

Bleeding for You

Diana Raab

Today while opening your mail
my middle finger slipped into
the envelope making a cut
under my nail that would not
stop bleeding even after
five gauzes and same number
of band aids.

It was then that I realized
my finger was connected
to my heart which has bled
since my very first push
into the world, after
being in the womb
that did not want me.

I pull the page out and it's
A bill for your nursing home,
which I will gladly pay—
I'm grateful for the life you gave me,
and to my ancestors, but
don't think I take care of you because
you were a good mother.

You did your best
sad there were days I deserved better,
but all is good now—
I'm no longer a victim to you
I've found my own joy.

Wishing you peace
During your final days.