

ribbons

ribbons are for babies, they said,
just an accessory,
something small, and unnecessary,
the other kids would play outside,
ride bikes, hopscotch down the road,
i sat inside, watching my mother as she tamed her workload,
fingers bleeding, a disheveled look,
she finished the batch, a wash of relief,
i velcroed my shoes, getting ready to leave,
i never knew why my mother sold bows,
but as i continue to grow older, i begin to understand,
she did everything times six, even if she had to bleed from her hands.