

DAUGHTER AS DISGUISE

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I am the daughter. I ask for help. I ask what makes a face without my father's eyes? My mother's turn. What makes a room without a chair to take a load off? What makes a name if you never hear it right. Right, I follow a corner until it leads to another. If a daughter is forever, then what is a corner? Mine leads to a dog yelping from its hard place. I want to forever leave this cul-de-sac. I want to never return. I want to stop being punished for what I was taught. But door-slam? A belt-snap is a reason to say *stop. I can't take this any more. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I said, I'm sorry.* Or something like that. Daughter as disguise. You can hit me, but you can't use your hand. Belt becomes arm without hand. Arm aims for skin. There's no hand to blame. The non-buckle side. I am wearing skin. Surely it must be there.