations to come will know who they are, and what happened before. Mama's children withstood the storm's banging against the door because of her, because of her enduring strength of which there is no metaphor.

Myles Banks (02:33): First of all, Mama Linda, what inspired you to create that poem?

Mama Linda (02:38): Well, I think I was inspired because one of my friends lost her mother a few years ago, and I lost my mother back in 2002, and I was thinking about my friends, and how we were at the age, now where many of us have lost our moms, but we haven't forgotten them. Their spirit is still alive within our souls, and we remember what our moms went through. We remember all the hard work, whether they were working a nine to five outside of the home or a nine to nine and then some inside the home. Mama was always doing something. And when I say mama, I'm talking about the person who raised you. It may not be your biological mother. It might be your grandmother or your aunt or your auntie or a beloved cousin or your beloved sister, or maybe even your father was like a mother to you.

Mama Linda (03:49): The mother is someone who takes care of you, who loves you, and so I was thinking about mothers, and I was thinking how even though they may be in their graves, they're not forgotten. And even though in the English language, we talk about metaphors and symbols and personifications, words of speech and things like that, but there is no word that compares to a mother and so, that's why the poem ends. Mama has such a strength that there is no metaphor. There is no metaphor to compare with the strength of a mother.

Myles Banks (04:35): Mom is always working, huh?

Mama Linda (04:37): That's right, always working and mama's known by many names. You know, mama, mom, mother dear, mother love, ma. Like my kids. One of my children calls me "ma", one calls me "mom", and one calls me "mama", so [laughing]

Myles Banks (05:00): [laughing] So, you know about what they call you, and who they're talking to?

Mama Linda (05:04): Yep. That's true.
Myles Banks (05:06): That’s beautiful. I love that poem.