POETRY

My mother is a liar

by Neha Rayamajhi



"Ring Ring" by Kate Choi

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She tells me she doesn't miss me,
that eight thousand miles is not too far,
and eleven hours of difference is nothing.

She says her health is good,
that the doctors report my father is fine
and I should stop worrying.

She tells me the neighbors send regards,
that the nieces I have never met know my name
and I am, will always, still, remain… family.

Distance, she says, makes the heart grow fonder.
But mother, ‘distance also makes the senses slowly lose memories
and I don't want to become a fading memory’.

She tells me I am strong like her,
that resilience runs in our blood,
and she has stopped worrying.

Borders, she says, are meant to blur;
that next year, we will reunite
and I mumble

‘Next year’,
I say in a language that is not ours.
I, too, am a liar.

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