### The Prairie Light Review

Volume 37 | Number 2 Article 47

Spring 5-1-2015

## My Left Side Hurts, Mom

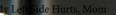
Raziya Mamedova College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

#### Recommended Citation

Mamedova, Raziya (2015) "My Left Side Hurts, Mom," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 37: No. 2, Article 47. Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol37/iss2/47

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at Digital Commons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.





Molly Miklosz je suis prest watercolor

### RAZIYA MAMEDOVA

# my left side hurts, mom

Hi Mom, It's me again. Don't worry, I came after school. Do mothers worry if you go to school or not just like fathers?

Last week, the teacher taught me my lefts and my rights; it took me a while, Mom.

But now I know my lefts and my rights, Mom, and I also know now which side of me hurts, Mom. Remember when I last visited, Mom? I said my this part of body hurts, my this part, and I wasn't able to tell exactly where.

Now, I am saying Mom, my left side hurts very much and every day Mom, every day. I miss you, Mom.

I cried in class yesterday.
The teacher asked "what happened?"
I said, "I fell and
my knee hurts a lot."

I lied, Mom.

My knee didn't hurt, but my left sidehurt a lot, Mom.

All the girls have braids in their hair, Mom. My dad can't do my hair. I want you with me, Mom.

It's getting dark, Mom.

Dad doesn't know I run
here every day to see you Mom.

If he hears, he won't get mad, but he will get sad.

Who destroys your flowers, Mom?
Please, don't let them
touch your soil.
It comes to my mind and I cry again.

I keep your picture with me everywhere I go Mom. Sometimes, late at nights, my left side hurts a lot, and I cry Mom.

The teacher told us to write about our moms, but she doesn't know, Mom, that I lost you.

It's time for me to go, Mom. I am sending you a kiss and will dream you come to kiss me.

My left side hurts, Mom. Exactly my heart hurts. I miss you more every day. Very much, Mom.