
She “Gets” It

*Never, I ventured, in wild dreams untold,
That she'd understand me, but now that she's old,
I see that she “gets” it, so wise of my plight,
She fathoms the questions that haunt me by night.*

*She gets why I'm searching, for a mother unknown,
A missing connection to a past of my own,
But she fears not my parting, for this she gets too,
She's the mother who loved me, the mother I knew.*

*She gets why I question, heavy of heart,
Though she holds not the answers, not there at my start,
I ask was I orphaned, or abducted and sold.
“You were abandoned,” she answers, “that's what we were told.”*

*Too young to recall, a birth mother's song,
If no memories linger, for what do I long?
But mother, she gets it, she knows what I seek,
Though my life has been with her, I want just a peek.*

*A glance at a world, how life may have turned,
Had I not been a child, that a parent had spurned,
To just ask the question, why was it so?
Oh mother who left me, how could you let go?*

*If I met her tomorrow, what would I say?
Would I cry out in anger, “You gave me away!”
Perhaps I'd just hug her, her honor to save,
Or shed a soft tear as I turn from her grave.*

*Yet my past remains nameless, mere shadows to see,
So I turn to my dear one, true mother to me,
She gave me this world, raising me sound,*

She chose to adopt me, this mother I found.

*I am thankful she gets it and accepts why I strive,
Embracing my yearning as to how I'm alive,
Not threatened by knowledge, of from whence I hail,
She loves me regardless, a love without fail.*

*I can never correct my birth mother's wrong,
So my heart remains filled with my true mother's song.
That I long for my birthright, she says she can't blame,
Admitting quite frankly. "I would want just the same."*

*I pray all adoptees, may they be so blessed,
To have as their parents, those who know best,
Caregivers accepting their child's foreign birth,
And the hunger that draws them to the ends of the earth,*

*Hear when we tell you we love you no less,
But we just want our history like all of the rest,
Our culture and lineage, is also our right,
Come celebrate with us, don't hide it from sight.*

*My Mom is my Mom and she gets it I know,
She gets that I still have a long way to go,
My birth mother's out there, it's a dream that I clutch,
Some days I believe it, some days not so much.*

*But my mom, my true mother, the one who was there,
Who held me and soothed me and stroked my soft hair,
She need never worry that I'll go away,
She's my best friend forever, and here I will stay.*

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