

I Destroyed Her.

In that picture I destroyed,
She's holding a broom,
Wearing old at home clothes.
I wanted no memories of her.
So I got rid of her in what way I could.
She was always doing the housework,
And telling me off for my messy room.
I a child, asking me to do the housework too
Which I would do for payment.
The mother I never speak to,
All this anger, from treating me badly,
She's still doing the housework,
With the help of my sister,
Who, grown-up, still lives with her.
She was technically a good mother,
But the violence was hidden,
In her actions, in her words.
Memories haunting me,
I can still feel the pain.
From the mother I never see.