

# The Mothers' Antlers

*Joann Fariás*

The mothers have antlers of their own, the eldest  
Mother shall lead the rest, show them  
How to do with food first of all, house is next,  
And training young the last. The Mothers train  
The baby girls to be like Mother if you want  
To eat. The training lasts forever.  
Always we fear to show Mother our food.  
It better be good. Her pie crust is her crown.  
And even when it's good, we all concede,  
the best even, for a girl today,  
It's not like Mother's Mother's pie crust,  
Who made us all and was a queen.  
Her mythic pie crust trumps a living Mother's everything.  
That's how it is. You are taught to obey.