

Greeting Card Aisle

There's a sign overhead
that says "Happy Mother's Day", again.

So here I am confused,
bleary-eyed, and blinking,
at the solid wall of pink and purple.

All those heartfelt words
spelled out on paper.

They say things like
"Mother, you're my guiding light."
"You're the shelter in the storm."
"I could never thank you enough."
"I am so grateful I am yours."

Where do I find a card for the woman
whose love turned to snakes in my hands?

Where are the cards painted in darker hues
that say "Mother, you're a forest
I never found my way through."

I could just buy a blank one
and inside I could inscribe
"You were Oklahoma weather,
I was always waiting to subside."

Hour after hour passes,
many sons and daughters have come and gone.

They didn't dissolve into semantics,
they just picked a card and hurried on.

Still, I stand there staring,
searching for the nonexistent.

Finally, I settle on "I love you"
because that's as honest as it gets.