

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Barbara Rothstein and Carolyn Ziel: Words by Mother and Daughter

Barbara Rothstein · Thursday, May 9th, 2013

*In honor of Mother's Day, four poems by mother and daughter, Barbara Rothstein and Carolyn Ziel.*

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### You'll Always Be My Baby

*by Barbara Rothstein*

It was Sunday. Carolyn arrived at 9:06 a.m.  
 I had given birth to a beautiful, healthy, baby girl.  
 At first, as I held her in my arms, I felt relief, an overpowering love,  
 a primal connection; she was part of me.  
 And then I felt the smothering responsibility that was now mine.  
 I began to sob.  
 The flowers came just at that moment.  
 "You'll always be my baby," the card said. "Love, Mother."  
 How could she know? I wondered.  
 How could she know that I felt so like a baby?  
 So small ...  
 So overwhelmed...  
 So like I needed my mommy.  
 How could she know?  
 But of course.  
 She always knew.  
 She was the maven of mixed emotions.  
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### Never Too Late For Love

*by Barbara Rothstein*

Sometimes in the first light of morning  
 I wake to memories, floating through my mind like stardust,  
 little fireflies that catch my attention.  
 I would see my mother, her controlling, fearful self, insecurities hidden  
 behind a firmly transplanted persona; her graciousness

derived from years of practice.  
 She could never say no easily to anyone outside the family.  
 And I could never say no easily to her.  
 There was always the possibility of the slap across the face, the pinch of an ear. The threat,  
 "Don't come home!" if I were to disobey her.  
 For years, I remembered her that way. Resented, judged, blamed her for my shortcomings, my  
 fears.  
 She was "Sylvia," the neighborhood's beloved corsetiere,  
 sculpting the voluptuous and the flat-chested, hiding potbellies, hips and bulging thighs.  
 She was always on, always available.  
 She had little patience left for me.  
 But memories change.  
 I remember her differently now.  
 "I was so mean to you when you were a teenager," she said to me, fifty years later.  
 It was a few months before she died.  
 "I never gave you a chance to make a mistake when you helped out in the store."  
 It was true. I could still see her glaring at me,  
 her jaw jutting out if I was unsure,  
 making change for a customer at the register.  
 It was an apology, a long-dreamed of golden moment.  
 But that day it wasn't satisfaction I felt.  
 That day, I felt only love.  
 I didn't need her acknowledgement anymore.  
 I only needed to say, "Thank you, Mom. You were still a terrific mother."  
 That's how I remember her now.  
 There are some people you never love well enough while they're here.  
 But it's never too late to love them more.  
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## A Black and White Picture

*by Carolyn Ziel*

I have a picture of us,  
 me and my mother.  
 She is younger than I am now.  
 In the picture I am five or six or four.  
 She is thirty-one, thirty-two, or thirty.  
 I'm reaching up to kiss her cheek,  
 soft and ripe with youth.  
 We both have curly hair.  
 Our eyes are bright.  
 There are so many times,  
 moments, to follow  
 that black and white picture.  
 Birthdays, holidays, graduations,  
 weddings and funerals,  
 a trip to San Francisco after  
 my father died  
 and my mother

walking me down  
 the aisle.  
 They used thinner paper, with  
 scalloped edges back then,  
 in the 60's,  
 to develop photographs.  
 We are preserved  
 in this frame  
 with the corners bent  
 from wear.  
 I wonder how many fingers  
 have touched this tick.  
 I try not to think about  
 the time when she will leave.  
 I'll pick up the phone  
 to call her  
 say hello  
 static will answer back—  
 the clicking of a dead line.  
 Now when I kiss her cheek  
 I have to bend a bit.  
 There is still light  
 in her green eyes and  
 her cheek is soft  
 sanded down with time.  
 She has said goodbye  
 to many:  
 her mom  
 her dad  
 her cousins  
 her aunts, nieces, nephews,  
 her husband.  
 I know one day  
 she'll say goodbye to me,  
 but I can't think about that now.  
 Instead I open the door to  
 let in the April breeze;  
 it kisses my cheek  
 which  
 grows softer with time.  
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## Go To Mom

*by Carolyn Ziel*

My mom  
 was the go-to mom  
 she gave the neighborhood kids  
 all the extra love

they needed.  
 Some needed it and  
 didn't even know it,  
 until they were older  
 and their lives  
 were full with  
 too much drinking  
 too much sex  
 too much self-doubt.  
 My mom was the go-to mom  
 In gatherings around  
 Our kitchen table  
 Counseling my girl friends on  
 why he might not be that good of a choice,  
 why he isn't calling back,  
 why they shouldn't hold on so tight.  
 -let go, let them come to you-  
 she would say.  
 My mom was the go-to mom  
 with a secret trip to the  
 police station to  
 pick up a neighbor's boy  
 who, at 21, drank and got  
 himself on the wrong side  
 of the law.  
 He couldn't call his mom.  
 My mom was the go-to mom  
 when she comforted the eighteen year old at the clinic,  
 whose first experience  
 was a lie.  
 She thought he was wearing a condom.  
 My mom is my go-to mom.  
 I can call her crying after fighting with a friend,  
 call her with good news or bad,  
 call her just because.

*Cultural Weekly is proud to premiere these poems in this edition.*  
*In the top photo, daughter Carolyn is on left, mother Barbara is on right.*

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