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## See my Daughter

You hate your eyes,  
you say suddenly,  
wishing you could change the colour of your eyes.  
Fairy-tale blue, or brown.  
A single colour, decisive, dependable,  
predictable.  
I reply, perplexed yet  
understanding your hesitation to  
accept, I tell you  
(because this is what  
I believe)  
Love your eyes  
for what they can help you to see.  
If you can,  
embrace their power,  
see the world,  
notice something, someone,  
tell other people, the teacher, your friends,  
tell them, this is what I see,  
I notice,  
this has not been seen before  
by anyone in this way,  
this is important.  
Your eyes are beautiful  
to me  
because they are you,  
changeable greenness,  
amber to yellow when you are  
livid, urgent with anger, pale  
when you're ill,  
feverish,  
brown-black in the dark,  
forever changing, never still,  
I tell you.