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

Beyer, Charlotte ORCID logoORCID: https://orcid.org/0000-0002-2701-5443 (2011) See my Daughter. Women's Studies: An Inter-disciplinary Journal, 40 (3). pp. 351-352. doi:10.1080/00497878.2010.548431

Official URL: http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/00497878.2010.548431
DOI: http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/00497878.2010.548431
EPrint URI: https://eprints.glos.ac.uk/id/eprint/4614

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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.