

Unconditional Love

They see me, as they've always seen me.
A perfect daughter, at times misguided silly but forever
their sweet precious little girl.

I am a culmination of their best traits.

His gorgeous blond locks

her little button nose.

His creativity

her smarts.

His oily skin

her perfectionist nature.

His blue eyes

in her crinkled eye smile.

I share these traits of my mom and dad

as I share their DNA and family traditions

of Orchid Salad on Thanksgiving.

They have never pushed me

that is why I

must push myself

Push to be the best

friend, cousin,

daughter, student.

I push until I break.

It is when I break that I ask for help.

I might have gotten

his tolerance for pain

her ability to heal,

but none of that matters
if I continue to push myself
to perfection's edge
and fall.

They say that I am growing up too fast,
that it is okay to not be perfect,

that I need to slow down,
that they are not asking for perfection,

They just ask that I remain their happy little girl

Their sweet precious little girl,

for as long as possible.

I can do that, I tell them.
I can fulfill their one request.