Mum

Jack Dower

My mother said she can't sleep when I have a cough,
And I wonder if every parent is as good as her.
I wonder if every child is as sick as me.
And I know the answer, like everything else.
She rests on my desk,
Framed and picturesque.
And instead of holding me,
She is holding an award, a typewriter, a life
A whole life in her hands.
She is not my mother.
She is young, well-travelled.
Ineffable, maybe a writer.
I was convinced she was an actress,
Famous in that 90's dress.
In her dreams I am a stranger.