

Letter to Daughter

Little pod, polliwog,
you didn't come,
you never came.
So perfect,
we are mother and daughter
who never quarrel.
I don't warn you,
wash your face.
You never troubled my sleep.
You never slipped
through my hands.
You live
in all the ponds
of the world.
Your soft vowels
bubble to the surface.
I never taught you to talk.
You never call my name.