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Mom Now

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Mom Now
Sometimes when I allow myself to hurt
I realize how deeply pain digs its ditches
and wonder how badly I'll scar. I waste time wishing things were as be-
fore,
but life keeps moving on.

I know my little boys deserve a mother
who's attentive and fun and whole.
And I've got to get myself there everyday.
Even though I'm broken,
Even when I'd rather not,
Momentum has mom in it; I must continue forward.

And when I was young, my mom was always there:
Providing so much love,
Really amazing cooking,
Giggles abound
Everything that makes home safe.
She taught me to be who I'm supposed to be.
Life seemed to go on forever then
and my mom was larger than life.
But then she grew old before she aged,
and all too soon she was gone.
And now I have a family of my own.
And, so, now I'm the mom.

My children hurt because Grandma's gone.
Her shadow casts a gap in our lives.
Remembering her brings us closer.
They request her specialty dinners;
Trick or Treat her favorite candy.
We cry together.

Demands are made.
And met . . . more are made.
I cook and clean, shop, tutor, host;
and try to portray who "mom" is supposed to be.
And when no one is watching,
I cry alone.
For them, and for me, I carry on.
'Cuz I'm the mom now.

The pain where happiness was
is part of me.
Defines me.
I wasn't ready to watch her die.
'still unwilling to say goodbye.

But I'll try.
Because that's what she would've expected
And that's what my family deserves
It's my turn to take the wheel
God intends the circle of life to go on...
Because the greatest reality is
I'm Mom now and always.

Which is the most important part of me.

Gina Farella Howley