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A Blanket to Swaddle You

At age five,
I held a plastic doll in my weary arms
and rocked
until I imagined the baby at peaceful rest.

At age eight,
I swung from broken branches
and hung
until my freckled face was crimson.

At age fifteen,
I hiccupped with anxiety
and wept
until my mother held me once more.

Palms deep in the dirt.
Failure was swallowing me,
but every time she was there.

Hanging by a thread,
So she wove my wings.
I could fly once more.

In ten years,
my hip will be bruised
with the weight of my firstborn.
My wings will descend for their final flight
as I pass the nurturing to my own.

In twenty years,
my child will color the walls
with a bright red hue.
Migrating on unexplored paths
to uncover themselves.

In thirty years,
my dove will take flight
and my heart will wallow.

Away from the nest, they will fly
with the wings winded by me.

To be a mother
is not to be entirely consumed.

To be a mother
is to fulfill life's highest pride,
trumping all other achievements.