

Mother Dear,
My First Love

At the start of my life, my father was out of the house alot since he had the burden of the economic support of his family to attend too. This left me with my mother as my first love. It was this woman, my mother, who supplied me with all of my basic needs in supporting my life. She fulfilled me with the food, warmth, tenderness, glamour, sensuality, and sex during diaper changes continously, every day of my newborn life.

So naturely I love my mother. And it is this, very first love, unrestricted,

understanding, and serene, that I am searching to acquire once again, for that inner peacefulness that every animal is looking for.

As time went by and I got older she became the first great inhibitor in my life. She imposes rules on me. She made me eat everything on my plate, including the stuff I positively disliked. She teaches me civilization and its discontents. She had the thankless task of potty training so strictly that I maintain sphincter control even while sleeping. It was her who first removed my playful little hand from the genitals. And keeps me away from nature's most pleasant pillow, the breast in touch and sight. And slaps my hand when she finds

me sucking its thumb.

A necessary job, done with all the love love in the world, but nevertheless one which projects her into the subconscious as a frightenly scary, divided figure.

She has helped me with so much during all of my life and seen me in the nude many, many times. She has helped me get dressed and undressed, and never with a second through about sereration of the sexes. But when she is changing her cloths I am chased out of the room, and not allowed to see my mother really look like, just as she has seen me. When she needs help with a zipper, she would call for my dad, even though I was closer and willing to help her just as she has helped me over the

the years.

At the age of 5 there isn't much a person can do to help around the house, but I wanted to help my mother with anything I could to show her that I love her. And to help her with some of the same things that she has helped me with was the eazyest for me to do. But the competition for mother's love and affection is too big, and he was here first. So I lost sight of having mother all to myself, but still try to win her love.

I know that mother likes the good boy in me. But the other side of me, is that she doesn't want to see. It is bad, willfull, dirty, sexual, this aspect of me I must keep hidden! But it is strong, constantly threatening to

overwhelm me.