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Mother, That Era

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She never knew why she cried,
Nor did she expect to reason it: so much,
Nor could she see it even if vaguely.
Only more intensely would she cry - the only thing she knew.

But how could she solve the riddle?

Maybe she just attempted to grasp her children firmly in the breaches, but
While holding this one, inevitably she would lose the other.
fighting like a girl, she was lost in darkness and in stone,
The only thing she could articulate is,
As others observed,
Stomachache.

Note: This poem is about China 1960’s - 1970’s