

Mother

-Lily Marbutt

Some people have their silver spoons,
I, however, have plastic.
My mother is God and I worship her,
But sometimes in life people strike like harpoons.
Once a kid said something far from fantastic,
“She walks like a donkey,” about my mother.
Some stare with whispering smiles,
Acting so rude like juveniles.
“Do you need help, miss?” They ask all the time.
Why does she need help, when she’s walking just fine.
Her metal cane is enough support, you see,
If she needed help, she’d lean on me.
It makes me angry when those people stare,
It truly upsets me that people judge.
She aches in pain and has muscle contractions,
But she’s strong and willing, and charming and fair.
I will admit though, towards her I would begrudge,
For I’d wish she could run crazy with me and have more interactions.
School trips were hard because walking was too much,
And the pain’d grow to be too terrible for a crutch.
During an accident long ago with a car,
That’s truly how she ended up with much more than a scar.
No matter how cruel the world is sometimes,
I’m so very privileged to have a mother at all.
Whenever I need, she’ll be there for me,
And that means the world truly you see?