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## Baby Teeth

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## Baby Teeth

*Sydney Rose Quintana*

Losing you was like  
losing baby teeth.  
I thought I was falling apart,  
losing parts of myself  
that I so desperately needed.

First time it happened,  
I carried myself to my mother,  
skinned knees and teary-eyed  
wondering what I did wrong,  
and aching to turn back time.

My mother told me not to fret,  
“Stronger parts of you  
will replace what you have lost,  
you are more than the sum of your  
bits and pieces and broken parts,  
you are you.”

I didn't believe her.  
I felt the breadth of the gap the way  
a soldier longs for his missing limb.  
Losing you was like  
a battlefield amputation.

The incision was rushed,  
rough and careless edges.  
I was not ready to be apart

from you, a scar remains.

I still miss you.

But stronger parts of me will  
soon fill the gaps that you have left.

Scar tissue heals until  
faded marks remain,

I am whole

without you.