

## **My mother**

*by Usmi, Year 10*

my mother was a maddening maiden, with magical machinations so masterful they mistook her magic for machiavellian methods. she moved around the metropolis with her marvellous medallion of metamorphic metal she merited in a murderous marathon, which monthly, momentarily, or maybe once in a millennium, would make her smile. minded over by a methodist matriarch, my miniature mother mused her mind on her misjudged path, mumbling hopes to someday meet momentous monuments and museums and meadows and myrtle bushes and morbid massive mausoleums; those she must visit. her melancholic wishing and mumbling was moot, for my mother's mother was a meticulous maestro at making a majestic yet malignant cage for my mother. her mercy was miserly and misplaced, she miffed and maddened, marring my mother's mystical myriad of manifestations. the matriarch was mean and mighty and monstrous, as my mother misconstrues, and murmurs from moment to moment like a mantra. for my mother's mother, my mother's marriage was an unmistakable, major, monumental and masterful task. for my mother, it was a malevolent muzzle, the martyr of her magical machinations and mystical myriad of manifestations. my mother was meek in her melancholia, and for preservation moved the musing of marriage miles from her mind. the mundane muttering of muslin veils and magenta murals and monogamous monotony moved nearer and my mother became a mournful, morose mess. the moronic magnate she would marry was blind to my mother's misery, and merrily masked his misshapen form with a majestic masquerade of colour, like a mechanical marquis. my mother saw a merciless masochist, a mayday message and chose to make her mark. she maimed the miniature and modest marionette inside her, marking the magenta mural each day until the matrimonial moment arrived. a mass of moneyed members and miserly ministers made their way to the mirth and merriment of the promised marriage and mingled and mooned about the room. but soon, a missile sounded of a message misconstrued, a miracle mustered by maddening and magical machinations, as murky muted murmurs morphed through the morose and moody guests, ensuing in melee. because my mother had made her mark. as if by magician's making, my mother was a missing maiden, leaving behind a mere muslin veil and a medallion of metamorphic metal.