

As The Twig Is Bent

The child stood sadly looking down,
Staring at something on the ground.
Her mother's words were harsh and sharp;
She felt them tearing her apart.
The silent tears rolled down her cheek,
But still she stood, mute and meek.
She knew somehow she was rejected,
Although physically, she was not neglected.
She wasn't yet in her teens,
Just a tomboy, in blue jeans.
She had learned to live with pain;
Throughout her days, it would remain.
Again her mind wondered, "Why?"
Perhaps she'd know, by and by.
There must be something awfully wrong,
She guessed she'd known it all along.
Maybe it was her own plain looks,
She'd read of it in some books.
How to a mother of unusual beauty,
Her plain child might be an unwanted duty.
But her mother was so fair,
If there was any trouble there,

The fault must surely be her own,
Oh, how she wished that she was grown.
Then she would go away and hide,
While her heart just ached and cried.
Finally the hurting words had ceased,
From their cruel blows she was released.
So she turned and walked away,
She knew better than to stay.
In her room she closed her door,
And cried 'til she could cry no more.
Then she prepared herself for bed,
Washed her face, with eyes so red.
She wished her Mom would hug her tight.
And, just once, kiss her goodnight.
At last she crawled into her bed;
Silently, her prayers were said.
"Please, Lord, just let Mom love me,
And, oh, so good I'll always be."
The years have passed, the scene has changed,
Mother and daughter still remain.
The mother now is growing old,
The child, once warm, has grown so cold.
Somehow, the roles are now reversed,
The mother's last, The daughter's first,

The beauty, too, has been exchanged.
It seems that nature rearranged.
The child, now grown, has beauty fair,
There is none other to compare,
While the mother has grown old and gray,
Her loveliness has passed away.
The mother looks up at her now grown child,
And tries to please her, with a smile.
But the daughter coldly turns away,
She's much too busy to stop today.
Let the old lady sit awhile,
She's not about to change her style.
She walks out, with no good-bye,
And the old mother starts to cry.
Oh, if she could only just erase,
The coldness from her daughter's face.
If she'd just come and hug her tight,
And kiss her withered face goodnight.
If those lost years she could recall,
She'd live them over, one and all.
She'd give the love, she now so longs to get,
And then be rid of this regret.
But she knows, this can't be so.
Years don't come back, once they go.

So she must live with being spurned,
The things she taught, were so well learned.
So I leave you, with this thought:
Please take heed, lest you get caught.
Live long enough and you will see,
As the twig is bent, so grows the tree.

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