

Children, Churches and Daddies is a magazine dedicated to showcasing the work of writers and artists. If you are interested in submitting poetry, prose or artwork, send it to the following address:

Children, Churches and Daddies  
J. Kuypers, Editor  
5310 North Magnolia  
lower level  
Chicago, Illinois 60660

No racist or sexist material will be printed. Please include a SASE and a bio, and do not send originals of artwork.



this issue's contributors:

Larry Blazek  
Ora Wilbert Eads  
Jack Harrison  
Janet Kuypers  
Lyn Lifshin  
Edward MyCue  
Lisa Newkirk  
Effie Schoenfeld  
Cheryl Townsend  
flower drawings by Eugene Peppers

# children CHURCHES & daddies



volume three:  
pink & orange flowers



### quantum mechanics

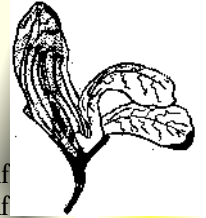
assures that the turning of my head is intimately connected to the lighting of your cigarette. Nothing happens alone or isolated and the wildness in the wave of my hair is the same as the lake when the vault around my perception cracks enough to make the connection.

The knowledge of each thing contained in everything else so when I look at this daffodil it might well be a face in China same as the twisted branch reaching like an old woman to the moon. A wild old woman dancing crazy circles on the beach, waves of her hair pounding on her back.

Ellie Schoenfeld

children  
C H O R C H E S  
& daddies

# bi-ó-gra-phiès



Larry Blazek, who has yet to be saved from the depths if Indiana, is boasting the publication of a new chapbooks (as if cc&d wasn't enough). "Composite Dreams" is available for 6 stamps, and he's looking for submissions for "Opossum Holler Tarot", available for 4 stamps. Contact cc&d for more information.

And I quote from a letter from **Ora Wilbert Eads**: "I am a man 79 years old. I'm legally blind in one eye and totally blind in the other. I didn't submit any material to a literary periodical until 1990 was well under way. I've been quite fortunate. Various literary periodicals in Canada and throughout the United States have published 1610 of my poems."

**Jack Harrison's** past is fuzzy, so we'll tell basics: he's a prose writer from Virginia. He will also be appearing in volume four of cc&d.

**Janet Kuypers** has had over 55 written pieces and over 55 visuals published in her 13 year career, and is currently the production manager for a publishing company in Chicago. She has published the book "Hope Chest in the Attic", and is currently working with Cheryl Townsend on a chapbook on art and writing about acquaintance rape called "gasoline and reason."

**Lyn Lifshin** resides in Washington D.C. and has appeared in very issue of cc&d Lifshin & Schornfeld also have been published in the book "Mondo Barbie" (I started reading it). Very impressive work indeed.

This is the second time work by **Edward MyCue** has appeared in cc&d. Hopefully we will continue to see his work here.

**Lisa Newkirk** is a Journalism graduate from the U of I, and lives outside of Chicago. This is the first time cc&d has seen her work. She's also looking for a good reporting job, so if anyone has any leads, write us.

**Eugene Peppers** designed the scientific drawings of the flowers that appeared throughout this issue. A recent graduate from the University of Illinois in Champaign/Urbana, his studies focused on plant biology and ornamental horticulture.

**Ellie Schoenfeld**, who has had work appear in the book "Mondo Barbie" (with Lifshin), is from Minnesota. Underground rumors also tell me she's a spy originally from Lithuania, but I can't confirm these reports.

**Cheryl Townsend**, seductress extraordinaire, is the editor of Impetus and has had scads of chapbooks printed. Ohio never produced a better writer, entrepreneur or sexual feminist (if you can believe it).

# bi-ó-gra-phiès





## Memory's Vicarious Squint

Dew-drop, the itch once again  
 (where the hair had been, where  
 the amputated little finger was)  
 since like the distant grief taste  
 reduced to one small picture frame  
 hailed and farewelled to enjambment  
 like encrusted gorst/frosttesqueries  
 and a cry rose in a scrimmage for  
 the price of a kiss of blood claret  
 because false promises have talons.  
 I have gone within for my oats, for  
 promises and a spear - a dream. I  
 had a dream of glass of glass and of  
 pins and I took one like I'd take a  
 tenner to pay for dinner: OO my  
 God ... in heaven's name!" TURN THE  
 LIGHTS OFF, TURN THE LIGHTS OFF. My  
 gamut's run, my snarl gone limpid,  
 my obsessions and compulsions squinny  
 back at me in the broken mirror "behavior".  
 My memory of me is a madness of earwigs  
 running 25 errands in all directions.  
 Talk soon gets together under a mask  
 that has become as real as a built face.  
 So why would I look at my face for a clue.  
 My past is a dead mouth choked in hope.

