

## NOTES

In her heartwarming, humorous, and yet, at times heartbreaking collection of poems, Sandy Maranto recalls the myriad of mothers she has met in her lifetime, including her own. These poems may be performed by a female or a male and should be entered in Poetry Interpretation. The performer must choose whether to perform all of the poems using one narrator/voice or perform each poem using a different persona; thereby, showcasing the performer's ability to perform different characters. Regardless of whether the performer chooses to use one or more poetic narrators, each poem should be performed with reverence and, when appropriate, love; after all, mothers are often the cornerstones of the family unit. The drama mask icons are visible to show the performer where to turn the pages in the manuscript.

### Out-of-this-world Mother

She was the single most wonderful creature in the world,  
In the galaxy, in the universe.  
Yet her world revolved around me.  
In her eyes, I shined brighter than all the stars in the galaxy.  
I was the center of her universe,  
And the luckiest child on the planet.



### Avoidance Mother

Mommy, where did I come from?  
*You came from love.*  
That's a stupid answer.  
*No, it's not. It's a truthful answer.*  
Well, Mary Ellen Johnson said  
Babies come from their mommies and daddies,  
That when a mommy and a daddy go to bed at night,  
They kiss while they're lying there, and they say to themselves,  
"Put a baby in the mommy's belly. Put a baby in the mommy's belly."  
Is that true?  
*Eat your peas.*



## Honeysuckle Mother

She smelled like honeysuckle and laughed like a fairy.  
She wore yellow sundresses and cheap flip flops.  
On Sundays, she sang in the choir  
And smiled at me from across the sanctuary.  
After visits to the dentist, she'd buy me lollipops.  
There were times she'd speak in rhyme and pose the oddest riddles.  
It was like listening to a rainbow, whenever I'd hear her giggle.  
And now, I talk in rhyme from time to time,  
Because it brings her back to me.  
Not even the smell of honeysuckle is as sweet as those memories.



## Vengeful Mother

A friend said he didn't understand  
How my mom could be a stay-at-home mom.  
He asked me...  
"Does your mom have any ambition, or has she always been lazy?"  
"Does she have aspirations of being more than just a mom?"  
"Does she really think she can find personal fulfillment  
From doing basically nothing?"  
Mom invited him over for dinner.  
He was very sick the next day.  
I noticed the empty box of Ex-Lax in the trashcan.



## Breathalyzer Mother

The keys go in the drawer.  
The drawer is locked.  
She keeps the key to the drawer in her pocket.  
Everyone is welcome to come,  
But no one is allowed to leave.  
If you ask to leave, she asks to smell your breath.  
I only drink soda when I go there, but still she says,  
"Your breath smells like –  
You're sleeping here on the floor tonight."

Other parents disapprove, disrespect, disbelieve.