

Mother

amiable, nurturing
giver of superior advice,
generosity,
morals,
courtesy,
religion,
empathy.

Inspirer of thoughts.

The greatest scholar to teach.

Life's greatest coach.

My precious daughter,

Friends are like shoes;

Some you wear for just one night,

Some when you are just a child,

and some that last a lifetime.

Nine months of
tempestuous emotions,
perpetual exhaustion,
and elevated temperature—

For me;

an alien-like bubble of flesh and bones.

Grabbing onto a single finger for connection

to the spacious world around me.

You were a big girl, full of energy

and smiles, endless smiles.

And eating, you were always eating—

not all of it was edible either.

Do you remember that time

your little fingers found a black marker in the back of my car

and decided it would be fun to cover your entire body

with permanent ink?

Oh what a day.

I don't remember.

Those memories still lost in my adolescent brain.

Only thirteen

4,745 days old,

while my mother

11,315 days older.

But I still knew better.

I could live on my own,

If I really wanted.

I knew how this whole world thing worked now.

I didn't need her anymore.

My daughter,

I am beginning to lose faith,

What did I do wrong?

What could I have done better?

Will this trivial bickering ever come to an end?

I have failed you.

Sneaking out,

I thought I lost you.

Will the screaming policeman really save you?

Change your mind?

Maybe.

But if not?

And then,
the turning of a light switch.

And we were okay
just like that.

Daughter,

There is a young girl in the living room

from my school,

will you please read to her?

Bleached strands of hair jumping from her head to her shoulders,

Deep blue oceans for eyes,

And those oversized Michigan State pajama pants.

I didn't know

that girl and her siblings

would become my **family**.

Although anger still comes in flashes—

like lightning in a dark luminescent sky

—storms are occasional and turse.

I now know,

that I need you;

that you have given me

the greatest gift of life:

your teachings.

You have taught me all I know

And if I am half the woman you are—

I will be proud.

I will feel accomplished.

I need you mum.
I need your opinion.
I need your feedback.
I need your hugs.
I need you to wipe away my salty tears.

I need your knowledge.
I need your love.
An idol like no other,
Hold me close
and never let go.
I know you will,
Because that's what mothers do.

Hold you
Through desert storms
Windy nights
And avalanching snow.
Through thick and thin;
you will hold me.
Through mistakes.
challenges.
failures.
fights.
Change.
you will love me.

I need you, mum.
now,
and always.
I love you, Daughter.
Now,
And always.

Reflection:

My poem “Mother” relays the overall evolution and growth of the relationship I have with my mother. The first stanza starts the poem off with a more general overview of mothers and the role they play in their children’s life. As the stanza progresses it gets more personal, changing perspectives — from mine to my mother’s. The italics clarifying these changes, relaying comments my mother has said to me — either in the moment or after an had occurred. This was added to show a more unique display of dialogue, allowing for both perspectives throughout the growth process. After the first stanza, the poem is personalized from there on out, mentioning various different memories and incidents with my mother than I remember. The first two stanzas were intended to have a very nostalgic aroma, the third more naïve and childlike, and the last two more present and developed — much as our relationship is now. The poem goes through three distinct ages: birth and toddler years, teenage — middle school years, and—current— high school years. The poem finishes with a humbled thank you and common respects for my mother, for all that she has done. Instead of a more traditional narrative, I decided it was best to do a poem for this idea, for it shows the evolution much nicer than a more story-like piece. The poem setup allows for noticeable tone shifts — separated by stanzas — and a more organized, not-as-detailed flow that poems oftentimes allows. Along with structure there is repetition. The repetition was more used towards the end of the poem, specifically in the last stanza. The repetition was used to stress the sense of realization I’d overcome with the understanding of the importance of my mother and how much she does for me. Overall, along with showing my personal relationship with my mother, the poem was written to stress the idea that relationships are always growing and changing, especially with people close to you, like your mother.