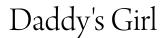
The Messenger

Volume 2006 Issue 1 *The Messenger, 2006*

Article 17

2006



Trenise Robinson

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger

Recommended Citation

Robinson, Trenise (2006) "Daddy's Girl," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2006: Iss. 1, Article 17. Available at: http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2006/iss1/17

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Daddy's Ginl

On the corner of Canal between the streetcar's screech, I look into the eyes of a man who braided my hair And slid on my patent leather Sunday church shoes, And see the silent vacuum of space, a black hole of weightlessness.

My mouth whimpers from a smile, to an awkward line, To a rainbow in shades of grey. The whiff of your breakfast pancakes that longed To be the sweetest maple on my tongue Escape like steam from your pores, and the guilt Of my distaste for blueberries sinks in my stomach.

Brushing against your starch pressed shirt paralyzes The hairs on my arms, tickling my nerves, and sending A surprised tear gliding down my frictionless cheek Just missing the back of your heel.

I haven't heard your voice since August When you cursed my pseudo love and I walked away Into the humid night, my face drenched in truth's heaviness. So now hearing that one breath is like a paradox; Thankful for your life, but saddened by our death. I guess sporadic coffee talks and shopping sprees weren't enough Like magnetic poles that weaken with distance.

Your twitching, wiry, brows that I hate taming, And stressed shoulders I've learned to relax, frightened my lips. Within seconds, I missed the chance to ask you for the time, Or slip my graduation invitation into your pocket. We are two losers, stiff as dummies. Emotions de-shielded.

Fast-forwarding out of the moment, we erase the seconds, The cast shadow, the desert in our mouths, the vomiting glands. And forget the gnat-like pebbles prickling into our soles.

[Trenise Robinson]