

Hesitation

Mama!

on the eve of my birth
i hesitate

will the rope
tied to your feet
dragging me through
the streets
hang me from the sky?

Mama!

will the still water pouch
nurture of my soul
converged
from
a stream and river rapids
of your tears
drown me?

Mama!

help me with this dread
or,
will the empty stomach of you
continue to feed me?

Mama!

will I live without drugs
transferred from your veins
to my blood stream?
I crave your love

Mama!

will I know where you are
when dawn
brings darkness
and dusk a zombie
existence?

Mama,

will you beat me?
like you're beaten
I feel the lacerations
on your skin
the rancid taste of blood
stains my lips
Mama,
your pain

jolts my heart
like CPR the dead
attempts to resuscitate

I love you
Mama!

will papa stay
when i arrive
and you're gone
will you leave me?

Mama!

must i be born?
must i
must i
must i be born
to die a greater death
with open eyes
Mama?

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