

People don't change

poor girl

in your plaid skirt
pressed

hands
folded in your lap,

feet swinging to the tune of a song

you used to sing
with your father.

*Better he didn't know my name
than call me by the same name my daughter does.*

He wrings my body & rolls me out
before drying his hands on the bald of my skin.

Next!
he calls.

My daughter stands,
flattens a mosquito
into the hem of her skirt.

The door between us shivers
before going numb like a bird left in the snow.