

Date: Sat, 9 May 2009 09:36:27 -0700

Subject: Poem to MOM

From: millawithlove@gmail.com

Poem to MOM

My son came home from school one day,
With a smirk upon his face.
He decided he was smart enough,
To put me in my place.

'Guess what I learned in Civics Two,
that's taught by Mr. Wright?
It's all about the laws today,
The 'Children's Bill of Rights.'

It says I need not clean my room,
Don't have to cut my hair
No one can tell me what to think,
Or speak, or what to wear.

I have freedom from religion,
And regardless what you say,
I don't have to bow my head,
And I sure don't have to pray.

I can wear earrings if I want,
And pierce my tongue & nose.
I can read & watch just what I like,
Get tattoos from head to toe.

And if you ever spank me,
I'll charge you with a crime.
I'll back up all my charges,
With the marks on my behind.

Don't you ever touch me,
My body's only for my use,
Not for your hugs and kisses,
that's just more child abuse.

Don't preach about your morals,
Like your Mama did to you.
That's nothing more than mind control,
And it's illegal too!

Mom, I have these children's rights,
So you can't influence me,
Or I'll call Children's Services Division,
Better known as C.S.D.'

Mom's Reply and Thoughts

Of course my first instinct was
To toss him out the door.
But the chance to teach him a lesson
Made me think a little more.

I mulled it over carefully,
I couldn't let this go.
A smile crept upon my face,
he's messing with a pro.

Next day I took him shopping
At the local Goodwill Store..
I told him, 'Pick out all you want,
there's shirts & pants galore.

I've called and checked with C.S.D ..
Who said they didn't care
If I bought you K-Mart shoes
Instead of those Nike Airs.

I've canceled that appointment
To take your driver's test.
The C.S.D. Is unconcerned
So I'll decide what's best. '

I said 'No time to stop and eat,
Or pick up stuff to munch.
And tomorrow you can start to learn
To make your own sack lunch.

Just save the raging appetite,
And wait till dinner time.
We're having liver and onions,
A favorite dish of mine.'

He asked 'Can I please rent a movie,
To watch on my VCR?'
'Sorry, but I sold your TV,
For new tires on my car.
I also rented out your room,
You'll take the couch instead.

The C.S.D. Requires
Just a roof over your head.

Your clothing won't be trendy now,
I'll choose what we eat.
That allowance that you used to get,
Will buy me something neat.

I'm selling off your jet ski,
Dirt-bike & roller blades.
Check out the 'Parents Bill of Rights',
It's in effect today!

Hey hot shot, are you crying,
Why are you on your knees?
Are you asking God to help you out,
Instead of C.S.D..?'

Send to all people that have teenagers, have already raised teenagers, have children who will soon be teenagers or those who will be parents someday OR ANYONE WHO'D JUST GET A LAUGH

MOM (Mean Old Mother)

On Sat, May 9, 2009 at 2:23 PM, Tin wrote:

Dear Mama,

As much as this is funny, I do take this matter seriously. I don't want to be labeled as "over-analyzing" but there are real issues at stake in this poem. The greatest of them is respect toward authority. I understand that it is essential for any democracy to respect authority to an extent in order for there to be stability and order. However, the response this mother gave to the child encourages blind, rather than earned, respect for authority.

I believe parents are the initial teachers of authority in a person's life. I also believe that freedom of thought, expression, and a certain degree of independence are the most important things for any democracy. Each person must from an early age learn to think for himself, and not blindly obey authority, and that is just what this mother is doing.

For example, I am completely for the Children's Bill of Rights mentioned in this poem (although I've never seen it before - only based on what I've read here). I am opposed to the religious indoctrination of children - as religion itself is the ultimate anti-democracy, since it encourages the opposite of skepticism - blind, unchangeable dogma known as scripture as opposed to testable, changeable, science and reason. The child is right about how a parent shouldn't always tell a child what to wear (at least not absolutely - again, balance is important - a certain degree of freedom). Also, obviously, I am opposed to physical child abuse. The kind of thinking that supports child abuse belongs back in Bosnia - where they are still living technologically as well as democratically in the past.

