

“Mother(s)”

By Maite Urcaregui

I have no parents.

And, if I have no parents,  
where is my home?

And I do have parents but  
one is dead and  
one is sick and  
mean and  
stubborn but  
she loves and  
feels in many beautiful and  
harmful ways.

When I return home,  
piecemeal,  
guilt and grief prepare the way for leaving  
again.

But I have many homes and  
many mothers.