

Enough

My niece is a little sweetheart
She influences me, terrifies me
Leads me to a well of joy I could drown in
I am not her mother but—
I would do anything
To keep a smile on her face
When she screams and cries
Each tear embeds in my chest
Knives of salt leaving
No outward scars but—
A warmth that rivals the Sun

I am
Dizzy but—
Protective but—
Caring but—
I am not her mother but—
My life means nothing if
Hers can't be everything.

That witch wearing my sister's face
Calls itself a mother
A flower for her little butterfly to suckle but—
This creature's face is twisted, a tornado of flesh
Eyes piercing worse than the sharpest blade
Its tongue even harsher
It can't love her but—
I thank God that I can
I will rip the blades from my chest
Defend this pearl amongst shit
Even if I must face
The monster's gapping jaws
She is not a mother but—
I have become one.
She and I share one drop of blood but—

It is enough.

How could it not be enough?