

# Inheritance

*by* Renee Blair

I blame you for my short temper  
when I go off the handle  
when my blood runs cold  
and I can't think straight  
I can only react.  
When I say things I don't mean  
Even if I do.  
But I am glad  
for the fire you started inside of me.  
That time I stood in front of The White House  
with people I did not know  
for something we all believed in.  
The time I yelled at the woman who owned the dog  
who hurt my rabbit, as my grandfather whispered  
"Hush."  
A mother's love is like a bonfire,  
and I smile as I nurture the embers  
that have fallen into place  
inside of me.

