

2009 - 2010

CBC Writing Competition

Junior Entry

Category: Poetry

Author: Christina Alvarez

**A daughter, A wife, A mother**

She screamed about things  
That seemed altogether insignificant  
In the grander scheme of life.  
About chores not being done  
And bills piling up too quickly  
With no money to pay them  
She sighed about her children  
Four girls who lost the art  
Of getting along for anything  
Wearing her out with 'I need's'  
'I want's' and 'I wish's'  
Where were her needs and wants?  
Where were they placed?  
She needed to get away from this house  
Of two crumbling stories that was a prison  
Picturesque and deceiving  
She wanted for her husband  
To trust her love enough  
For his accusations of infidelity  
To stop  
She wished his sharp tongue  
Wouldn't whip out innuendos  
Doubting her intelligence  
Doubting her worth  
She cried sometimes  
About a childhood  
She didn't get to have  
The opportunities she wasn't allowed  
She insists that she wants that now  
More than ever for her kids  
And still she's given nothing  
For what she's strived to do  
For the good intentions  
That seep from her pores  
For the love no one  
Wants to take.  
She receives no respect  
For a life she'd been determined

Not to waste  
Not to take for granted  
Nonetheless its taken for granted  
The work she's done  
And she's not treated right  
So she'll scream  
That she's always the idiot  
When she thinks no one's around  
To lend the time to listen

### **Hindered Freedom**

Falter in a discretion  
I never agreed to  
Shout what I'm not allowed  
Scream to make them certain  
That this hurts my empty core  
A carefully cluttered deception  
Of a rainbow heart hidden  
Under "hush down now's"  
Sweet little cover ups  
And lies still told condescending  
Good intentions when they warn me  
That every thought of mine is wrong  
Bigotry still growing overthrowing  
Overflowing in a home that should be open  
Everything I was sure I was feeling  
Seems bitterly shallow now  
My tongue is oppressed  
Every comment suppressed  
Leaves me looking haggard  
Feeling ignorant and stupid  
Every word a little staggered  
An insatiable hope dying out  
Caving in, crashing down  
I'm not supposed to say...  
Not supposed to look insulted  
Not supposed to look too interested...  
Not supposed to let on...  
Keep a tight grip on my pride  
My dignified kind of love  
Looked down upon denied  
Told it's just a phase  
A pretty phrase of the wrong type  
Of individualism, originality  
I will grow out of it

Will so clearly regret it  
Descend into a second guess  
For the silly things that broke  
From a foolish mouth  
It was just too rushed...  
But isn't it all?  
And isn't it freedom I should feel?  
When I've said my part  
Spilled to you the contents of a secret  
That I wanted to be proud of  
For being who I am  
For being as I am  
Not feeling forbidden to say this word  
In relation to myself