**I TELL HER**

I tell her

If she does get homework she can be whatever she chooses to be

She doesn't believe me says she'll stay stupid for the rest of her life while watching the wizards of Waverley place on a 42" paper thin HD TV

My voice gets hung as my heart falls off of the cliff of her broken esteem

“Of course you’re not stupid”

“Everyone thinks I am”

“Well I'm everyone and I don't so your not”

“My mum does”

That there is a full stop

I try to pull it down into a comma

“I'm sure she didn't mean...”

But like an over pulled spring she recoils and buries her head back into her tent of opened umbrellas and heart covered blankets.

There is no use in telling her that an umbrella opened indoors is bad luck

She already knows,

She just wishes for any luck

And the umbrella serves the same purpose as if she was stood in torrential rain

She can't help feeling damp but she can block the attack.

I follow her

Half in half out, 50:50

It's the best I can do due to divided loyalties, a grown up perspective,

I'm an alien invading her way of living.

She has everything, wants for nothing

Tantrums and screams and slams and threats cave her parents in

And so her room is full of plastic phases and half opened cases displaced but replacing

No's stop's enough's.

I'm still, facing the most privileged little girl I have ever met,

But she already knows the price of in animation so I tell her she is loved,

She is funny and kind and beautiful,

She is intelligent and if there is one lesson she simply must revise for, its life.

She smiles

“Dee” she says

“You always say things that don't make sense but make me smile”

I smile back and say

“Life doesn't make sense straight away,

But if you remember the things that make you smile then you can smile always.”