

This is a peer-reviewed, post-print (final draft post-refereeing) version of the following published document:

**Beyer, Charlotte ORCID: 0000-0002-2701-5443 (2011) See my Daughter.
Women's Studies: An Inter-disciplinary Journal, 40 (3). pp. 351-352. ISSN
0049-7878**

Official URL: <http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/00497878.2010.548431>

DOI: <http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/00497878.2010.548431>

EPrint URI: <http://eprints.glos.ac.uk/id/eprint/4614>

Disclaimer

The University of Gloucestershire has obtained warranties from all depositors as to their title in the material deposited and as to their right to deposit such material.

The University of Gloucestershire makes no representation or warranties of commercial utility, title, or fitness for a particular purpose or any other warranty, express or implied in respect of any material deposited.

The University of Gloucestershire makes no representation that the use of the materials will not infringe any patent, copyright, trademark or other property or proprietary rights.

The University of Gloucestershire accepts no liability for any infringement of intellectual property rights in any material deposited but will remove such material from public view pending investigation in the event of an allegation of any such infringement.

PLEASE SCROLL DOWN FOR TEXT.

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.