

Deborah Williams  
*The Pink Book*

---

"Fuck you, who needs you,"  
your 16 year old daughter has just said,  
stomping out the door,  
her arm curled over the bent elbow  
of her new best friend and confidante.

When nobody's home, silence,  
you tip-toe into your room  
push aside the other half of the closet door,  
the half that rarely gets opened,  
and stretch your arms as far as they can reach  
fingering a pink cellophane-wrapped scrapbook.  
Your fingertips work to grasp a corner,  
you pull the crackling dusty plastic towards you,  
the brown dust leaves a mark on your white tee-shirt  
just over your right bosom.  
You cradle the book  
while you sit at the foot of your bed  
gently opening the pink crackling cover  
and press your right cheek  
against the cool cellophane adhesive  
that seals your 16 year old's baby pictures  
to the sticky paper  
and you hug the pink book  
until your arms hurt.