

# Letting Go

**Diana Ferrus**

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My mom didn't allow me to hold anything close. Not her or my dad. She bathed me in discomfort. Dried me in shame. Let me feel the uttermost of temperatures. I had to find footholds. Learn that branches break. I slipped, fell in mud. Stood up without help. Today I held her memory close without fear to let her go. My mom taught me what freedom is.