

My Daughter, This World Will Not Consume You

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The sun will not scorch your lustrous skin, nor the moon glare
harsh through your window. I'll rend them from the curtains of space.

If the stars trouble you, small one, speak, and I'll snuff them out.
And the tides, should they offend, I will trap in an oil lamp.

I'll stand in the path of tornadoes and my voice will swirl
them back into the sky. This world will not consume you.

I hold its neck in my jaws. I taste its blood. At your signal
I snap. I want the teeth of your enemies on a twine necklace,

their black granite epitaphs monuments to me. I see the trembling
in your tiny hands, but dear one, I'm the only fearful thing in the dark.

I fight against what makes you flinch: the dark, fire, God himself.
These bloody hands did not welcome you into this world,

but they hold you here now, like a bear mad with rage,
red banners of warning. If you wanted it, I could destroy myself.