

Mother Aunt

Knowing that you are not my mother,
But my aunt reveals volumes:
Why I would never call you mother,
Your angry bitter hostile resentment,
About raising the daughter of your
Husband's beloved, but troubled sister.
Why there are no photographs of
You holding me as a child.

Knowing that you are not my mother,
Delivers a raw but understanding clarity:
Why I was never good enough,
Why you favored your sons,
Why I gave obligatory love,
Instead of the genuine love of a daughter.
Why I am genetically unlike you.

Knowing that you are not my mother,
But my aunt bestows,
A calming trinity of:
Closure,
Relief.