

Amma

by Brian Michael Barbeito

God love him, she used to say. you never noticed it much at the time because it is just something like a habit. a benevolent habit. around through the years and decades she went like that. God love him, she used to say, if she saw someone resting peacefully, of if one was enjoying something like a meal or playful sojourn. God love him. she was like an Amma, or Amma herself, going around like that. never having children of her own, maybe the impulse came from some void. a human takes on the cultural clothing and nuance of a particular time and place, and this could be seen also. once a young boy tried to help his mother at a party by carrying around a tray of food and offering it to the guests. dont do that, Amma said, that is a job for a girl. and if someone was disingenuous you might say, oh I dont know about him. but she would say right off, oh that one is full of shit. then she might see something natural again, or someone trying something new and failing, and she would let out a- God love him! God love him might have meant in a funny way that the 'he' was fine on his own, under the real and true God-Source, whatever that is, and did not need to be interfered with.