So why do I make such a big deal out of this? All of these examples - religion, appearance, and physical abuse - these influences cause children from an early age to learn not to question authority, which is the basis of democracy. The difference between a dictatorship, like Saddam Hussein administration, and a democracy, as in our own country, is that in a dictatorship, people are uneducated and follow authority blindly, while in a democracy, everyone has freedom of thought, speech, and expression in order to challenge authority figures. And so the mother in this poem is raising her child in a way that causes regressive thinking - dictatorship rather than democracy.

Also, the way this mother addressed the problem was terrible. Yeah, she got a laugh out of it. Your child comes to you angry and upset, and instead of being a good, patient, caring mother, you basically slap him in the face and say: "Don't you question me! You're going to do what I say and if you don't, I'm going to make your life a living hell!" Now tell me, does that sound dictatorial or democratic? I believe the appropriate response should've been kind and understanding like this: "I understand that you're going through a frustrating time in your life. I understand that you want freedom to be yourself, and to not be a mindless pawn under the control of parent. It is important for you to have these rights and I respect them."

The mother in this poem is awful. I'm reminded that adoptive parents must actually pass certain tests in order to qualify for "good parents". They must demonstrate to the state that they are responsible and enlightened enough to raise healthy citizens. However, the only qualification for non-adoptive parents is that you have the ability to get laid. I can't wait for the day when all parents will have to prove that they are responsible before they can have kids.

I wonder what you think of all I said, Mama. You might think I'm being a bit extreme, or taking this too seriously, or actually you might completely agree with me. But I have to say that these are beliefs I've acquired after a long time of reading and learning throughout my life. It seems that every single thinker, every single good comedian, every single successful professional, and every great politician - all of them are liberal in the sense that they advocate free speech and expression to the death (Voltaire famously said to someone once: "I do not agree with what you have to say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it."). And those who are flat out evil, like Hitler, Stalin, and now Kim Jong Il, are absolutely opposed to this liberal ideology.

I don't like to say I'm a democrat, because that attaches me to a political party, and I don't agree with political parties. I consider myself an independent, although I am a strong advocate for liberalism.

This is all so important to me because I see everything in terms of this point - I see the entirety of human history as the progression from lack of thought and suffering by totalitarian control, to modern critical thinking and power over not by a government. From government by and for a few corrupt individuals, to a government by and for an educated majority.

I think freedom of thought, expression, and speech are the absolute most valuable principles in the entire world, in all of history. That is why I love Orwell's 1984, and that is why the mother in this poem disgusts me.

What do you think, Mama?

Love,

Tin

From: Milla Cetic <millawithlove@gmail.com>

Date: Sun, May 10, 2009 at 1:15 PM

Ljubavi,

Ovo je trebalo biti shvaceno kao sala.

Razmisli, to dijete je imalo sasvim normalan zivot, koji mu je njegova majka omogucila.

To mozes zakljuciti po tome sta bi mu ona mogla oduzeti.

Dijete je doslo jednoga dana, iz cista mira, i reklo majci koja ga voli i hrani - od danas...

Mama je samo reagovala istom mjerom.

U svemu ostalom se slazem s tobom, ali... U diktaturi uvijek ima ljudi koji misle svojom glavom i koji su napredniji i od onih koji zive u drzavama sa slobodom govora.

Ne mislim da su Ameri, koji zive u ovoj sjajnoj drzavi, i prave tea party nesto intelektualno napredniji od nekih Koreanaca.

Ja nikad, ama bas nikad, nisam zeljela generalizovati stvari, ljude i pojave.

Meni je drago da se ti boris za svoje stavove, drago mi je da razmisljas o stvarima i dogadajima.

Sve u svemu, ja sam vrlo ponosna na tebe.

Pogotovo danas.

Volim Te do Neba!