…september 10, 1990…

pray for me my father –
i am not the daughter of your dreams –
i am not the child of your belief –
pray for me my mother
send no ribbons for my hair –
i am the changeling that you could not cure –
brothers sisters once my own
put away your photographs
the sister of your discontent is gone –

moved on – altered – grown strange
with slipping face and twisting hands
i have no history –
i am undone – revoiced – restrung –
i wear no ribbons in my hair
as child of someone else's dreams –
but when evening calls for change
i pause by signposts none can name
trapped in last year's prayers.