

Keep it coming

Mother, Mum, Momma, Mama, Mutter?
Well, there's room for goo there, isn't there,
lashings of it, a slow squelch
through mawk and careless self-delusion,
ten, twenty bows to convention and not one to truth.

Do none of us recall
the thoughtless lack of kindness,
the solipsistic insistences
that her life was of nothing
but to make your bed and
later as a teen
make you feel uncomfortable?

By all means squelch the goo
and call it love and memory
but don't deny yourself
a few other recollections
though by all means keep them
very private and confess to no one,
the shame remaining hidden in your soul
where none might peek without your say-so.

But I'll be kind:
she, too, was once young and thoughtless.
There! Does that help?