

bad mother (*Heroes*, season 3, episode 3, *One of us, one of them*)

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He is your son, your second,
the bastard, begotten by a wolf.
You gave him away
and didn't spare a thought for him
in the next thirty years.
When his father killed the woman
whom your child called mother,
then sold him out
for thirty pieces of silver,
you were somewhere else,
caring for your first, tall son
whose eyesight was perfect,
and your youngest one
who was so sweet.

The bastard grew in darkness, and in the end
he was revealed in light.
You had him hunted down,
caged, tied down.
You broke him with the revelation
of what he didn't need to know.
And then you took him out,
you made him wear a suit,
your will of steel choking him like a wire
under the collar of a clean pressed shirt,
while you sent him out on your behalf
as bounty hunter.

*You do not greet him back.
You stare at him with your old eyes,
your thin pressed lips
blood-red with too much lipstick.
You press a singlet and a pair of gym slacks in his hands
(oh but so carefully folded)
and point him to his cell.
He doesn't even ask,
Why?*

On your orders he saved the life
of the enemy who had overseen his torture
and still plotted to kill him.
Later, he also saved your life,
and later still, you denied being his mother.
But only the cub by a wolf out of the tiger
that you are could bear the mix
of such fierce blood as is running in his veins.

*And so I ask you,
can you actually sleep at night?*

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