

## **Oh Mother, My Teacher**

Oh Mother, my teacher  
My first teacher  
My definitive instructor  
You've imbued in me,  
With care,  
The rudimentary pieces needed to construct  
My being, you've craved out meticulously  
Supplying fragments of both you and Him  
You've electrify my soul  
And with my first breath I feel my essence  
Our hearts beat as one  
As that is your first lesson for me  
To live  
But time goes on  
And lesson become more advance  
So does my mind  
Yet and still I follow your steps faithfully  
For as far as I'm concerned  
Your tutelage is unrivaled  
Perfectly curated to for my optimal benefit  
So I learn  
And grow  
And think  
That is until, something shifts  
The schematics you laid down have been tampered with  
What is this I feel?  
Conflict?  
I unsure if I'm fully in line with your teachings anymore  
But that's fine  
Individual thought is paramount for development  
Right mother?  
Synthesizing my own ideas is healthy  
Right mother?  
There no way I won't abandon your learnings  
Right mothe-  
Woah  
This feeling is...different  
It isn't not conflict anymore  
It's solid. Assured. Grounded.  
It's disagreement.  
I don't agree with you mother

Oh no  
No no no  
This isn't regular contention  
It's indisputable  
Our ideologies stand bare  
Diametrically opposed  
It's you or me mother  
You or me  
I am forever grateful for your lesson  
For your unconditional hand in molding me  
Equipping me with the tools I use as I stand before you  
But Mother  
Oh Mother, oh teacher  
I choose me.