

A (migrant) mothers work ...

Thirusa Naidu

My mother, she is not my mother

My mother she is not my mother.
She is the mother of a stranger.
She gave birth to me but
She does not live at my home.
She is seen here only at certain times.
It is when she brings us money.
It is when someone is very sick,
Or when that someone has already died.

My mother she is not my mother.
She is the mother of a stranger.
She carried me on her back but
Now I speak to her only on the 'phone.
She is not known by teachers at school.
She comes at the time of school reports.
Her head is heavy with food and gifts.
She goes when it is time for uniforms.

My mother she is not my mother.
She is the mother of a stranger.
She fed me at her breast but
I have seen her at that stranger's house.
He does not resemble my mother.
Yet he is my mother's child.
He is the one she cares for
On all the important days of life.

Thirusha Naidu

My mother she is not my mother.
She is the mother of a stranger.
She dried my tears once but
Now she comforts the stranger
When his mother who is not his mother
Leaves his home
To bring him money? To talk to him on the 'phone?
Maybe she is the mother of another stranger ...

Maybe she could be mine

About the Poem

This poem brings to mind, through repetition, one of the less acknowledged consequences of women's migration for work. The intention of this work is to evoke emotive insight into this growing phenomenon which is not always easy to portray in traditional representations of research.

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