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Mother Is a Criminal

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Mother Is A Criminal

Julia Guzman

She pulled me out of school
Saying I shouldn't worry,
I watched her play the fool;
She'd learned to embody ignorance so well.

She took me to my grandmother's
Thinking she could keep me.
Even as I suffered the weight in grams,
Of the crime committed last evening.

Their badges shined as they came to the door
Towing along my crying sister.
Whose eyes grew red and sore,
While I refused to comfort her.

In my home discipline had become an illusion;
An explanation for pain,
For the bruises on my thighs,
The cause claimed was a migraine.

Laws allowed a class as a cure;
A falsehood she worshipped like nothing before it.
With a signature as proof, easy for her to procure,
I reentered her merciless domain.

The only thing she didn't plan,
Was that she'd beaten fear from me.
Now when command comes with raised hand,
I now know the right reprimand.