

Mother Page
by Tyler P. Fick

Personally, I love Page because she is my mother; because her breath gave me life; because in the end she showed me a beginning; because today I miss her and tomorrow I will miss her; because she would die for me; because she knows my secrets before I even have uttered the words; because she speaks through her hands with every gentle touch; because I ask for unconditional friendship and my request is never refused; because she is a goddess to my sister; because it took me years to grasp her soul and it took her seconds to grasp mine; because she is human like Jesus but a source of eternal faith for me; because she is not supposed to stay the same, she knew that even before I did; because I could drown in her sea of love; because she showed me my face when I was afraid to look; because she is wise with the wisdom of eighteen years of doctors, four never-ending friends, and a mother whom she loves like I love her; because she has had to live eighteen years of her life with guilt of never knowing my pain; because she has held my hand for sixteen years; because she taught me to hold my own; because I can feel her touch right now even though she and I are miles apart; because she went up against a castle because she saw me cry unjustly; because she loves me more than she loves the man she has shared a bed with for twenty-five years; because she looked into my eyes and saw me shine; because she always knows when I need a warm bed to come home to, so she changes my sheets; because she never thought I was always right, teaching me to see both sides of a corner; because she knows I will fight, but she also taught me to sometimes sit down; because growing up I carried a brick on my shoulder, she removed it; because she let me fly even though I know she wanted me on the ground; because she gave me a sister, a miracle; because I know she is a present wrapped in a bow from God, to me, my sister, my brother, and my father, all and everyone that surrounds her; because she carries rocks on her back, one by one she loads up as she climbs that mountain, but continues to climb; because she made me seek help when she realized I was beyond the help she could offer; because she throws away her past but she lets me keep mine; because we are a team; because I have seen her fall back on me; because I know I have caught her; because I now can see her as the teenager/human she was and is instead of my mother; because she did not hear the doctors' words of death; because she never will; because she has placed grace into the touches my hands will give out; because I will make sure she never dies, I will write her and make her live eternally just as Shakespeare did with his love; because she has been the only teacher I thought worthy of the name and all that follows it; because mistakes she did make; because she never went to college,

instead she fell in love; because she is scared of mice and furry rodents but she encouraged my sister's dream of becoming a veterinarian and gave her three furry rodents; because she never told me her dreams but I know she dreams vivid dreams; because I will never know the distance she has traveled although I have seen the bruises on her feet; because I know she waited for my father while he figured out his life; because everyone told her they would never work out; because she is the backbone of our family, our tape, our strings, what holds us standing firm; because she adopted a friend of mine who had lost her mother and showed her a mother's love; because she once told me she believed in mermaids; because when I was five she made me strong; because when I was seventeen she made me strong; because she doesn't understand. . .but she tries; because we are on opposite levels but she steps down to mine; because she waited years for me to call her my bff, best friend forever; because she doesn't own tons of diamonds, rare jewels, or precious china to pass on to me; because her job is being a mother, she never held any other; because she let my brother go because she knew he needed to grow; because she enjoys the quiet life, city life brings her down; because when I was five I thought her to be immortal as she sat by my hospital bed; because she handed me my first journal; because she hid her tears when I went five hours away; because her and I are nothing alike; because she taught me to be a woman; because the bravest thing she has ever done was completely trusting me to the hands of surgical knives as she sat in the waiting room holding the hand of her own mother; because she believes in God; because she only watches my life now; because she nagged me; because she was never labeled as a hero, saint, or heavenly being, but she is in every essence of the words a hero, a saint, a heavenly being; because she sat on cliffs and was prepared to fall; because she has me wishing for moments back; because I love you does no justice for the feelings I feel for her; because the world should be filled with humans like her; because I believe God had a destiny for her, an unsung hero; because she is the only truly wonderful person I have known. She is every bit a part of me, I dream of the day I will be able to love my children with her love; the day my hands slip into her own as I wipe the fudge from the corner of my daughter's mouth, and I imagine the day she leaves me alone on this world. As I imagine, I begin to envision her eyes and I too realize; I am every bit a part of her.