

Broken glass in the moses basket
Bloodied fists have marked the walls.
Thin air and toxicity, fill the silence when it falls.
Entirely alone, since long before you left.
I brought it on myself, isn't that what you said?
A slut just like the others.
I wonder if these words are imprinted in her
head.
So I play a lullaby, where Daddy is the sun.
And maybe she'll forget, what cannot be undone.
I'll write her a story, a once upon a time.
And tear up all the pages from my month,
number 9.