

An Old-Fashioned Two Moms

I hear the whispers—
the ones that prick my soul.
“She’s not really her mom.”
“That’s not her real mom.”
Whatever the variation—
that bittersweet half-truth.
I didn’t carry you for nine months;
But I carried you long before I held you.
I wasn’t there for your first steps;
But I’ve helped you find your way
I wasn’t there for the goo-goo-ga-ga’s;
But, I’ve swelled with pride when you’ve confidently found your voice.
I may not have taught you to color in the lines;
But I’ve shown you new shades of every color.
You came to me with scars.
But, I’ve seen them change.

You came to me scared.
But, I’m watching you find your wings to soar
I didn’t need the paper. No.
You made it official
when you named me momma.