

My essay to Art, Essay and Poetry Invitational 2026

My Mother, Me, and Love

Written by:

Samaa Al- Ameer

From Baghdad, Iraq

Let us imagine it is the end of the world and the planet has vanished, yet we still have planets to live on: our mothers' hearts.

My mother and I are one heart and one soul. When one of us falls ill, feels pain, or rejoices, the other becomes ill, feels pain, and rejoices as well, all because of love.

Love makes a person feel what the one they love feels and think as they think. As long as I love my mother and she loves me, that means I am her, and she is me.

My mother taught me that luck does not make us; rather, we make our own luck through diligence, work, perseverance, and love.

I asked my mother why she covers my feet when I cannot feel them, since my legs are paralyzed. She explained gently that it is because she feels them.

I told my mother that my value to her is like heritage; the more time passes over me, the more my value grows in her heart.

One day, I told my mother that in cartoons goodness and love triumph over evil and hatred, but in reality it may seem that evil and hatred triumph over goodness and love. Yet experience can show the opposite, and through optimism and true love, goodness can triumph over evil, because whoever expects good will find it.

Another day, I said I wanted to help my mother, and she told me she did not want me to help her, but to make her happy. I understood that she wanted me to read and educate myself, so I read, and through books I discovered the beauty of culture. Reading is a beautiful life full of love.

Then I told my mother I wanted Dettol*... wondering if there was a Dettol for life. She said my heart was clean and pure, needing no disinfectant. When I told her my heart had wounds, she said my heart is the Dettol of love for life, and I felt that the Dettol of love in my heart could disinfect life and make it pure.

*Dettol: a disinfectant; here it symbolizes love that cleanses and purifies life.

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