

Mothering

Sunday the 8th of May

2022

Mother's Day

I wonder

Should I get myself some flowers?

Pat on the back, congratulations, well done

You've mothered yourself

Now hurry, go on, be done

Because she wouldn't

Or maybe she couldn't

How could she

I ponder

Turn the TV on

Anything to not feel mad

"Mother-daughter-companion"

I turn the TV off

Anything to not feel sad

I chew my stew

I made it just like she did

It is delicious

I choke

Excuse myself from the room

Leave my girlfriend on the couch

I have a girlfriend, mom

And by the way I'm gay

Someone actually loves me,

would you believe it?

I stand in the kitchen

I can still taste the stew of the past

The past stewing inside me

Intrusions of

Remember when

I stood on that balcony

Nearly ended there and then

You never sensed my agony

Just sat on the other side of the glass,

staring blindly at that TV

You can't remember, how could you

Remember something

you've never paid attention to

How could you

So it's mother's day

And I sit alone on the floor of a kitchen

you'll never get to see

And I hold myself as I heave

As I allow myself to heave with tears

Heave myself up to my feet

And make a cup of tea

Anything to not feel bad

Because, you see,

at the heart of mothering,

there should be kindness.

It makes me mad just how much space

you take up in my head

I need that space for silly things, you see,

I never got to be silly, make space please

I'll miss you then, I always do

But mother, you have long been gone

And still I end up feeling wrong