



MOTHER

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Poetry

I remember my mother once said,
*"My two ears, my two eyes
My two hands, my two thighs
Are my two kids.
My two arms, my two lungs,
My two cheeks when I smile
Are my two kids."*

But how can I sew your heart, mother?
How can I tie every piece of your pie?
I cannot be your whole, mother,
but can I patch your holes, mother?
I cannot be the only thing
That fills your soul, mother.
Can I show you?
That what lies behind your eyes
Is the most tender thunder?
That even upon hatred you rumble with love
Emitting light and the most elegant wonders?
Mother, I know you hate the curls in your hair,
But those curls are what I choose to wear
To celebrate your beauty in the wide open air,
To appraise you loudly from your hair to skin color.
You see, my mother came from a life
That was overshadowed by her brothers.
Where the flowers in her heart nearly tore her apart
Because she lived to learn—
She thought she was smart—
But nobody else believed she was a *true* work of art.
So off from India she was sent
20 years old, into a life of romance.
Off to America, the land of opportunity and chance.



Where a new strife brought a fight for her life,
Where her cries for passion, chemistry, and education
Were diminished so strongly by weights of sexism and discrimination.
Until one day, I was born
And finally there was *something* more.
Finally, there was *something* of her own.
A symbolic flower of fresh and new beginnings
Freedom and honey, the birth of new meanings.

How can I sew this past, mother?
How can I fly when you cry, mother?
Do you know that these lions
That have endlessly roared in battling your thunder
Have only made your heartbeat tougher?
That the self-worth you carry in me and my brother
Are half and half yours in one and in the other?
That if your lungs and your eyes,
Your cheeks and your thighs
Are me then they are you?
That what you have instilled in me
Is a replica of your ability,
So you can fulfill yourself, too?
Mother, even now can be your lavender summer.
Despite the past doing a number,
Even the bees will befriend you, mother.
Because the love that you give is the love that you are, mother.
Because the sparkle you have glows like a star, mother.
I hope you know that you are
The eternal lover.