From Mother translated by Inger Casey and Lee Bassett

Sonja Akesson
FROM MOTHER

—Today I’m feeling a little better
my legs are a little bit better
your father’s throat is also better
but of course he can hardly speak
and last night I threw up again
in the bed and I wet the bed
and your father who can’t hear a word
and doesn’t understand a thing I ask for
yes it’s difficult when one can’t see
worse now when the spring sun is stinging
my hands which grope and grope
but one must be glad and thank God
there are others who have it worse.

Though it’s rare that anybody drops in
yes Signe was down and whined
yesterday yes Siwert was drunk as usual
if only she didn’t get so hysterical
as soon as he takes a nip
but she yells and screams and goes on
and suddenly he gets mad
she had a bandage, you know
as big as this on the back of her neck
he had beaten her she said to the floor
but we fortunately don’t hear anything
and as I said to Signe be glad
there are wars and worse misery.

One can think—yes think about Aunt Ida
as she saved her social security and pinched and scraped
and didn’t allow herself to eat
now they will take all of it in the nursing home
where she sits with her horrible hooks
of hands and hooks of feet
but of course she has it quite well where she is
there are many who have it worse.
Though of course one wonders and asks sometimes why some people have to live like that year after year after year while others like your brother for instance he who was so handsome and happy it's lucky that Elsi didn't die too when she threw herself on the coffin and screamed and screamed when they screwed on the lid o how he played and sang newly married and Elsi with the little boy.

But best what happens best also for our little Baby best that she got peace poor little thing and to get this old and hardly be able to keep going no just barely that is not much of a life but one must still be grateful there are many who lie lame yes everything is for the best little Sonja we shall not complain no, one should be glad and thank God there are many who have it much worse.

_Translated by Inger Casey and Lee Bassett_