Here it is—my twenty minute special. One of these days I'll concentrate and take my time; and win a Pulitzer prize.

The sudden growth of an empathy, perhaps brought on by the gaining of years. The birth of a newborn sympathy, for a mother's sorrows and fears.

Raising a son who was always attacking, what you felt was needed regulation. Now I see it was I who was lacking, ignoring the most sincere supplication.

Days gone by shall never return, despite the most reverent of prayers. It is not all in vain—I shall certainly learn, from my previous conflicts and errors.

Learning from the past is of prime consideration. Your many influences shall linger and last, to be passed on through me to the next generation.

There's been happiness too, thoughts and deeds worth preserving. Accomplishing things you wanted me to, for a mother who was so deserving.

There are many wonderful things yet to be done, the thought of the future dominates any other. I promise to be a better son, if you'll stay just the same as my mother.