

## MAMA

I don't do these social media posts. Especially about being a mom. Because I don't usually have nice things to say about it. I'm not saying it's all terrible, but like 85% terrible. Then, I'm watching all these moms do things like cut sandwiches into hearts, and I just don't get it. They make it seem easy. Perfect. Even, delightful. I don't understand. Do you? I can't keep up. Can you? So to the rest of those mothers who know what I'm talking about. What am I supposed to do?

And to those who aren't a mother, but you HAVE a mother. Do you have ANY idea what it's like to be YOUR Mother? Consider, you don't. So this is my impromptu, and-you-didn't-know-you-were-invited, social media TED TALK. You're welcome.

I love being a mother like I love a good campfire. It keeps you warm on a cold night and is the perfect climate for turning anything to ash. Your brain cells. A marriage. Your life. Your career. You remember the one - you dreamed it up with your career counselor 12 years ago and created a whole path, a solid plan. You were going to be 30-something with published books, book tours, and a calendar of interviews set up to talk about your latest novel. The career is now indefinitely on hold. I hold other people's books now and shelve them 3 days a week. My career now is a quiet place where people are forbidden from talking above a certain decibel.

I will repeat. I love my son. More than anyone, anything - on this planet. But this isn't one of those blogs or om shanti meditations or top 10 tips for how to get your life together as a Mother. This isn't a pep talk. Parenthood is kind of a flesh-eating, internal organ failure kind of deal. Whether or not you have a spouse or partner to raise the flesh-eater with - you will go from the miracle of birth and life - to being alone with a two-year-old who can barely speak and expects you to understand and comply...and will torment the respectable person you thought you were.