

Incepto ne desistam

She has finally started university
At the age of sixty four.
Three kids grown and gone
And now it's her turn to finally get a taste
Of the education she never got to have.

Her classes are online
And she doesn't know how to unmute her microphone.
She can't seem to find her emails,
And they're not working from their sixty euro textbooks

She sits in front of her screen every morning,
Blank except for the teacher
And a few other mature students.
She leaves her camera on, thinks the young teacher
Could do with seeing a few friendly faces.

The young people are polite
But she thinks they're laughing at her.
Maybe it's because she asks so many questions
Or maybe it's her accent.
Either way, it makes her feel small.

I *am* enjoying it, she swears to her son,
Truly it's not that bad.
Just takes a bit of getting used to it.
I'll be fine, you know me. I'll get through it.

She's been through the wars,
Has fought for the best life she could give her children
But this is a new battle,
Where no one seems to be fighting her
But they're not helping either.

She is so proud of herself
For getting in, for reaching her goal,
For doing what people told her she couldn't
Or shouldn't or wouldn't.

She's not going to give up, it's not her way.
She won't be chased away by the fear
Of failure when she hasn't even had the chance to try.
She has worked too hard and waited too long.

She will not shrink from her purpose.