

# THE ALZHEIMER'S CAREGIVER™

## Two Mothers

*by Anonymous*

I had two mothers...  
Two mothers I claim.  
Two different people ..  
Yet with the same name.

Two separate women ...  
Diverse by design.  
But I loved them both  
Because they were both mine.

The first was the mother  
who carried me here  
Gave birth and nurtured and  
launched my career.

She was the one whose features I bear.  
Complete with the facial expression I wear.

She gave me some music which follows me yet.  
Along with examples in the life that she set.

Then as I got older she some younger grew.  
And we'd laugh as just mothers and daughter do.

As quickly she changed and turned to the other.  
A stranger who dressed in the clothes of my mother.

Oh she looked the same at least at arm's length  
But she was the child now and I was her strength.

We'd come full circle we women three.  
My mother the first, the second and me.

And if my own children should come to a day  
When a new mother comes and the old goes away  
I'd ask of them nothing that I didn't do  
Love both of your mothers as both have loved you.

