

# For My Children

When I have children,  
I'm going to collect artifacts  
so they will know what it's like to  
hold the world in the palm of their hands.  
I will hold a seashell up to my son's ear  
so he can hear the mermaids sing  
and the seahorses dance  
while waves crash, like velvet curtains,  
onto slimy moss-covered rocks.  
I will tell my daughter,  
blow softly into the top of an empty bottle,  
so she can feel powerful,  
like the spirit of the wind.  
We will float feathers in the air,  
our fingers creating wind-tunnels underneath—  
and I will show them  
it takes only a little effort  
to keep a bird soaring.  
I will hold a crystal in the windowsill,  
dangling from a cumulus-colored ribbon.  
And as it spins, I will watch  
as my children leap  
trying to catch rainbow beams under their toes.  
I will give them a pomegranate to share,  
and while they dig through the rough skin—  
staining their fingerprints pink—  
they will understand  
it is the food you work hardest for  
that is the sweetest.  
I will give them each a flower seed  
and they will squeeze it tight in their palms  
and wonder what kind of flower will sprout.  
And I will tell them,  
no matter what kind,  
it will be strong and beautiful  
as long as they give it love everyday.

Nikita Liza

