When you, sweet, were born
I’d never felt so vital as I did
In those first months. My
Stove was always burning,
Heating up milk in plastic
Bottles, oh how delightful
You were, my little cherub!
Remember, my love, how your tiny hands and knees would pad across
My tiled floors? The way my heart just soared when you took your
First steps, pulling yourself up to your feet by the handles of my
Cupboards. And do you remember, my dearest, how you would
Chase the family cat around my dinner table? Oh, but he was
None too happy about that! Do you still recall when you
Lost your first tooth, tripping on the sidewalk? Darling,
How quickly you ran to me for comfort! And I gave
You ice and water and dried your teary eyes, fed
You frozen sweets from my freezer until you
Finally showed your newly toothless smile.
That was years ago, and you have grown.
Why, now, do you cry my dear child?
Why, my love, do you steal knives
From my cupboards and engrave
Bitter injustices into your skin?
Was my love not sufficient?
Should I have done more?
Beloved, if I could take
Your pain away, make
It all disappear, I
Would do it in a
Heartbeat.