

Untitled

By Annelise Denton

Paul and I walked in holding hands.
We could only be there for an hour or two.
Cynthia was about a month old,
And I had to get home to take care of her.
The reality of my Senior Ball
Was a far cry from my dreams.
I did not expect to be a wife and a mother
By the time it came around.

Eleven years and four children later,
We have a small house on Rubion Drive.
It was cramped,
Sam and Louis are driving me crazy
And Andrea will not stop crying.
Every month, every week,
Is a fight to keep our heads above water.

At one point we stopped just surviving
And started living.
I have held my breath for so long
But now I can finally breathe.
All five of my children are married now
with kids of their own.
I have done my job.