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## A Letter to My Daughter

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# A Letter to My Daughter

**Author Bio**

Chris Chick is a Religious Studies major with a writing minor. He is a junior, and serves as the Recorder for Sigma Alpha Epsilon, in addition to playing Offensive Line for the Bullets.

## A Letter to My Daughter

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Sweetheart,  
I'll never be the father you want me to be, but I'll try.

I'll ask God to put lightning in my bones, and have the voltage run through  
my body  
And contract the strings in my fingers  
So that I'll never drop you.  
Soft skin has better grip than the glass of a bottle,  
Or the wrapping of a cigarette.

I'd rearrange the planet for you if I could. I'd bend weapons into instruments,  
Turn water into wine when you're old enough  
And break the good boys' hands into holding yours,  
Though the curve of your smile would hook them just fine.

I'd sew your clothes out of the sunlight in my hair, and when I ran out,  
I would unstitch myself and graft the best pieces of me onto you  
In hopes you might wear a thicker skin than I ever had. The world can be so  
cold and so dark,  
But you will be warm, and bright.

When the flushing of your cheeks is taken from you  
I will replace it with the redness of my blood,  
Tearing myself open so that you could stay the same. I'd be your angel  
Only in that I'd have torn my ribs open into wings  
To open myself up to be who I should.

All of this because, darling,  
You are still a dream,  
And that's all you may ever be.  
Promises are so easily made to girls whose names are still blank.

You are only half a whisper,  
A breeze that blows in only when I leave the windows open  
So that the night air will ease me of my worries.

It is not you that scares me, darling, because I know how far I'd walk for you,  
But I don't know where to step,  
Nor how far to go.

The world can be so cold and dark,  
But you will be warm, and bright  
When I finally find you.