The Gate to Heaven

She said, the origin of my wombing months said,
  This is the gate to heaven,
    This site here
  With thistles and spiny bushes
    And narrow dark trails
  Where the stars don't kiss the ground
    And the moon does not embrace the land.
  This thorny path would lead me
    To heaven, but I wonder
  The sky's just shed her tears,
    Her shadow looms over this path.
  How could I find the gate?
But she was nowhere to answer my question.

Maria from Philippines