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## Daddy's Girl

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## Daddy's Girl

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*]