

# Daughter

I've lost the notebook you filled  
before you could write the alphabet,

page after page of cuneiform

like Sumerian or Akkadian, each mark  
so dark it dented the paper's weave.

Why think of it now? You are

heading out to your boyfriend's place,  
shoulder bag packed tight,

umbrella, hairbrush, change of clothes.

I remember you learning to stand  
alone in the middle of the floor,

not yet ready to take a step.

Watching motes of dust float and spark,  
you stood at the center of the world

in plaid overalls and round white shoes.

