

## **The girlhood of an only daughter**

i know you dont remember what you said but i do. I remember the grey t-shirt i wore with a unicorn on it. i remember the pink leggings and white sparkly shoes. They were stained with mud from playing tag in the rain. The laces were soggy and frayed but they were my favorite pair so i wore them everyday.

You had done my hair up in a tight pony tail that tugged my skin back, but it was the only way i could be neat and clean for you, as they day went on i would feel strand by strand of my hair break off. I wore pink cat eye glasses that had a plastic bow with rhinestones that would catch the light in the backseat of your Subaru.

I remember the sound of your voice i brushed it off like i brushed off the pencil shavings of my art project. A weeping willow, i gave it to you but it never made it to the fridge so i drew a heart for you in the dust it collected.

I remember the way it felt. Because it felt like nothing, a mind too young to understand. I took the knives you threw at me and i cut up apple slices with them which i served to you on a plate in bed for Mothers day. Breakfast in bed, apple slices with peanut butter and an only daughters pride.

But those blades turned on me as the years passed and tripped me up, carving out my heart over and over again. I know you dont remember what you said. but i cannot forget.