



I am to cry but not cause tsunamis,
Scream but not touch the note of tornadoes,
Bleed but not erupt volcanoes.
I am to break like cake but never make
earthquakes.
I am to be your keeper,
Even though you never kept me.

You were made to be my cloak of hope; now all I
see is a seventy-year-old shroud of smoke.

As if burning my face wasn't enough, you went to
bury your problems beneath me.
But know
that burying your problems doesn't make you
problem-less,
For you've created buried problems that buries
problems.

You've convinced yourself that love is blind,
Because you refuse to see me.

For all I've been was the love of a thousand
mothers to humanity.

And since the beginning of your time, I should've
known that I was hosting parasites.
But I guess hurt things only hurt things,
So you continue to pillage, pollute, and poison me.

Oh my dearest,
I am your mother; why kill me?

ARTIST

Elechi Todd
Unrequited Love
Acrylic on Watercolour Paper
22.5 x 31 inches
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WRITER

Ezikel Alleyne
*"I am your mother,
why kill me?"*



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