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WRITING

My Mother, the Woman Who Held up the World

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TYPE

MEMOIR
POETRY

GENRE

GRADE 12

I did not grow up with riches, but I grew up rich in love. Not the kind you find in fairy tales, but the kind built from sweat, from aching feet, from hands that never stopped working even when the world told her to rest.

Mi madre no tenía capa, pero tenía un delantal manchado de esperanza. No tenía poderes mágicos, pero tenía la fuerza de mil tormentas.

She woke before the sun, not to chase dreams, but to make sure mine were possible. She packed lunches with borrowed time, folded clothes with tired fingers, and whispered prayers into the silence so I could sleep without fear.

Mientras yo aprendía a escribir mi nombre, ella aprendió a sobrevivir en un idioma que no era suyo. Mientras yo soñaba con ser astronauta, ella soñaba con pagar la renta sin llorar.

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She didn’t ask for recognition. She didn’t ask for rest. She asked for one thing only: that I never feel the hunger she once knew.

Mi madre fue mi primer hogar, mi primer maestra, mi primer ejemplo de lo que significa amar sin condiciones.

She carried me through storms without letting me see the rain. She built bridges over broken systems so I could walk freely.

Y cuando el mundo la ignoraba, yo la miraba. Yo la veía. Yo la honraba.

Because her story is not one of weakness, but of quiet power. Of dignity in the face of exhaustion. Of love that never needed to be loud to be eternal.

Ahora que soy adulta, veo las huellas que dejó en mi camino. No eran de oro, eran de sacrificio. Y eso vale más.

She is my superhero. Not because she saved the world, but because she saved mine.

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