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.

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