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Mother

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Mother

Author Bio

Cassidy Haines is a sophomore with an English major with a writing concentration and a women, gender, and sexuality studies minor from Ocean City, New Jersey. She also serves as Student Administrative Assistant for the Gettysburg College English Department, Social Media Manager for The Gettysburgian, and Honor Council Chair for Tri Sigma. Her favorite place to read is the beach.

Mother

CASSIDY HAINES

Loud like thunder, sudden like lightning,
She speaks only to herself in a storm
Brought on by a bottle of fire and anger,
Leaving a trail of ruin, a barren wasteland in her wake.

She fills the kitchen with her thoughts,
A train with no track, unbound
By that same warm and bitter fix
That left her broken years ago.

She cries, dependent and vulnerable like a child,
And with each sip, she strengthens the tempest's cruelty and selfish winds.
She drinks and drinks, finally a shot from the river Lethe
As muddled dreams fade and the harsh reality of dawn rises.

She snares her daughter in the chaos of the night,
No place to hide from the shredding rains of blame and guilt,
Where any innocent word warrants a flood,
Any story brings riptides and competition.

In the mud where the storm blew away all life,
Her daughter grew ambitious daffodils and daisies
With hidden seeds that whispered encouragements
And the warmth of the sun to conquer the storm's shadow.

Fixing its damage, some more seeds created a field of sunflowers,
Not a storm in sight, growing with the sun's unconditional love,
A shield against the fury of the storm with clear skies
to help her live, not just survive.

Liberated by the sun's warmth and protection,
And surrounded by meadows of blooming flowers,

She closed her eyes, rose above the soil and storm, and became the moon,
Embraced the phases of life and the changing of the tides.

Despite the craters left by the storm,
The reflection of the sun's light forever empowered,
And each night away from the cyclone,
At peace, the moon shined brighter.