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The Truth of It

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THE TRUTH OF IT*Jane Scoville*

Yesterday
 My son said
 He'd rather be with friends;
 That what he wanted
 Right then
 Was to get away from me!
 I wish my mind
 Hadn't done a flashback then-
 To him,
 In his highchair,
 Plump and silent,
 Refusing to eat
 Unless *my* hand held the spoon:
 How he'd clench his mouth,
 Shake his head,
 And point his baby finger
 Straight at me....
 But that was then.

Now he sulked on the couch
 Across from me,
 Waved his arms,
 Liked to disagree,
 Liked to make a fool of me-
 Which he could-
 Even when I knew
 I was eons smarter than him
 (And his whole shitload
 Of teenage friends).
 There was nothing
 I could say;
 I called him a jerk anyway
 And felt hot tears
 As he stormed upstairs,
 Slammed his door,
 And grabbed the phone.

I could hear him
 From downstairs
 Where I sat alone-
 A boy breaking away
 From his mother...
 And there was
 Nothing I would do
 But watch him go.