

# Faults

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [January 25, 2012](#) issue

Then my mother became my child.  
I'd felt so light on the teeter-totter  
that I was surprised by such power,  
holding someone so important  
in the sky with nothing but my weight  
on the other side. It was kind of thrilling,  
kind of strange. And I noticed the earth  
is jagged with faults and fractures.  
Grass staggers in uneven dirt and  
the shoreline zigs and zags. You  
can never glue the two uneven pieces  
of a broken teacup perfectly together.

When she died, I worried about her  
as if I'd driven her to her first day  
of school and left her there alone.  
For weeks I wondered, did she find  
her classroom? Is she making friends  
in heaven? I'm trying to glue pieces  
of the cup together. *Heaven* is roughly  
what I mean. If God ever used that word,  
he spoke in Hebrew. Nothing, it turns out,  
has a simple surface. Maybe it's the  
missing and the faults we have to love.