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Mother-Daughter

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Mother–Daughter
Anonymous

Mom,

I met a girl I've known for years for the first time last night.

We met eyes then lips

then lips again.

I couldn't feel her lips against mine, I think I was too drunk,

but I could feel my hand on her cheek,

fingertips grazing her hair.

Mom, I met a girl who sneezes when the sun comes out,

who doesn't wear sunglasses so her freckles creep up to her eyes.

Her fingers are on my skin and I feel soft again.

Her lips are on the back of my hand and I feel tall again, Mom.

I'm staying sober on the weekends so I can feel my lips against hers

if she kisses me again.

I'm deleting Tinder and ghosting old flames

and doing my hair in the morning.

Mom, I'm eating lunch in the sun and painting my face red with her name

and watching her sneeze

and holding my own hand so I don't reach for hers. She's collecting pop tabs

So I switched my soda bottles for cans.

My pockets are weighed down with broken bits of metal;

I need to see her again

So I can empty them into her hands.

I'll feel lighter then, Mom.

I'll feel lighter then.