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Je Suis Prest

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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 liéd, Mom.

My knee didn't hurt,
but my left side hurt 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.