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How She Taught Me to Let Go

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How She Taught Me to Let Go

By Natalie Raquel Acuña

My mother feeds me
The warmth of home cooked meals,
to advice-
she makes sure I'm full of.

My mom taught me to never go to sleep angry.

She reminds me this as my tears stain every step I take,
my shoulders slumping and my hands reaching out
to my stubborn ways.

She says, "You're the only one carrying this weight. The only one
fighting a war right now is you. It's too much of a load to carry by
yourself. Let it go."

I bite my tongue that's filled with rebuttals but
she smiles at me and says "you're so angry"
How can I not be?

My brother and father can sit up on your pedestal,
they can watch me drown but I'm at fault
for never learning how to swim.
No one ever taught me.

She says control those emotions,
I ask her how.

She says she herself isn't a master
but she's gotten the flow of building up,
she builds and piles every angry stone, every concrete pillar
that she refuses to carry.

She stacks them on top of each other and the moment of collapse
is earth shattering
Crates and shakes just so we can feel every chill within our bones.
She causes earthquakes and I'm still just flipping stones.