



A Poem in Eighteen Lines

Experiences taught me how to be
a motherless child, age five,
instead of knowing what dead was
I was sure Mommy ran away
because I was a handful, too much.

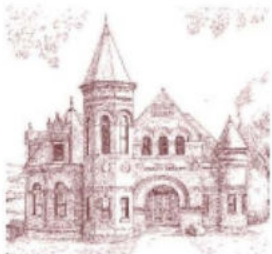
Granny took over, raising me as Catholic.
Lotsa guilt heaped on a small growing brain,
while lotsa spankings and being sent to
my room with tears and saying sorry.

Life became a grey tone
rather than fun and semi-sweet,
until I forged a different life,
many mistakes later as my heart expanded.

Now it's grey hair and very toothless
confined to a walker and a small room
rules upon rules, no more free spirit.
That's okay, I've come full circle.

Hah!

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