

Licsy Limon

My Mom

I see the light from the kitchen coming into my bedroom.

I hear my mom mixing the rice on the stove to prepare the lunches.

I smell the strong smell from the spicy peppers that will go in the burritos.

I touch the soft, silky blanket on top of my bed.

I hear my mom coming home from picking blueberries all day long.

I touch the rough couch pillow that she bought with money made in the fields.

I see the blueberry stains on my mom's hat.

I feel happiness that my mom is home safe with me.

I smell the dirt on my mom's clothes.

I hear my mom talk to the Rite-Aid nurse about my medication.

I feel my mom's arms hugging me and I don't want her to let go.

I smell my mom's clean wavy hair after she showers.

I touch my mom's hand and hold it tight.

I see my mom's tired eyes closing as she falls asleep.

I hear my mom telling me, "Good night Mami, I love you very much."