Lineage

There are three of us.
Mother, Daughter, Granddaughter.
One girl for each generation.
I am the last, no. 3, looking back at the trailblazers before me.

There is a bond that runs through us.
We stand on each other’s shoulders - and we know it.
And where we are always kind in our support of others,
We are unendingly critical of ourselves.

There is no bullshit here.
Each one pushes the next: harder, farther, faster, better.
Not just because we should but because we can.
Because we are capable of everything we dream.

There are tears shed at my mother’s criticisms.
Many hours dedicated to becoming the best at my grandmother’s behest.
In the end, they are right.
They are always right.

There is the truth that,
Without their sacrifices,
Without their sharp words and ‘cut the crap’ attitudes,
Without their unwavering support,

I would not be where I am today.