

Kenosha, Wisconsin is One Reason I Don't Want to be a Mother 1

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I know my mother would kill and be killed for me.
I don't want to have to feel the same,
But society says that's what a mother does.
So what kind of mother would I be if I didn't?
If I couldn't?

I have to believe
Kyle Rittenhouse's mother wished for the same--
To be childless,
To live alone, in a bachelorette pad,
Drinking a whiskey neat, smoking a Virginia Slim.

Maybe she wished that right after Kyle called her that fateful night.

The truth is,
Wendy Rittenhouse raised Kyle to be the seventeen year old murderer he is,

Is she proud?
Is there a sticker she can add to her mini van for his accomplishments?

I hope not, but fear there is.

What is there left to believe when the comments either say,
"Kyle was acting in self defense" or
"I hope he gets the death penalty in prison"

And you know neither of those are your truth

Antonio Enrolls in his First Day of High School

Receives his schedule only to find he is in full special education classes
Boy so smart he was the only fourth grader to score advanced on the state test in my class
Mama signs the paperwork each year
Not because he's got a learning disability
But because he didn't always know how to control his anger
Second grade baby would throw his chair at his teacher,
Would punch anyone in the face if they looked at him wrong
Would twist his insides up so small
Until they unfurled and made him scream
Fifteen year old boy now
Can't get out of the system,
Short bus picks him up because his mom doesn't have a license,
But he refuses to get on
Now he's truant
Doesn't know how to write the next chapter
Knows what happened next for his daddy
Wants a different ending for his own story
Plays football now
Practices every night until dark, only freshmen
On the Friday night field
Antonio's been peeling back his reputation for the nine years I've known him
Everytime his nails sink under to start to move it back,
Something slaps it on a little harder,
glues it down a little stronger
Says 'not yet, this test ain't over'
So he does what we all do
Falls asleep and wakes up again