Danielle

Christine Weiler
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Weiler, Christine (1999) "Danielle," The Promethean: Vol. 8 : Iss. 1 , Article 7.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol8/iss1/7

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
Danielle

It must be wonderful to be two years old and know that you’re the center of the universe. My niece, for example, standing next to Grandma at the kitchen sink, demands attention. Again comes the imperious command, that sweet voice just edged with a whine.

The one who is supposed to be an adult obediently strips off her yellow rubber dish gloves and lifts the tiny dictator to her shoulder. The weary child’s head drops, her eyelids fall and her tiny hand gently twists my mother’s left earlobe.

I can only shake my head. “So spoiled,” I think but I will not say so aloud because I can remember being in a body much smaller and struggling to find a cool spot on the crisp pillowcase beneath my feverish cheek. My mother, then standing much taller and without a trace of silver in her hair comes to comfort me. I tell her I’m fine, but somehow she knows, and kneels by my bed, stroking my damp hair with one cool capable hand until I can sleep.

Now I watch them walk to the bedroom, grandmother and grandchild, this diminutive tyrant and her loyal vassal my mother humming a familiar lullaby, and I smile. Then I don the discarded yellow gloves to finish the dishes while the water is warm and while the center of the universe takes her afternoon nap.

Christine Weiler

Published by CU Commons, 2000