Song For My Mother

Dean Friedman

By dean friedmanIn the hollow of your arms, snuggled up all safe and warn,
You used to tell me tales of unicorns and kings.
But how could I comprehend all the things you told me then
Of your madness and your struggling?And my mind would swim in fantasies, like a piece of driftwood in the sea.
I had no touchstone for reality. you were my reality.Like a dark and unlit room or the far side of the moon,
Your insanity spoke emptiness and fear.
And no matter how I tried, how I questioned and I pried,
I just could not penetrate that thin veneer.And I know you tried to comfort me, to soothe and reassure me.
But then your strength would always fail and in it's place a silken veil.Like a dried and wrinkled prune, a deflated toy balloon,
I cam home and found you strewn across the floor.
And as they lay you on your bed I heard you say,
"if I a dead, how come it just keeps on hurting more and more? "And you left me in the early spring. all they said was, "mommy's resting."
And how was I to know, so young, it wasn't something I had done?So please try and understand, I will love you as I can.
I do not blame you; you're not guilty.
But still there's no way to describe the relief I finally found
Upon learning it was you, and not me, that was crazy.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/