

Our Daughter Holds My Hand

And we walk to school and each day I am trying not to say thank you for holding my hand, because that sounds like a weird mom thing to say. And so I point out the strange clouds, the dogwoods planted too close together in the revised park—where they took out the dinosaurs, where we used to set the girls when they were too small even to sit on dinosaurs on their own. And now no one knows where the dinosaurs went, two green T-Rexes, though with very raptor-shaped bodies, and handles on their backs. I imagine the bees felt very alone on Earth when the dinosaurs didn't come back from the polar dust, the sky clearing eventually and no long necks, no teeth glinting in the new sun.