

Mother

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Something I wrote in class

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Your mother was always there to offer you guidance whenever it was needed
To give advice or be that extra leg to stand on when you couldn't take the strain.
Through all the heartache and grief, she was always there a shoulder to bear your pain
You never heard smashing, shouting and crying every time the sky grew dark.
All you heard was your mother's voice telling a story until you were sound asleep
When you woke up crying, your mother was always by your side with soothing words of comfort telling you the bad dreams aren't real.
And I can't help but envy the bond you share because it's something I will never feel.
Because my mother was always down at the local bar blocking out the rest of the world
She wasn't there for me when I needed her the most when I was upset and in pain.
She was only around to soothe her own conscience.
I didn't realise it was for her own self gain
As I sat at home with my dad watching TV.
I wondered what I did so wrong to make her want to forget about me.