

Loud Mom

Far

pretty, young single mother
Buddy and Bean
loving, yes...the Brady Bunch, not quite
we would fight
well, they would
I would keep it inside
some of the time
peacemaker
proud
pleading
"don't get too loud, mom
just sing quietly to me..."

even when she was screaming
I'd know when we got home
like a deaf man laughs, like a blind man smiles
she would sing to me
and show me her heart
beautiful and strong, she's my Mom

angering, desperate stranger
proud young man
which of the two depended on whose eyes
I was right, I was so sure
I was so doing just fine
"then why lie?"
no answer
she kept asking
"don't ask so loud, mom
just sing quietly to me"

even when I was greedy
bleeding myself, holding hurt
like a deaf man laughs, like a blind man smiles
she would sing to me
showed me my heart
beautiful and strong, she's my Mom
and she's loud

Iaman, a boy with brass hair and stone eyes
arms small but strong
from holding back
holding up
holding on too long
alone in my room
my nightlight shines on my idea
my thoughts cover up my ears

but sometimes a memory just gets too loud
sometimes I wish I had a Dad around
I wish that he were here to see my tears, but...
sometimes the greatest ideas come from fears
and she's here
and the way that she sees me
better than my eyes sometimes
like a deaf man laughs, like a blind man smiles
she still sings to me

shows me her heart
beautiful and strong, she's my Mom