

A Mother's Math is Never Done

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A Mother's Math is Never Done¹

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Beyond dark clouds is the blue sky.
The day will come to do your math,
Once you put away the clutter.
Someday again you know you'll fly.
Now's not the journey's end, just a detour on the path.
Only today, hold your breath, for you are a mother.

Today you are the mother.
Today *she* reaches for the sky.
Today your job's to clear her path,
Today your job's not at all math.
Today it's not you who will fly,
So you hold her hand, and stand still amidst the clutter.

You still stand amidst the clutter:
Is this what it means to mother?
Where have your wings gone now? Did you really ever fly?
You cannot hear the wind, or even see the blue sky.
Today is not a day for math.
Today math is not your path.

So you want math to be *her* path.
You seek patterns in her clutter.
You know one day she'll just say "Math!"
She's the daughter of her mother.
Looking up to the deep night sky,
She too is dreaming surely of learning how to fly.

¹This sestina was first published online at The Sundress Blog on April 8, 2018. See <https://sundresspublications.wordpress.com/2018/04/08/>, last accessed on July 13, 2018.

She's dreaming of learning to fly,
Of taking off, charting her path,
Cutting through a summer eve's sky,
Numbers left behind, a clutter.
Who'll clean it up but the mother?
And who, you ask, will do the math?

Then "I", you say, "will do the math!"
"Isn't it time for me to fly?"
Quick, do shake up your wings, mother!
Math's ready to become your path.
Leave aside the toys, the clutter.
It's time again to touch the sky!

So once again math is your path.
Now you can fly together, leave behind the clutter,
And reach up to the sky, a daughter and her mother.