

ENDINGS

My mother died one day
We expected it
She lived longer
Than she wanted
She was ready
So were we

She told us
She did not care
What would happen
After her death
Who would be hurt
What would be destroyed

She did not care
Declaring that her offspring
Could fight it out
Cause she'd be gone
And unaware

I could not pray for her
I cannot still
Yet she was
My mother

I suppose
In her own way
She loved us
But as Tina Turner
Once sang
What's love
Got to do
With it

We were all damaged
Still are ... and yet
And yet
Sometimes I
Pick up the phone
To call her
And remember

What was she thinking
The moment
When she died
I will never know
Funny thing is
I miss her