

KNOWING HER

Dedicated to my mother

She is a Lioness
Unwavering Strength and Tenderness

Her skin is soft like birch bark with lines etched in
Wearing them like scars for defending her kin

She is fierce when she needs to be,
Yet the backbone of her community

She loves those who don't know they need it
IN turn they become her greatest critic
But she loves them anyways... because they need it.

She has been pushed down, bossed round, face to the ground
Dust encircling her body she brings one foot flat to the earth followed
by the other

Enraging from within her the strength of her father...
Who left her too young.

Through constant calculations
Expressions and mathematical equations
Joyous moments and that of devastation
She stands

We are often the hardest on those who we love the most
Emotional punches we continue to throw
The invisible bruises that somehow still show

I throw her wisdom to the wayside
Letting my strength root within my pride
Moving in and out with the tide

Hers flows steady as the river that I sleep by at night
Etching out my soul of a riverbed that constantly tries to fight

Water is the slow and patient force
That continues to wind and curves taking its course

Taking me piece by piece with her

I am scared to know her as if this invisible boundary exists
I continue to allow the unified persona to persist

Idolizing her as a statue with the title of mother
Not willing to recognize her as any kind of other

As though insight into her life with unveil some sort of truth
That knowing her egos will somehow alter my view

I have stitched and pieced part and parcel together
Through wandering times among the purple heather

The middle child
Raising the call of the wild
Beloved she may not be,
but her soul calls to be free

Her roller skates glide as she brings them their food
Fast food joints, take out lines all to go to school

Married too young, supposedly out of love
But that's what she thought life was made of

Her heart beat rose above the shouting and screaming
Where words could not touch her but her spirit was teaming

Take it all because you can't have me,
Because my soul, my soul belongs to me
Every inch of me deserves to be free
Free from your shackles

Her Voice echoes through the train cart we pass the Pamplona
station

My desire for silence is occupied by her outspoken elation

Where my body and my presence begs to blend in
As foreign words flow she finds comfort in her skin

Soulless shoes combatting the stationary blues

Crumpled paper stories from being on the move
When given the chance there is no time to lose
But she'll stand still for three

Bull in the china shop, shattering plate
Each ornamental piece meeting a different fate

The pieces of glass that cut you so deeply
Are placed into a mosaic of beauty

Fragment and cement, cemented into place
The discarded pieces have now have a space

The fear resonating leading one to resent
Letting go of ignorance and the need for content

Our similarities separated by influence of generation
Qualities of strength that lead to confrontation

We will differ, we will bicker and we will need our time
Our ideals, our philosophies will never fall in line

For you Contemporary art is not all its cracked up to be
I have no love for the design of a church and all its intricacies

These differences are merely subjects inconsequential
It is the conversation and questions that are truly special

In knowing you I can only take the steps of a child
Inside me lays your strength and your calls to the wild

I love you for who you were, who you are and who you still someday
might be,
I love for your courage, for your strength and for always loving me.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Mark Byrne". The signature is stylized with a large, looping initial "M" and a cursive "B".