This Is Why

by Kirsty Logan

Look at this castle: fashioned from the sturdiest sand,
pages of my name on the kitchen table
scattered with toast crumbs and newspaper innards.

Very Nice
says her back as she climbs the stairs.
Very Nice
says her wrist as she starts the car.

I refill her party glass; she rests her palm on my cheek, aims a smile.

I linger and mingle, listening to the curls of her vowels around my name.

Over the laugh of her shoulder, around the ears of strangers:
My daughter. She's a writer, you know.

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