

2016

## My Mother as Lawrence of Arabia

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### Recommended Citation

Hadaway, Meredith Davies (2016) "My Mother as Lawrence of Arabia," *Studio One*: Vol. 41.

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## **My Mother as Lawrence of Arabia**

Her eyes were as blue as Peter O'Toole's—  
without eyeliner.

She traveled to exotic spots. Sand, sand,  
sand—she crossed deserts.

She loved men in uniform, hated  
how the war betrayed them.

She had impressive credits and a long  
intermission.

She was tough, she was brave, she  
was crazy.

She was vastly beautiful. She  
was vast.

She lived for a cause but didn't  
believe in anything—

though she thought Omar Sharif  
was to die for.

Sand, sand, sand—she had  
a thirst.

-Meredith Davies Hadaway  
Chestertown, MD