

Mama Never Cried

Moriah Northcutt

Mama never cried.
No, you'd never see a tear.
Wipe the tears off your face, darling, she'd say,
I'll pour you some more juice.

And Mama never let manners slide.
It's yes, ma'am, she'd say
and no, sir.
May I please, and thank you.
Go hug your daddy and thank him for your toys.

Most of all mama never sat around in pj's with messy hair
No, she was always dressed crisp and proper,
Hair done, yelling,
You don't want to look like a hoodlum do you?
We laughed while she straightened our locks.

But one day mama stopped worrying so much about manners,
and she didn't really talk all that much anymore.
So I'd remind my siblings remember:
yes ma'am, no sir, may I please, and thank you,
And go hug daddy and thank him for your toys.

Then Mama began to sit around for days on end
In her pj's with the messy hair.
So I said to my siblings, remember we don't wanna look like hoodlums
and I'd brush and straighten their locks.
And don't forget to grab mama a shirt, I'll get it on her.

One day Mama began to cry. And she didn't stop for hours, weeks.
So I'd say to my siblings
It's alright, we just need to be strong.
Hand me those pills so she can stop crying for a few hours

One day Mama wasn't really Mama anymore,
Daddy didn't laugh or smile either,
Sissy started asking me questions I didn't understand myself.
Bubba still needed to be changed,
and I still wanted to be 10.