

## **My mother tells her friends**

**My mother is telling the story**

**Around the dining table**

**a glass of sherry in her hand.**

**The guests are fascinated that she is able**

**To speak so coolly.**

**They don't understand.**

**Katalin listens time and time again**

**never really hearing what is being said.**

**Her heart is closed to feeling**

**Only her mind is being fed.**

**The years are passing, she is growing**

**Beliefs about herself, evolving in her head,**

**As mother tells her friends.**

**In our threesome family monad**

**The adults prefer to pretend**

**'We're not Jewish, there's no connection'**

**Or something to that end.**

**We sit around the table**

**and still my mother tells her friends...**

**How it is that we are scattered;**

it wasn't just a revolution  
That tore us open wide.  
No father now to speak of and  
Living hand to mouth on the other side.

As she matures, more details slip from mother's lips;  
Where it was that my Aunt Paulette  
Had numbers tattooed on her wrist  
And now 'she couldn't have children  
But at least she was alive.'  
And something about  
'Being pretty and good at singing,  
Seemed to help her to survive.....

So the years move forward  
Katalin feels an urge.  
A strong desire to find herself  
among the scattered splurge,  
and like a magpie unearthing gold  
Amongst a viral heap  
She digs down within her soul  
To let her truth emerge.

It's OK mother,

**No more need to tell your tales**

**The truth is out and**

**there's no doubt that you've been heard.**

**Shall we let our children sink into the mire**

**Shall we feed them stories of victimhood so dire**

**Or remind them that humanity has come here to remember**

**That wherever we have played,**

**we have done so..... as Creator.**