

## Pohlmann

### "The Me That Was Your Son"

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Mother, you have been dead now for six years  
And in the years since then, I have grown to know my  
father,  
And this makes me happy.  
Do you know that you two are so different? And I wish I  
Remembered the two of you together, but all I have are  
Photos of them, and they tell me a lot, but only in the  
way  
That a smell reminds you of a time long gone.  
This makes me sad, my friends don't know the you  
then,  
Nor have they ever met the me that was your son.  
Mother, when I'm in my memory of you,  
I meet again the me that was your son,  
And he is a stranger, but so are you.  
But Mamma, one cannot live in the past.  
Everyday brings new decisions,  
New sadness and new joy.

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