

Reconciliation

I dreamt about my mother
I was in my room here
A female friend was visiting.
My mom was staying across the
hall and she was sick.
A man not my father but
someone I trusted was
helping her into the bathroom.
She was groaning.
I said to my friend
“That’s my mother” and
feeling only sympathy without shame
I went out to her.
She was head-down over the toilet.
She retched once, I think.

I began rubbing her back, wanting
to make her feel better,
to know I love her.
I wanted to understand
what was wrong, too.
I was trying to find out
what she had drunk or
eaten to make her
feel that way.

The dream ended with us
on the bathroom floor, me cradling
my mother in my arms.

I think that by
coming to understand
myself I am
starting to
forgive
us.