Mothers
- Amanda Rosas

When we shatter, let this be the time that many hands
come and try to hold us together. Some with needle
and thread. Some with drains and spackle. Some with
warm tea and warmer words. Two hands mix stone
with cement. Another pair sits cradled and cupped
underneath us, just in case, to catch our insides.

Feelings of forgiveness are drying up like the wilted
heirlooms scorched on the vine. Frustration loiters
beneath like the wildest of weeds roguely sagging,
ready to give in to the spoils of heat. And still we
must live and work and childrear and sweep through
the day in one prolonged gasp.

A time will come when our present is read as past, in text
or in the rippling words of a private journal. Or seen on a
corner sidewalk plaque by the slanting feet of pedestrians lost
in air pods and thoughts. When this is history found with poem
in the driftwood shelves of libraries, let the story be that our
efforts were gallant before the fall, that we mended the wounds
of tattered skin, calmed the friction in a battle of untold tears.
That after a while, a time came like postpartum to nurture and
rebuild. And we possessed the handheld capacity and motherly
humanity to do it.