

Tommer Peterson

Wednesday writing prompt: Ariel Levy, *The Lesbian Bride's Handbook*

(If this is to be read aloud, I nominate Megan Evans to read it.)

Mothers have a way

a shift of the eye
a slight frown or smile
a glance away
a wrinkle of the brow

and you know without a shadow of doubt
that you're in deep shit
big time

Fathers too
I expect
but my experience
doesn't support this
Mine was pretty direct

My own mother
a more than generous soul
bless her heart
was always looking over her shoulder
worried that someone would
find her out

She was mixed-race
Indian and White
in her young time
before the first big war
this was the lowest social class
dangerous for young women
They were expendable
They called it
"being from the wrong side of the tracks"
the railroad dividing the small mid-western towns
into White and Indian

She was light in complexion
and smart
and ambitious
nobody's fool
and soon figured out
that in Minneapolis
the big city

she could reinvent herself

And so she did
and passed for White

And eighty-nine years later
when she died
she was still looking over her shoulder
Lest she be found out