



A visual representation of "Mother and Child" by Jennifer Wong

Mother and Child Jennifer Wong

You showed me how to tell
a fresh egg by its shell,
holding it up against the lamp.

You'd look up at the sky, predict
from the stillness of the air
when the rain would arrive.

The language of your dishes:
ginger and tangerine peel julienned
to the finest; fish steamed to perfection.

On long summer nights
you'd lull me to sleep
in the breeze of your palm leaf fan.

Even caning, when it happened,
was a way of loving despite the hurt.
It has made me a braver girl.

And that first time I stood on the swing,
facing the wind, flying forward,
seeing the world with your help,

leaving but not leaving you.

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When I first read this poem, I thought of my mother, who is just like the 'mother' in the poem: wise, experienced, caring, and strict. Besides drawing the features of the speaker's mother, I have also added some features of mine. In the poem, the woman with panda eyes and wearing glasses is my mother, and the baby sleeping peacefully is me. As our mothers take care of us tirelessly, they now look even older and more tired. I want to emphasise that all mothers love their children. No matter whether we are babies, kids, or teenagers, our mothers are still there for us.

Positive value(s) and attitude(s):

Hope, respect and love

Positive message(s):

Treasure our mother's love.