

My Treasures

by Millie Smith

Your eyes find mine. Trust, looking for safety, love, and acceptance.
Your little fingers tap, tap, tapping, along my breast that feeds you.
Body close.
Our hearts beat to a different time.
That love, that protection, overwhelming, fierce.

Eyes filled with tears as you can't understand.
Little arms around my body as you seek comfort.
Growing up.
You're finding independence, so strong.
But you'll both always be my little girls.

The hate that you bore towards me, looks that could kill.
You say I don't understand.
Heartbreaking.
Oh darlings, let me try.
My love tested, but never waivering.

I watch you both grow into strong young ladies.
Headstrong, vibrant, confident, inspired.
Independent.
New connections to find.
New families to be made.

Her eyes find yours, trust.
Her little fingers tapping along the breast that feeds her.
Body close.
Our hearts beat to a different time.
That love, that protection, overwhelming, fierce.

Even more so, now that your own treasure is here.