

like daughter-

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align our fingers on smooth glass. can i, a reflection, earn myself?
when there's finally air between your hand and mine, will i shatter, or will i earn myself?

was i once young? a fat, squirming thing that you cooed over?
now all elbows and angles, still wrapped in your arms, i silently pledge to return myself.

i see coals in you, still smoldering, still steaming though long ago doused
by the tranquil haze of the home you have built. i wonder, will i, too, burn myself?

the crinkle of your squint, the smile of someone who bites back words,
addicted to your swallow size lessons, i live for the rule of your court. how can i adjourn myself?

thin skin, so easy, so tempting to tear. soft skin, so easy, so tempting to love.
like a mother like daughter, like heartbeats themselves, in your reflection i learn myself.