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I Am the Mother of Children

I am the mother of children.
My friend has dogs for children.
All of her children do not have go to college,
and during breaks, they do not need
to travel abroad for spring break
or something of the sort.

Her dogs roll around in the snow, and at night,
they cuddle around her, a sofa,
their comforter, the fireplace, blazing.
When one of her dogs needs a doctor,
she throws him in the back of her car,
his nose out, air blowing at him,
happy just to be dogs.

I am the mother of children.
One by one, I throw them out into the streets,
we call 'school,' and when they grow up,
they return home, break down my old part,
still wanting to be pampered, fed,
their shoes line my front door
like driver ants, and when I tell them

that my parents fed me worms and spiders
to keep me alive, and when I say that
my stepmother was a witch,

they do not believe me, and when I say
I went to school with torn shoes,
and when I tell them I was lucky
we had to wear uniforms,
they do not believe me.

One day, I heard a child of mine tease me
that when I am old and helpless,
they'll have to plot out where
I'll spend my last days in a nursing home,
where old people sit and beg their
god to rescue them with death.
Was this a way of bribing me
or what, I do not know.

But my other friend has cats, furry
meowing cats, fat belly cats, sad cats,
happy cats, but if you ask me whether
I have ever seen a happy cat,
I will laugh at you.
But what do I care about cats?
After all, I'd rather have my children

than a sad face cat, meowing all day
as if starved. You never know what
a cat has on its mind.
But another friend keeps stuffed animals.
After all, there's no need for vets,
animal food nor do they need a walk,
and the only way a stuffed animal
goes to college is with someone
who is somebody's child.

I am a mother of children, happy
children, crazy going children, children
who come back home with their dirty laundry
just to discover they still have

to do their own dirty laundry,
and when you think you've reached
the bottom, there they are,

my children, a hug, a snuggling grip,
a funny word, some fire in their eyes.
I am a mother of children. Our people say
"There's no jungle bad enough where
an angry mother can
throw away her evil child."