

Chrysalis

they wriggle and curse
'look at me- ugly!
every day I look worse'

struggle to be free
braced against adult
say-so, grappling with fear
peer pressure comes first

'don't touch me
not in the mood
leave me alone'
they snarl

lights on all night
muffled drone of telly
2 am phone call
hauls us from the deep

they huddle
knee-hugging
up against the wall
music raging
at us all

their homework
a torture
'don't make me play
sport, you're a nag'

I wait
heart hurting in its cage
hoping the next day
will bring on a change

see them emerge
gracious butterflies
shaking dust
off their wings
as they unfurl

see them emerge
from their teens
knowing they are

beautiful girls