

Flamigo Poem-1

My Mother at Sixty Six

The poem “My Mother at Sixty Six” beautifully shows an ever unfailing relationship between a daughter and her mother. Nostalgia smeared in separation appears to be the default setting of the poem.

The poet is driving from her parents’ home to Cochin by car, her mother by her side—sleeping –open mouthed very pale, colorless and frail-like a dead body indicating that her end was near. The poet looks at her and feels intense pain and agony to realize that soon death will cast her mother from her. She tries to divert her mind, looks outside at the young trees and happy children bursting out of their homes in a playful mood (a contrasting image) and then looks towards her mother who is sleeping weak like a dead body.

After the security check at the airport, she looks again at her mother’s face—pale and cold and smiles to hide her guilt and anxiety and with a hope to see her again.

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