

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Leah Terry: Three Poems

Leah Terry · Tuesday, September 3rd, 2024

middle daughter core

I think I often forget I'm not parents oldest cause I act like it so much.
For most of my life my mother was a stay at home mom but she was never
super attentive.

My siblings don't help out much around the house, they don't clean, they
don't help cook, they don't even help with the younger kids.

I think it was easier when my mother was a stay at home mom, when she
could be with us more. but even back then it never felt like she was actually
involved.

My mom doesn't eat dinner with us like she did when I was little. I don't
even eat with my dad anymore.

My siblings eat on the couch so they can watch TV while my father most
nights eats alone. I have more memories of my father than most people in
my life.

surprisingly he was the involved parent, the I care about you parents.
My parents didn't come to my eighth grade promotion, nobody did in fact.

My mom called me a bitch because I told my sister to share with my
brother and I called her what she is.

An uninvolved mother.

She sometimes say I remind her of herself.

I think it scares her to think im more involved than her.

Just in everything.

I keep myself busy with activities so I don't have to be home.

I joined the theater so I had a escape from her and my dad.

I plan on going to college far away, but i don't wanna leave them
which is strange considering I used to pray for their divorce

I didn't understand for a long time why they were still married

I think i understand now why mother hates me so much at times

I think she thinks I'm a monster and it reminds her of what she's been my
entire life.

*

september

As the summer fades away, into distant waves
 crashing down into fall for me
 I can't help but to remember where I was this last crisp
 september
 sitting in classes, not a friend in sight
 as fall leaves sit on the concrete outside
 walking into class, headphones in
 sit in the back where you cannot see
 where people cannot make you bleed
 where you sit in a hopeful despair
 and the other kids stare
 at this browned haired girl
 like the september before
 blasting music in ears
 caring but not enough to actually care
 in the hopeful despair
 that someone will talk to you
 something that you didn't have to worry about the september
 before
 or the one before that
 glance at the clock, anxiously awaiting
 to go and play with your friends
 as your dad did the same thing in september of "79

*

Generation down

I know it's my mothers first time on earth, it's mine too
 I know she had it alot worse when she was my age and below
 I did too
 I know she has a long list of books she dies to read
 she has never had the will to read about me
 i know it's my father's first time here on earth
 its mine too
 I know when he was my age he had no idea what to do
 I do too
 i know my father has this thing for things that are broken so he
 can fix them
 that he has a need to fix them
 I have that too but with people
 I know its my first time on earth
 I know that 3 years ago I didn't think id be here
 I know I have a thing for broken people
 for broken things
 for things that I can make tick and tock
 I have a long list of books I die to read
 but I'll die along time before I read any one of them
 I know I am my parents child

I just dont want to be that.

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