

Mother

the truth of
it was
that I believe
she was
what she said she was

*hard as it is to believe
completely
in anything especially
in what most of us
project to others
about our public
selves*

knowing what I am

what most of us are

knowing what I accept

without shame

but keep for myself

or share when I can

with my best and

truest lover

fortunate to be

loved in my

daily facts

in my realities

rather than

in my awkward

transcendent

imaginings

a surprising present

tense ... I had not

expected

But she was

or she became
someone of quite
another order

and, I think
what she said
was true

that she loved him
or the part of him
that was herself
encrusted thus

frozen and perfected
by her ...

yes by her misunderstanding
her simplification
her keeping what was
pleasant and heroic
and discarding the rest

but yes also by
her faith
and her ability
to see deeply
through everything
and past everything
to
what was innocent
and pure and
beautiful

*to those things
he could only
pretend
but could not
see
or be*

even when

he was

and

she was

And so I
her son
believed her

when she said
she never
stopped loving him
and was faithful

I felt sorry for her
that she had
so created
a perfect personal world
arranged
to be so lovely

and worthy

by herself

and had not
even secretly

messily
wonderfully

ever
fallen in love

again

Bill Eberle May 18, 2012
revised June 4, 2012

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