

Does Mother Know the Rest?

I can't wait till you come back home, she says, and I feel a dull ache in my chest

It has hardly been a year, but I am not the girl she remembers

I've had my heart broken, my spirit crushed and my body violated

But her hopes are stacked like a house of cards on the bridge of my nose –

Every word I breathe sends a tremor through all she has put at stake

So I have learnt the mercy of a lie

- I don't drink

- My friends don't smoke

- I'm eating well

I couldn't be a good honest daughter if I tried

If I were honest, then I wouldn't be good

If I were good, then I wouldn't be honest

So I become two people – one for each side of the globe

And I think there will always be resentment in this

That she will get to love the girl she thinks I am

And I have to learn to love the woman she truly is

Because you could look her in the eye and say I'm not who you think I am and she will say I know you

better than you know yourself

Who am I, if not a girl - the girl my mother thinks I am?

