

1992

Mother

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Recommended Citation

Brummett, Charis (1992) "Mother," *Exile*: Vol. 39 : No. 1 , Article 20.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol39/iss1/20>

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Mother

I suppose you believe
(and sincerely)
that what you did was
best for me.
And how can I say
you never loved me?
You loved me,
I was obedient—
I don't know which came first.
I was the apple of your eye
(now eaten with the worms
of imperfection).
Brilliant, beautiful, gracious little girl,
I was the Golden, hell, even Better—
Platinum Child.
Only child.
Only chance.
You weren't going to screw it up.
I know the secret smile you enjoyed
when you saw the others
next to me.
They were damaged.
Flawed.
Faulty.
I liked them because of it.
I began to question
(the abortion of innocence).
Maybe you weren't
directly linked to God.
Maybe there was no God.
Maybe there was no you.
There certainly was no me,
only
a lovely trophy
with the tiniest sign of tarnish,
invisible to your selective eyes.
I continued to eat your dogma
and threw it up silently
in the toilet of my soul.
It was easier.

What would you say now
if I told you
that I am not intact?

Men have put their hands on me
and I have returned the favor.
I have filled my body
with impurities of every kind
until I could not laugh
or cry
or feel my own skin.
I have heard Satan's music
speak more truth than any hymn.
I have found my former self to be false.
I am not brilliant.
I am not beautiful.
I am not gracious.
I am made from the same alloy
as Adolph Hitler.
So are you, mother.
Don't ask me again
why I'm not having children.
How can I tell you
that I don't want to repeat
your mistake?

—Charis Brummett '96

