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## Her Daughter Speaks

Wilda Morris  
*College of DuPage*

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after Karla Huston

She knows she has to watch what she eats.  
 She leaves the salt out of everything she cooks,  
 regardless of the impact on flavor.  
 But every time I stop by, I find she's bought  
 another box of those salty cheese crackers  
 she supposedly gets for grandchildren—  
 who have grown up and moved away—  
 and has refilled the candy jar with chocolate kisses.  
 All the time her hair was turning gray  
 she refused to dye it to keep herself looking young,  
 though I have to admit it's not too bad  
 now it's all turned white. She seldom buys  
 new clothes—still wears garments  
 out of style years ago. And she never learned  
 to keep house. If things are halfway neat,  
 you can count on it—she's expecting company.  
 Had my bedroom been nearly as messy  
 as hers is now, she would have sent me  
 upstairs to clean it. She'd rather be  
 at the computer, writing more poems  
 while she still has time left, never admitting  
 her shortfalls to her many readers.

Sundering suburbs' girls	Yes
Staring out your windows	You stumbling suburbs' girl
At artificial blue skies	Imagining the wind whispers se- crets
Wondering and almost believing that	Only for you
In your wasteland suburbs	Beneath the songs of backyard birds
There is something wonderful	Those birds that clutch onto the chain links of
Waiting for your	Your prison gates.
Desperate eyes	You will interpret the
Craving beauty	Sounds and cries of the
In the craters left behind	Wind into songs.
By the crashing of metropolis.	They will tell you the delicious lies You seek too.
Are we destined to be	
Sprawling suburbs' girls	Strange suburban girls
For the rest of our lives?	Know what it's like
Planted here, unable	To trace the veins of leaves
To move and	Searching for that path
Stuck in concrete.	Called:
We grow up through the cracks	"Your Own"
As flowering weeds to Suburbia—	Stuck in your wasteland—
Because even garbage dumps	Yes, wasteland.
Hold gardens—	You will listen to the bees
Trying to find our way	And one day you may find
Through The Concrete Plains:	Your way out of Suburbia
The decrepit offspring of	Yet you must choose
The Great Plains	Swiftly, for the gates will
Where whims of grand parking	Not always remain open.
Lots and brick stores were	
Never dreamed.	