

## Dear Mother, From Your Daughter

What if I changed myself?

What if I stood in front of the mirror,

And peeled away the outer layer of me,

To become someone different, better, better for you?

I would shed my skin, live a different life, act a lie.

My genetic code could mutate and convulse and rip apart,

To form a new personality, character.

I could walk and talk and write as a new person,

A totally fresh, blank slate,

Ready for you to mould and shape and sculpt

Into your ideal someone.

And we could go on living life,

Like I was still the same, but different of course,

And it would be strange at first and weird and unnatural,

But we will work it out as always:

You would be you, and I would be your me,

Compatible and made just for you.

It would be hard to do this, and slow, and difficult,

But wouldn't we be happier, so much happier?