

Amanda Merdzan

"Your Mother"

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I saw a film recently with a woman who looked a lot like
your mother.

Not how she looks right now, or when I last saw her, but
when she was younger.

She was beautiful and strong, confident and never
wrong.

I can see where you got that from.

She forced her way inside my head while my body
slept.

I bet you haven't dreamt of me yet.

She said; Do you know what you've done to my boy?

She said; Do you know what you've done to him?

Your mother stretched out her hand and took off her
ring and said try it on for size.

Could she see it in my eyes that that ring wasn't mine,
nor was the man by my side?

For years I'd slept in her home, ate from her dishes
though she'd known someday I'd be gone.

We joked about our future kids and how your mother
should never give them the storybooks that she read
you.

And like that sad old giant laying beside that child and
his mortal wounds; I harbor the same guilt so I'll let my
body wilt and allow the spring to bloom.

Well have you any idea the pain I'm in?

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