

Fall 1976

## From Mother translated by Inger Casey and Lee Bassett

Sonja Akesson

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## FROM MOTHER

—Today I'm feeling a little better  
my legs are a little bit better  
your father's throat is also better  
but of course he can hardly speak  
and last night I threw up again  
in the bed and I wet the bed  
and your father who can't hear a word  
and doesn't understand a thing I ask for  
yes it's difficult when one can't see  
worse now when the spring sun is stinging  
my hands which grope and grope  
but one must be glad and thank God  
there are others who have it worse.

Though it's rare that anybody drops in  
o yes Signe was down and whined  
yesterday yes Siwert was drunk as usual  
if only she didn't get so hysterical  
as soon as he takes a nip  
but she yells and screams and goes on  
and suddenly he gets mad  
she had a bandage, you know  
as big as this on the back of her neck  
he had beaten her she said to the floor  
but we fortunately don't hear anything  
and as I said to Signe be glad  
there are wars and worse misery.

One can think—yes think about Aunt Ida  
as she saved her social security and pinched and scraped  
and didn't allow herself to eat  
now they will take all of it in the nursinghome  
where she sits with her horrible hooks  
of hands and hooks of feet  
but of course she has it quite well where she is  
there are many who have it worse.

Though of course one wonders and asks sometimes  
why some people have to live like that  
year after year after year  
while others like your brother for instance  
he who was so handsome and happy  
it's lucky that Elsi didn't die too  
when she threw herself on the coffin and screamed  
and screamed when they screwed on the lid  
o how he played and sang  
newly married and Elsi with the little boy.

But best what happens  
best also for our little Baby  
best that she got peace poor little thing  
and to get this old and hardly  
be able to keep going no just barely  
that is not much of a life  
but one must still be grateful  
there are many who lie lame  
yes everything is for the best  
little Sonja we shall not complain  
no, one should be glad and thank God  
there are many who have it much worse.

*Translated by Inger Casey and Lee Bassett*