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# My Mother is my Only Hand

Rachel Kliger  
*NSU University School*

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# MY MOTHER IS MY ONLY HAND

RACHEL KLIGER

She is the lifeguard waiting by my side  
The wave that carries me in and out.  
Her anger and worry is the afternoon tide  
Strong but gentle, scattering seaweed about.

She is my seagull flying in the air  
She is my pink floaty keeping me from drifting  
Out  
Never did she leave a spot of skin bare  
1 shell 2 shell 3 shell 4 – she is how I learned to  
Count

She gave me enough when I asked for more  
He took me down to the coral reef just so I could  
See  
Building those castles on the sea shore  
When I needed shade, she was my palm tree.

Her eyes are as bright as the 6 o'clock sun,  
Her golden locks as soft as the sand.  
Her arms are my warm towel when the day is  
Done.

My mother is my only hand.

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