

An Ode to the Hands and Hearts Who Raised Us **by Lily Garcia**

I watched my mother give birth to me
On the tiles of a bathroom floor.
My tiny hands dug into her dreams.
I wasn't quite ready for more.

On the tiles of a bathroom floor,
I had sex with a man who called me cool.
I wasn't quite ready for more,
But was told, this was more important than school.

I had sex with a man who called me cool,
And my belly swelled despite my apprehension,
But was told, this was more important than school.
My organs now served as a vessel for contention,

And my belly swelled despite my apprehension.
As all my family gathered around
My organs now served as a vessel for contention.
I never once made a sound.

As all my family gathered around
With me, at age sixteen, in a hospital bed
I never once made a sound.
I could remember as I bled.

With me, at age sixteen, in a hospital bed
I watched my mother give birth to me.
I could remember as I bled.
My tiny hands dug into her dreams.