



7-15-1995

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Doris Andrews

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Recommended Citation

Andrews, Doris (1995) "That Black Sunday," *Westview*: Vol. 14 : Iss. 4 , Article 15.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol14/iss4/15>

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That Black Sunday

by Doris Andrews

I remember, oh how I remember,
That black day when you were three and I was even younger.
The lightning stretched across the black sky
As your blonde ringlets on top of your head
tossed to and fro on my lap.
The sermon was long and dull
As Brother Harries preached us into hell.

You began crying, then screaming,
And I-I-worried about what others thought-
Snatched you up and carried you outside,
Where I turned into a mother whose heart was black as hell.
I beat you
I beat you until the thunder stopped me in my tracks.

I wish I had been grown up when you were three.
Today on your 37th birthday you called and said,
"thanks" for being such a good mother, Mom.