

The Me That Was Your Son

Poi Dog Pondering

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Mother, you have been dead now for six years
And in the years since then, I have grown to know my father,
and this makes me happy.

Do you know that you two are so different? And I wish I
remembered the two of you together, but all I have are
photos of them, and they tell me a lot, but only in the way
that a smell reminds you of a time long gone.

This makes me sad, my friends don't know the you then,
nor have they ever met the me that was your son.

Mother, when I'm in my memory of you,
I meet again the me that was your son,
and he is a stranger, but so are you.

But Mamma, one cannot live in the past.

Everyday brings new decisions,
new sadness and new joy.

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