

Mothers

I am who I am because of her.

Momma raised anxiousness and ambition.

I wrote truth that ruined what mom was trying to hide.

I had six people read it before sending it to her.

Addiction is a familial relation as close as cousin or aunt.

I knew addiction well and watched him wreck

Every person I loved. Six homes in five years was not a choice.

But the burden that was not mine haunted me from the spaces

I thought were most comfortable.

No use getting angry with the way she's wired.

She never wanted to be a mother and left her daughter

To clean up every mess she made. I felt bad for her until

I found the dirty pipes hidden in the walls, behind drawers,

In her purse.

Six homes in five years because I had people in my life

Who saw a promise and encouraged me more than

My mother's jealousy ever could.

They saw me as a vessel. I absorbed what they gave.

I needed to love myself as much as they loved me.

I am who I am because of the warm,

Fierce love of mothers who were not my own.

Nora, Jodi, Jess, Ms. Ana

All these mothers gave me the unconditional.

A village to produce achievement over anxiety.

I am these women who helped me in
More ways than I can count on my fingers.
I am more than any feeling of anger or depression could
proclaim
In the shadows of fear. I am a beauty
that took the minds of great women to mold.