

Our Family

An eruption of shame and
Red heat rises to my face

After whispered words:
It's always the mother.

*He needs parental discipline,
Natural consequences,*

As if we haven't tried.

We must explain him, detain him
Restrain him, retrain him.

Words spew - neighbors, teachers
Extended family members, who say

It's your fault because you're the mom.

Our small home shakes, our feet
Stumble, our lips plead – help.

Our lava meets the world's sand
Our glass house is fragile

We have no bad children
No bad parents, just illness.