Roya

Mothers who say they’ll give their daughters the world and then leave before their life had even begun

The reality that the only thing you’ve been given is leftover clothes and broken jewellery meant to satisfy you, meant to represent a lifetime

Broken Dreams

Peeling paint scraping away at skin, like cuts in this house I didn’t know about

I’m not sure what’s worse, looking in a mirror and seeing her staring at me, or when Evangeline mistakes me for her

You would’ve laughed at her jokes today

“Where’s Mummy” she asked today

But when mama laid on a black surface covered in a wedding veil

Evangeline didn’t cry she just whispered in mum’s ear:

“ Ma once you’ve finished sleeping, can we play Barbies tonight?”

When Evangeline came back from school she asked me if mother is in heaven or hell

And I imagined her laying in the arms of God beside grandma

But I don’t know

They say it was her fault

She brought the addiction on herself

How was it her fault when I walked into her room to see white sheets stained with blood and shattered fragments of glass?

Fragments of my mother

Self inflicted they say

Don’t worry they say

I saw one bloody disfigured arm and it was clear

I am motherless now

They say I am the spitting image of her, act like her, think like her

Am I just a destined dead girl walking?

You are now my memory

A memory

A blur

A blur that smelt like honey, sounded like heaven and looked like a dream

That’s what I remember

I regret

When I was little Ma used to lay with me and I could feel her heart beating like the plucking of violin strings

She would say “ Do you love me?”

Yes, mama

I love you more that life itself

 Life.

 Itself.

 Itself.

 Life.