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My Darling Daughter

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My Darling Daughter // Katie Skipper

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
you stood there,
nervous and sad
and told us you made a mistake,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
when protesters screamed
that you were a whore
but wouldn't allow you
to fix your mistakes,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
when we found out
that the abortion centers
were all closing
because of a law
passed by men
that thought a Man
in the clouds told them to,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
when they said that
a minor inconvenience to you
was worth it to save a life
but when I asked if they'd
pay for the medical bills
they said no,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
that we asked who would
care for the child you didn't want
and were told that someone
would want it,
but when we checked, no one did,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
When our minister asked us
Not to come back to church
Because he heard what happened
And said we lived in sin,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
That they told us to be proud
That the parasite in you
Might one day cure cancer
And I thought of your dropping grades
And wondered if you might have
One day, if you had had the chance,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
When I found you
Red eyed in your room,
Asking if "thou shalt not kill"
Then why could I kill the spiders
In your room when you were young

But you couldn't kill a clump of cells,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
When I called 911
Because I found you
Trying to fix it yourself,
Covered in blood in the bathroom
Coat hanger on the floor,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
That I saw the boy
Who had equally wronged
Walking a free man
While you were forced
To spend a year of your life
In a prison of hospital rooms,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
When you looked at autonomy laws
And found that no one can force
You to donate blood
To save a life,
Not even after you're dead
And when you discovered that you had
Fewer rights to your body than a corpse
You wished you were one,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
 That I watched you
 In agony, deliver a baby
 That you and no one else
 Wanted, and what should
 Have been a happy moment
 Made you cry,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
 I brought you home from the hospital
 Empty and sick,
 Your body mutilated
 By that new life that they thought
 Mattered more than yours,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day
 When it was finally over
 But you looked me in the eyes
 And said that it will never be over
 Because somewhere out there is a child
 That no one wants,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
I thought I died the day,
 I found you in your room
 The pill bottle on your nightstand,
 And when the EMTs told me
 What I already knew,
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,
They thought I was fine the day
 When it was truly over,
 As I watched the clumps of dirt
 Hit your coffin as you got your
 Greatest wish;
 To have the rights of a corpse,
But they were wrong.