

Mother Blame

I fall into blaming.
Why, you never even came
to my grads, all three of them,
because academics is a waste
of time and a PhD
won't get you to heaven
and because these things
are of the world (worldly)
and make my brother look bad
who always had to follow
behind me in school.

Then came the excuses
about missing my wedding—
the phobias about travel,
even short trips; though
you came up later for events
of less importance.

The one time you surprised me
was when my daughter was born.
Suddenly the doorway
spilled you out laughing
and we were for a moment
St. Ann, Mary and child
encased in each other's laps
till you said, "She looks
just like her Dad.
Girls always
take after their fathers."

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