



LETTER TO MOTHERS  
ON MOTHER'S DAY



Ana Barreto

Dear Mother,

You are not just one woman.

You are a constellation—

a gathering of stars that gave light before anyone knew to call it love.

You are the breath before the first cry,

The steady rhythm beneath chaos,

The lullaby that lives in our bones.

You are our first home.

Before we opened our eyes to the world,

We were held inside yours.

Wrapped in your heartbeat,

bathed in your breath.

And whether you carried us in your body or your heart—

whether you are a mother by blood, by choice, by spirit—

This letter is for you.

To the stepmothers, the foster mothers, the grandmothers,

the aunties, the mentors, the women who mother without a title—

We see you.

You, too, are woven into the tapestry of love that raised us.

The world calls you “Mother,”

But I know you by your silences,

By the way you carry joy and grief

In the same arms—

never once letting either fall to the ground.

Your love shapes lives.  
Not just through the grand gestures,  
But in the small, everyday moments—  
The bedtime stories, the whispered prayers, the mac and  
cheese, or the homework on the kitchen table,  
But my favorite is the popcorn with extra butter, which lingers  
in the air, with silent sacrifices. And no one ever thanks you for.  
You are the one who stayed.  
Stayed when it was hard,  
When it was thankless,  
When no one noticed the ways you were breaking and  
blooming at the same time.  
What a soldier of love, but no one gave you a medal.  
You deserve it  
You are not just the giver of life—  
You are the keeper of sacred things:  
Patience, intuition, tenderness, resilience.  
And your hands—  
Your hands have healed fevers and heartbreaks,  
brushed away tears, and combed through chaos.  
There is ancient medicine in your touch.  
I can feel your mother, her mother, and all the other mothers  
before them  
They seem to line up and burst out into songs, the ones angels  
sing  
Perhaps, you are an angel  
The real ones  
I know this because  
You teach the language of love without words.  
You forgive without apology.  
You create beauty from exhaustion, which only a few witness.  
Yes, you must be part of the heaven squad  
An angel, disguised as motherhood

How clever  
How beautiful  
How graceful  
And for the times when you doubt yourself—  
When you wonder if you're doing enough—  
Your love reaches farther  
August skies are full of you  
I know this because I've seen it  
You are like shooting stars  
brief to the eye, but eternal in their impact,  
leaving trails of wonder across the skies of our lives.  
So today, I speak to the mother in you—  
the ancient, ageless part.  
The wild wisdom.  
The quiet fire.  
The sage, the queen, the warrior  
Thank you for being the heartbeat of humanity.  
For being the first place we ever belonged.  
You are not alone.  
You are not forgotten.  
You are holy.  
Happy Mother's Day.  
With reverence,  
Your children of the world.