

# **Bonsai Child**

*Surbala V.L. Morgan*

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Mother mine,  
You will not mother me;  
You suck me dry,  
My mother-death  
And will not set me free;  
You clip my roots  
And will not let me feed  
But ever barren  
Bare of fruits,  
You suckle as I bleed.

I cannot grow  
From roots in arid ground  
And yet you will not let me go,  
I'm umbilical-bound  
And so I cling to you,  
Although beguiled,  
Depend on you for everything,  
I am your bonsai-child.

Perfected in your image,  
I survive,  
Nurture you  
And keep myself alive,  
Until I cut the cord that strangles me  
And disentangle my I-identity,  
Abort my mother,  
Quicken my own birth,  
Restoring life to both of us,  
Reclaiming Mother-Earth!