
And now I want to drink whiskey on the rocks like my mother

*My mom wasn't woman enough for me.
Her sister's kitchen gleamed brighter,
the dresser drawers boasted a system.
My mom didn't drink sherry or 7-up
at cocktail parties like my friends' mothers.
She didn't even bother with **karva-chauth**.
And when she sat in her Sunday trousers
and let her legs uncross to relax in that V,
it disgusted me.
One time I asked, "How come you
don't fast for daddy?"
She said, "I'll fast for your dad
when he fasts for me."*

Rohena Gera