Tiny Hands

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Quick light feet like raindrops
on hardwood floors in the night—
the bathroom light clicks on,
blinding bright until the door
sweeps shut; the edges leak
soft streaks across the hall.

Soft rushing sounds; the water faucet
squeaks when she turns it on and off again.
The pipes complain, briefly.
The bottom of the cup clacks
against the countertop.

O daughter, hidden now
behind the bathroom door,
you hold so much
in your little hands—
this moment, my heart, the cool clear plastic
of a water cup.
In time I feel
you will come to command the seas;
you will hold aloft your plastic water cup
and with a beautiful battle cry let me know
that bath time should be postponed, that
rubber sharks and plastic boats are required
when the time comes. When the time comes,
I feel you will fashion your own raft and push off,
send me spinning in the current
when you launch yourself, heedless and hopeful
and young. Only keep me safe in your mind,
and even drowned I will never die.
You are infinite to me,
nothing less than a galaxy in girl form;
the world should sit in awe
in the palm of your hands.

Swish—excess water
down the drain. The light
clicks off, the door
sweeps open. Moonlight tosses
soft banners across the hall.
Quick light feet like raindrops
on hardwood floors in the night—
my lovely little future
returns to bed.