

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 18
Number 1 *Insights*

Article 40

Fall 12-1-1997

To My Daughter

Valerie Archer
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Archer, Valerie (1997) "To My Daughter," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 18 : No. 1 , Article 40.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol18/iss1/40>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

TO MY DAUGHTER

I laid there unresponsive;
I knew that you were there.
I felt your touch upon my hand,
Your breath upon my hair.

I tried to reach and touch you,
But my body wouldn't move.
I looked upon your troubled face,
So worn, so tired, so smooth.

A tear rolled from the corner
Of my eyes that once could see.
I felt its warmth upon my face
As it fell upon my sheet.

I felt my body withering
With every passing hour.
My skin turned different colors,
and my breath became more shallow.

It's time for me to go now,
I really have to leave,
But I'll always be beside you
'Cause I know that you will grieve.

Don't say that you will miss me.
I'll always hold you hand
Wherever you go, I'll go
Like grains within the sand.

Think of all the memories
Where we laughed and sometimes cried,
And let the good ones linger
'Cause I never really died.

— Valerie Archer