

*as a little girl*

i watched my mother hold herself back  
i heard her cry in the dark as she struggled to love herself  
i felt my heart break as she was given  
the love that she thought she deserved

*as i started growing up*

she started growing stronger  
she found her voice  
standing on her own two feet  
a shield in one hand  
and a sword in the other  
fighting any monster that stood in her way  
it took some time but  
the queen had finally come to slay  
and you could bet that she was here to stay  
i was 6 months shy of seventeen  
when i saw my mother grow weak again  
she was laying in her bed  
asking Jesus to take her life  
this monster was unlike any before  
they called him cancer  
and few could beat him  
but goshdangit if she didn't try  
she put up one hell of a fight  
then one day she raised  
her white flag in the air  
"okay, i'll go," she said  
the words barely above a whisper  
"but you have to promise you won't touch them," she demanded  
he agreed as he took her away  
leaving me with the world's worst heartache  
and no mother to cure it.