

# Loud Mom

Far

pretty, young single mother  
Buddy and Bean  
loving, yes...the Brady Bunch, not quite  
we would fight  
well, they would  
I would keep it inside  
some of the time  
peacemaker  
proud  
pleading  
"don't get too loud, mom  
just sing quietly to me..."

even when she was screaming  
I'd know when we got home  
like a deaf man laughs, like a blind man smiles  
she would sing to me  
and show me her heart  
beautiful and strong, she's my Mom

angering, desperate stranger  
proud young man  
which of the two depended on whose eyes  
I was right, I was so sure  
I was so doing just fine  
"then why lie?"  
no answer  
she kept asking  
"don't ask so loud, mom  
just sing quietly to me"

even when I was greedy  
bleeding myself, holding hurt  
like a deaf man laughs, like a blind man smiles  
she would sing to me  
showed me my heart  
beautiful and strong, she's my Mom  
and she's loud

Iaman, a boy with brass hair and stone eyes  
arms small but strong  
from holding back  
holding up  
holding on too long  
alone in my room  
my nightlight shines on my idea  
my thoughts cover up my ears

but sometimes a memory just gets too loud  
sometimes I wish I had a Dad around  
I wish that he were here to see my tears, but...  
sometimes the greatest ideas come from fears  
and she's here  
and the way that she sees me  
better than my eyes sometimes  
like a deaf man laughs, like a blind man smiles  
she still sings to me

shows me her heart  
beautiful and strong, she's my Mom