

# THAT WOMAN, MY MOTHER

by

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Almost every day I look for you. There are traces, the nose so prominent, the eyebrows perfectly arched, the sensual lips, the high cheek bones.

There are traces of you but sometimes I have to look hard. Yet, others you appear in all your glory and I wonder if it's a memory superimposed in the mirror, my own idea of what you used to be that I see today.

And I marvel at the road you traveled, the distance, the enormous distance in rewards, in sacrifices, in goals accomplished. Marvel at the way you carried that load. Marvel at how light you were on your feet, how you turned, pivoted. The sensuality in those hip's movement, that rhythm. I marvel at the inner music that made them sway like that. Marvel at the inner strength that kept your eyes mischievous, your head high, your steps light and enjoying the compliments you received: HELLO, where you from? 'Cause you have that .....like Spanish.....?

When I look for you in the mirror. Superimposed, I find to my joy, that woman, my mother one and the same still.