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The Truth of It

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Yesterday
My son said
He’d rather be with friends;
That what he wanted
Right then
Was to get away from me!
I wish my mind
Hadn’t done a flashback then-
To him,
In his highchair,
Plump and silent,
Refusing to eat
Unless my hand held the spoon:
How he’d clench his mouth,
Shake his head,
And point his baby finger
Straight at me....
But that was then.

Now he sulked on the couch
Across from me,
Waved his arms,
Liked to disagree,
Liked to make a fool of me-
Which he could-
Even when I knew
I was eons smarter than him
(And his whole shitload
Of teenage friends).
There was nothing
I could say;
I called him a jerk anyway
And felt hot tears
As he stormed upstairs,
Slammed his door,
And grabbed the phone.

I could hear him
From downstairs
Where I sat alone-
A boy breaking away
From his mother...
And there was
Nothing I would do
But watch him go.