

Was it the lingering taste of coffee on my lips,
or the money in my pocket, the realization
that we had no food in the house,
no money to cure my hunger?

Or is it when you accept
that your mother is a person too?

Or when you begin to understand
why any scrap of trust for this world
has been ripped from your father's heavy hands,
and you begin to feel it too?

Was it when I stopped looking for magic in empty walls,
or when hardship triumphed over boredom?
Was it when I lost hope that life got easier
and chose to cope?

When their words cut my pride,
and I gave up on standing out?

Was it when I stopped hugging my mother just
to smell her perfume, laced with
laughter beside a bonfire,
and instead began to hug her
only when one of us was put to tears?

Was it when the music ended for my final father-daughter dance
and I never danced with him again until his wedding day,
and knowing that could be the last dance until mine?

Was it when I realized my parents couldn't fix it all,
that they did not carry solutions in their pockets, only love
and a dream to carry it on?

Was it when I began to wish to go before my parents
because I've chosen to rely on them,
and accepted they'd have to leave one day?

When did life lose its saturation,
what day did I stop being a little girl?