

Thump

by Deborah Jiang-Stein

A thump of truth. Her letter will never show up in your mailbox. Maybe she never wrote one. But you need it to prove she's your mother. The Home only accepts daughters of mothers who once lived there. Adult daughters, even though you hit 40, they still want proof.

Who the hell still needs a letter from her mother? A note from home

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Dear So-and-So,

Please accept this letter as...blah blah blah.

Signed - Ms. Whatever

The thump of proof from the tight rope of your past where you're not sure the woman who raised you is really your mother or an aunt or an older sister but you can't spend a lifetime putting together pieces you'll never find. All you need now is that letter.

And you don't have all day to wait for the mail. Life goes on whether the mail shows up or not.

Forgery, out of the question. It never pays to fabricate. The truth thwacks us upside the head no matter what, even if invented. It's easier to catch the first time around. It's whether you want a split head or not and then even a note from your mother won't help.

