

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Every Day is Mother's Day

by Gill Kane

When Maya woke, she thought, as she did every morning, of her son. She would wonder where he was waking up, how he was feeling, what his plans were. She always imagined him as a grown man which was strange really as she had only ever known him as a baby. The tiny, red faced, screaming armful of life she'd handed over without ever realizing the impact such an act would have on her life.

They had all agreed it was for the best. The families, the father, even Maya herself had been convinced. After all she was so talented, so brilliant, had such a promising future, that now just wasn't the time for babies. And Maya had more than fulfilled that early promise. She was indeed successful and respected. But there had been no further relationships. She could never risk the pain of that early loss again. Because there was a part of her that was missing and could never be replaced. And of all her achievements the greatest was the child she brought into the world. She may be a mother who gave her child away but she was still a mother and every day is mother's day.

Of course she had tried to find him, many times. In the early years through the adoption agency and the local council then with advances in technology social media opened a whole new world of connections. Once she thought she had found him and like a stalker sat in her car waiting for him to return home but when she saw the young fair haired teenager she felt no connection and somehow knew it wasn't him. The year of his 18th birthday she waited expectantly, sure, so sure, that he would find her. That his pain and loss would be as great as hers. But as the weeks and months passed the taper of hope waned and eventually died.

This morning Maya showers and dresses. She looks at herself critically in the mirror. She is still a beautiful woman but in this suit she looks too cold, too professional. She pulls on a green wool dress. Yes that's better, warmer, more matronly. Because today is different. Today she knows where her son is, she knows what his plans are. The letter finally came, the letter awaited for 30 years.

Followed last week by a phone call. He is a father now and he wants to know who he is, where he has come from. Looking at his own child he can't understand, but needs to know, how any parent could give their child away. He's been a little taken aback by her fame but when he realized who she was he laughed and said that he felt like he'd known her all his life.

But he's been very clear that he can't promise anything. He has parents, a family and doesn't know if there is a place for her in his life. So he suggested a coffee then maybe lunch. See how it goes, no commitments. But Maya knows that even if she only gets today, it will be enough. Because today, for her, really is mother's day.