

Mother On The Beach

Mother on the beach
her yellow and white floppy
K-Mart hat
sheltering her
lowa pale skin
and I resenting
she looking out of place
between my friends
around
young bronzed men
thinking I was much too old
to be chaperoned.

How quickly I've forgotten
when fifty yards was
a world apart
crying unashamedly as only
three-year-olds can
The horror not yet fading
as I saw
Mamma running in her muumuu
and me running into softness;
The heat of her sunburnt face
the warmth of my tears
how grateful I was then
Mother was with me
on the beach -

When did I learn to become
so ashamed of my Mother?

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