

Mother in Darkness

by Glenn Currier

It was a nightmare
slogging in swamp shadows
terrified of what would eat me
her face contorted in rage.

How did she get here
in my psyche
in her phobia?
An uncle who forced her onto his lap
the neighborhood creep who exposed himself
to this little girl on her walk home from school
what terror alone in that darkness?

Now posing that sweet child
in that wicked night
I wonder how I demonized her
to myself
and worse
to others.

Tears for her wet my cheeks
awash in my late tenderness.

How did I forget
the thousand rescues
two from life threatening illnesses,
block how lost, sad, and confused
she must have been
clutching me to her breast
praying with piercing fervor
both of us would survive?

The monk explained
to love others
we should start
with our mothers.

One more awakening
from the nightmares.
This is my start
for this dawning day.