Tyger Tyger Magazine

Over Albert's Mother's

by Hilary Elder

When it's dark over Albert's mother's
it means the weather's escaped
because Albert's mother
is the Weather-Keeper.

She takes the rainclouds for their daily walk.
She brushes the shiny coat of the waking sun.

She cleans the thunder's teeth with dentastix
made from the fallen branches of willow trees
and she clips the lightning's toenails.

She feeds the wind – it likes newsprint
and sweet wrappers and sand – and,
for a special treat, a bucket hat.

Albert's mother's job is hard. Long hours,
but she doesn't mind. Albert's mother loves
the weather – all of it.

© Hilary Elder
First published in Tyger Tyger Magazine, 2026
tygertyger.net

She says there's never a dull moment
and no two days are the same.
She says the weather's good company –
part of the family, now.

Which gets right up Albert's nose.
Albert says he doesn't get a look-in any more,
much less his laundry done, or a tin of his mother's
famous rock buns once in a blue moon.

Albert's mother smiles, stirs her rock bun mixture
(Albert *does* get rock buns, but he forgets) and thinks about
what she doesn't tell everyone – doesn't tell anyone...

If anyone gets up *her* nose
she can *accidentally* leave the blizzard's cage open
or let the fog off its lead
and they always know just where to go.



© Hilary Elder
First published in Tyger Tyger Magazine, 2026
tygertyger.net