

B

Instead of Mom, she's going to call me Point B.
Because that way she knows that no matter what happens,
at least she can always find her way to me.
And I'm going to paint the solar systems on the backs of her hands,

so she has to learn the entire universe before she can say,
Oh, I know that like the back of my hand.

And she's going to learn that this life will hit you hard, in the face,
wait for you to get back up, just so it can kick you in the stomach,

but getting the wind knocked out of you is the only way
to remind your lungs how much they like the taste of air.
There is hurt here that cannot be fixed by Band-Aids or poetry.
So the first time she realizes that Wonder Woman isn't coming,

I'll make sure she knows she doesn't have to wear the cape
all by herself. Because no matter how wide you stretch your fingers,
your hands will always be too small
to catch all the pain you want to heal. Believe me, I've tried.

And Baby, I'll tell her, don't keep your nose up in the air like that.
I know that trick; I've done it a million times.
You're just smelling for smoke
so you can follow the trail back to a burning house,

so you can find the boy who lost everything in the fire
to see if you can save him. Or else—
find the boy who lit the fire in the first place,
to see if you can change him.

But I know she will anyway.
So instead, I'll always keep
an extra supply of chocolate and rain boots nearby,
because there is no heartbreak that chocolate can't fix.

Okay, there's a few heartbreaks that chocolate can't fix.
But *that's* what the rain boots are for.
Because rain will wash away everything,
if you let it.