

## **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.