

## **RM Yager – Three Poems**

### **ode to stepmothers**

I am not her.....  
I know you wish she were still here  
instead of me, but here I am  
Vastly different  
from another time and generation  
having been raised under different circumstances  
I do not fit in your world or meet your expectations  
I am cut from a different cloth  
you do a decent job of tolerating me  
I love being your Father's partner,  
love being married to him  
he brought me back to life  
nourished and protected  
my wounded damaged soul  
he respected my need to be in the world of work  
to have a life outside of home  
I am also still a Mother, and still bleed and feel hurt  
left out and passed over, but its OK  
I am over it  
I have my own child  
and my own grand child  
thats how I make it through this  
I am me and I am proud of myself  
how far I have come in my life  
I have no need to prove myself to you  
or lie down and beg your acceptance  
we have all missed out  
so lets just continue to smile through  
our family get togethers  
as I am in for the long run

## **A Pedestal for a Grand Dame**

You were a dying breed you know,  
Your class and elegance  
Washed away in the soft rain  
I walked in your showers of goodness  
Fighting to drink you in  
Knowing I would never get my fill  
Your demeanors your gestures  
I wanted to sew them onto my body  
Your voice, I wanted to sear it into my brain  
Never to forget its rhythm,  
the perfect pauses, the inflections

your soothing words  
that rubbed upon me like balm  
when I was hurting, burning or sad  
the treasure of your laugh  
like a large beautiful seashell  
I hold you to my ears  
and only you could hear me  
the way I needed to be heard  
your hands,  
I want to cast them in gold  
never to forget  
how strong and warm they were  
how often they held me  
pointed me in the right direction  
wiped my tears  
Your eyes,  
that saw my world and felt my pain  
I so much wanted them  
to stay open forever  
So I could still see you.

## **At my Age**

the idea of  
“just go along with it, to get along”  
just doesn't cut it  
reminds me too much of Germany  
during the Holocaust

At my age

the idea of just “shutting up”  
holding my tongue  
just is not possible  
I have seen, survived too many things  
I just can’t fake it

At my age

I have lived too long  
to just sit by and watch  
poor judgment, mistakes  
while expecting no consequences

At my age

you will get more than an earful  
my fists will come up  
I will start to scream  
you most likely will tell me to go blow  
and could care less

I will at least have said my piece  
maybe just be another old person  
who refuses to compromise their principles  
who hates to see people ruin their lives  
I sleep well

At my age

**RM Yager** is a nurse who has been writing for 50 years, she gives a voice to the marginalized, tackles uncomfortable topics, but also loves whimsy.