

Mother And Son

I know how much it hurts you when he cries,
“I want my Daddy, not my Mommy!” Stop.
That isn't really what he means to say --
But he is still a baby and he can't
Possibly know what makes him mad at you
For being “woman” -- first of many more
Who must reject him through his growing years
In order to protect him from remaining
An infant. He's still longing for your milk,
The comfort he remembers even now:
The beating of your heart; the warm embrace
Before life's cold reality imposed
Itself upon him. You have given birth
And you have weaned him at the proper time.
The rest, they say, is “his-story,” not yours.

And daughters have their hurtful moments, too.
But these are (maybe) easier to take
Because you've been a daughter all your life
And you can understand her stubborn fits
As if they were your own, as once they were.
The two of you can be “The Girls,” but he
Is *not* a girl. And yet he spends each day
At home with you while Daddy goes to work
Where all the mysteries of being male
Must surely be revealed. He wants his dad.
He wants to be included in some way.
He wants to feel the same peace that he felt
Inside of you, when he was one with you.
So if you feel he hates you when he cries,
“I want my Daddy, not my Mommy!” Stop.

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