MetWest High School Oakland Unified School District Megan Torio, age 18 Youth Speaks Residency Program September 2014 - May 2015

# **Dear Momma**

By: Megan Torio

Irene Manansala Torio aking Inay, my mother like many others is beautiful from head to toe from her inner layers to her cuticles

ma, your cuticles
i see you work on them everyday
---your nails.
you concentrate to make them look *perfect*only to come to me after and say
anak, my hand is getting old
a compliment about her looking 18 fills her smile
and my mind begins to think
damn, she's 48 now
and her body works just like a machine
it keeps operating through jams that become neglected until
someone's need needs to be perfected, and so
they fix her
they fix her language because they can't understand
tagalog programmed into her hardware





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they fix her arrows so instead of pointing up
they point down
make her work harder, till she runs out of battery
they recharge her, while impatiently waiting
for their machine to work again, but the people
who work her to the bone, they don't understand
how used to being worked she is

back in the islands
she started her first job at home
taking care of her family, taking care of chores
cooking, picking fruit, sweeping
washing 3 bathroom floors
she worked in a house filled with 12
poverty level at the lowest in her neighborhoods
she never thought she would make it to america
and looking at her now
she's just a poker player
waiting to fold
to me it seems it was her life that she sold
especially when she finally came to america

September 19, 1995
it was the first time, that she saw the skies light up then turn to gray a few years later 9/11 came our way
I remember her telling me to cherish life because the same disaster can happen to us





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anywhere at anytime
i hadn't listened to rest of her lecture
sometimes i don't listen at all
and I know her and I have had our days
but for her, another day to live
is the reason why i pray.

Ma, I love you no need to feel insecure its your perseverance that's beautiful, plus so much and many more no need to get up early just to do your make up you're only getting 5 hours of a sleep a day you've had enough enough of our yelling and harsh comments about your repetition you deserve the skies and up and all the recognition from the food you provide and been cooking for us seventeen years of your life inay, let me tell you one more time you're beautiful **b**eating the stop lights every time you're rushing to work and the patience you provide





usually when I fuss at something you don't wanna buy

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to the numerous times I've held your hand as you cried i kept to myself that my heart broke every time feeling your pain as every tear fell under your chin to the floors you have cleaned left footprints all over them to your demean I know I've walked away from you but my heart and thoughts have always stayed with the difficulties we've faced and pulled through mother, I look up to you feeding a family of 3 sometimes only 2 paying every single bill with jobs that you wish you could undo you gave me life. reminded me that i have a future to pursue I apologize, for this poem is overdue but no more words ma only on going actions will begin to show you my gratitude



