

# The Little Things

My mom floats around the house like a bee  
Leaving joy and kindness in the little things she does  
The way she fills up our water bottles  
The extra shifts she took at the diner to get my brother the bike he always wanted  
Her gentle hands as she braids my hair

She is safe.  
She is the person we go to as we rest our heads on her shoulder  
When we feel broken  
She pieces us back together

And every time she grimaces,  
And holds her forearm  
Covered by her long blouse hiding the bruises she is so ashamed of  
I can see the broken in her face  
I know she hides it  
To keep us happy  
And hide her pain

And every time she feels this pain  
She takes a moment  
Breathes  
And smiles  
Looking into her life now  
And blocking away the memories  
She places one foot in front of the other  
And goes to bed at night dreaming of her childrens' glory  
And as she pieces us back together  
She is slowly healing herself