

A Wild Haired Wonder

Candice Breland

Tiny hands rest softly on my cheek.

Hazily I open my eyes and think,

"I have never known a love like this."

My heart swells and even though her little
stink breath smells, it's these exact
moments that ill miss.

And I know it won't always be this way.

Already I am chasing the memory of her
pouty smoochie lips, hands on her hips
with an attitude that feels like I'm staring
straight into a mirror. "Girl, where'd you get
all that attitude from??" Oh yeah, right over
here.

Her tiny fingers reaching out for me.

And to think that once I thought I couldn't
be everything she needs. My last therapy
session right before she was born I was a
puddle of tears nearly a heap on the floor
terrified I was going to fuck. this. up. The
ghosts of me past were crying out in
uncertainty. "We've got so much shit to
work on! We're still broken! We aren't
ready! She'll hate you ... eventually." It turns
out that by parenting this audacious

beauty in the way that little me needed, I'm able to show up for both of us, healing wounds that have preceded even my own mother's life. The strife, the pain, the incessant struggle to maintain, the trauma that lives on the cellular level. That sinister devil that plays the drum beat "You're. Not. Enough." Is silenced in her presence, in her touch. Her divine essence chose earth, chose me, to experience being human in this reality. She is pure magic and fire. My little mermaid. Forever wild with her curly mane to reiterate she will never be tame. And I couldn't ask for more. She is the essence of everything I was never allowed to be. This divine being ... she calls me "mommy."