Mother

-Lily Marbutt

Some people have their silver spoons,
I, however, have plastic.
My mother is God and I worship her,
But sometimes in life people strike like harpoons.
Once a kid said something far from fantastic,

Some stare with whispering smiles, Acting so rude like juveniles.

Her metal cane is enough support, you see,

It makes me angry when those people stare, It truly upsets me that people judge. She aches in pain and has muscle contractions,

I will admit though, towards her I would begrudge,

School trips were hard because walking was too much,

During an accident long ago with a car, nded up with much more than a scar. No matter how cruel the world is sometimes,

And that means the world truly you see?