



My Mother Being Selfish

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I stand beside my mother, but she hardly notices me. I stare at her, but she does not seem to care. I walk with her, thinking she'll hold my hand like always, but she did not do so today. She is angry with me. Maybe she is upset. But why was all of this happening? Just because we had a fight?

Through a half open door, I could see my mother making my favourite apple pie. My cold lips could relive the stimulation of the ingredients infused in it. Unable to withdraw my habit of anticipation, I jumped over the furniture on to my bed awaiting the delicacy. But alas, the pie along with mother never arrived. I felt angry. How could she do this to me? And so, I stayed in my room, angry while she was cleaning the house with the ticking of the clock, she came to my room and I thought she would tidy the place or talk to me, but she kept looking around the room, it was all messed up, but she didn't clean it because she was being selfish. Yes, my mother is being selfish, she's only thinking about herself. I never thought I'll have to leave the house, but some things are inevitable and are a part of life. But she needs to know so. Till the time she does not forgive me, I won't be able to leave and move on to a new life. She thinks I'm leaving because of her but I don't know how else can I make her think otherwise. It's just life being life, where at times there is no choice but just one timid yet necessary step to take. Her presence warmed my room, but the warmth passed right through me as if I was never there. In her eyes, I could see her craving to sit beside me. Her

sudden removal from the once lively room to her own bedroom, added to my desire for the warmth which I could sense but could not feel, the air was filled with remorse, grief and nostalgia, I followed her to the room in which she once used to lay content after she had ensured that I was comfortably asleep. I went on to see the strong lady, I knew to be my mom, crouching as she hung her legs by the bed with her untied hair, my picture in her hand and her grey hair shielding it even from light. Her eyes were moist. My presence next to her with my failed attempts to wipe off her tears all seemed in vain. She cried incessantly

All this began when my mother and I had a fight, banging the door, I took my scooter and drove it at a break-neck, rage in my heart, speed, and that is when the accident took place, and I breathed my last. My last thoughts were of my lovely mother. It has been a week since my death, and my mother is being selfish, thinking about herself and not cleaning my clothes, dishes or my bedroom, only to make me stay forever.

She has been talking to me every day since, but isn't able to hear my replies. I wish I could talk to her and tell her it wasn't her fault. And now that I'm gone, she needs to move on and live her life, but she isn't ready to let go of me. Her eyes are focused on the doorstep, at the corner of my bedroom, around the house, are making it all the more difficult for me to go on this eternal journey. I love my mother, but she needs to stop being selfish and let me and her guilt fly away; Because Mother, it wasn't your fault. It was never your fault