

Motherly Wisdom

by Israel Lozano

Mom taught me that love is when we dance
On days where words aren't enough
To celebrate how life is beautiful by chance,
And people capture it by choice.

Mom taught me that family is when we dine together,
And the scents of seven or so spices
For a moment silence the room more than a feather,
But the room reverts to a cacophony of teasing and eating.

Mom taught me that truth is when forgiving an enemy
Traps our being in confusion and anguish,
But the key to being set free
And reaching peace is reconciliation.



Mom taught me that strength is when we laugh
Every night over the phone at our forced jokes,
Masking the pain of separation
As days become weeks, weeks become months.

Mom taught me that healing is when I cry,
Allowing myself the privilege of embracing loss,
Its cold arms wiping the tears from my eyes
And lifting me onto its shoulders to see hope.

Hope is when we have the strength to face truth
And accept its pain with the same love we have for family.
Before healing there is hope, the reason we yearn for our youth.
Before hope, there is everything else mom taught me.