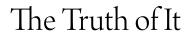
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Scoville: The Truth of It THE TRUTH OF IT Jane Scoville

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.