

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

I Was a Mother Once

by Sue Hitchcock

I was a mother once
I was a mother twice,
Not one who coos nonsense to an adorable bundle,
But baby, wide-eyed, sucking out my soul,
or pointing finger, wanting to be told
the name of everything.

I told no lies “the cat is dead”, “Dad got run over”, “no money for
ice cream.”

Tired.
Tired of reigning over all-day chaos,
Tired of playing referee
to Tweedledum and Tweedledee.
Face in cushion on the floor, sobbing.

Then suddenly they’ve gone away,
working...
exploring...
and now I can find myself again.

I was a mother a third time,
mother of a mother,
working...
exploring...

Time enough to love a child, but always second best.

“She’ll be home soon!”

Always needed, always second, even when her mother died.

Now gone to Auntie, perfect mother,

who said she never wanted children.

Solved.