

My Mother, My friend

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Crouched up in the dark corner of the room
I sigh and stare at the wall
The day was tough; I got beaten to a pulp
And nobody cares at all.

Mr C gave me detention,
Kevin called me names
The girls sneered as I walked pass
And kicked me out of the games.

And through all this wrong,
I saw the one person I thought would understand
But my so called best friend
Ignored me and said, "Talk to the hand"

I ran home holding back tears
And sprinted up the stairs and locked myself in my room
And now- here I am where nobody cares
Crying silently in the gloom.

Suddenly the door creaks open,
And a familiar shadow steps inside
It's my mother, wondering why I skipped my dinner,
But when she see's my face she
Sits by my side.

She whispers, "Its okay and you are alright"
And she scoops me up and hugs me tight.
When I am in her arms I feel safe
And she rocks me till the tears have dried.

She listens patiently to my story tales:
Detention, Kevin, the girls, the names.
She nods with a knowing smile,
And says, "Its okay, you are not to blame".

She tells me about her school days
How the kids were cruel and the teachers unfair
And bullying and taunting
And how nobody seemed to care.

She tells me when you are young friends come and go.
And my not so best friend were just having a bad day
And that one day I will find a friend who will always be my side
And be my friend forever, she says.

I smile as she says this, because I have a secret.
That in my life, no matter how many people come and goes,
I have one friend who always there
When the world turned their back on me and says.'No'.
For me this person works hard everyday
For me this person gives up her time.
For me this person loves me with all her heart.
My mother who never gives up on me and it doesn't
Matter if this doesn't rhyme.

She tucks me in bed
And turns out the light,
Thanks mum for always being there-
I love you, goodnight.