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.