Edward MyCue

**children**  
 C@P@C@C@S  
 & daddies



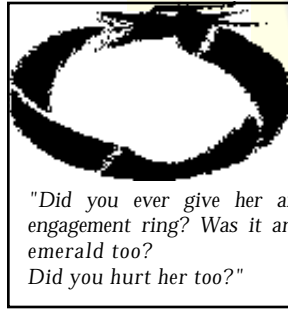
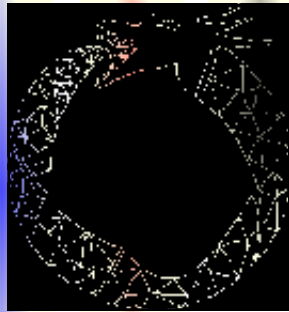
"I remember  
 that photo.  
 dated you there  
 but you never  
 told me you had  
 a girlfriend. She  
 wrote me once,  
 telling me you  
 were engaged."

"I keep looking back at your  
 picture. I'll flip it over to  
 stop from staring at it  
 while I read a page from  
 my book, but a minute  
 won't pass before I'll have  
 to turn the photo over  
 again to see your face. It's  
 as if I can't get away from  
 it."



"a serpent swallowing it's tail"

**children**  
 C@P@C@C@S  
 & daddies



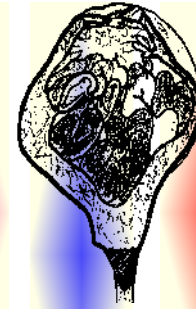
"Did you ever give her an engagement ring? Was it an emerald too? Did you hurt her too?"



"Now I have to rid myself of you, and my escape is flowing between the ice cubes in the glass nestled in my palm. But I have to drink more. The burning doesn't last as long as you do."

"a serpent swallowing it's tail"

**children**  
C#PQc#ES  
& daddies



### The Serpents and the King of Cats

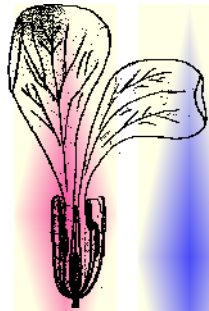
I walk down the sun-bright hill into the field, but not all is as it was. There are poisonous serpents there and I am wearing only shorts and sandals, no defense against their fangs.

On this day there is not shy water moccasin or copperhead, as willing to avoid me as I am them, but countless, writhing multitudes of multi-hued serpents, fangs dripping venom.

I attempt to fight my way back home with a stick; cats come to my rescue, not just the two I keep, but waves of hissing, spitting, ferocious felines, destroying serpents, some with human faces, many perishing in the process. At last I return. I feed the cats some milk.

Larry Blaczek

**children**  
C#PQc#ES  
& daddies



we have to write mother's obit tonight

my sister says,  
it will be easier  
on a night like  
this when pain  
killers let her  
eat. In the  
chaos when it  
happens we'll  
be crazed, in  
shock, tho we're  
prepared. But  
tonight after  
the first meal  
she's had seconds  
of salmon, potatoes,  
asparagus we can  
do it calmly  
as if we won't  
need it for  
a long time

lyn lifshin

children  
(C) 1990 CDES  
& daddies

3

and I remember  
the coquinas  
the little shells  
you could find them alive  
on the beaches north of the pier in  
Naples

going to the beach  
I would look for a spot  
to find them

they were all my own

they burrowed their way into the  
sand  
to avoid the light  
worming their way away from me

I unearthed a group of cocquinas once,  
fascinated with their color of  
their shells, the way  
they moved

before they could hide

I collected them  
in a jar,  
took them home with me

what did you teach me  
what have you taught me to do  
is this it  
is this what it has become  
is this what has become of me  
of you                      of us

and I took them home

I added salt water and sand  
but I couldn't feed them  
I realized soon that they  
would die

so I let them



"coquinas"

Janet Kuypers

children  
(C) 1990 CDES  
& daddies

1

I can't imagine  
the number of times  
I've been there  
visiting Florida,  
Christmas with my parents  
a plastic tree  
decorated  
with sand dollars  
and red

ribbons

eating Christmas dinner  
listening to Johnny Mathis

and after the Irish coffee,  
father with his brandy snifter  
in hand  
mother and the other  
girls  
putting away the dishes

the carolers would come,  
walking in front of our home

singing "We wish you a  
merry Christmas"  
over and over again

we would walk outside  
and the cool breeze  
almost felt like Christmas  
after the hot

humid days

and we would stand on our driveway  
smile and nod

you could see down the road  
all the candles in  
paper bags  
lining the street

and for a few lights  
the bag

burned

2

and we would take  
boat rides  
off the coast  
my parents and their friends  
to a tiny island  
dad drinking beer  
sometimes steering the boat  
control  
the women sitting together in the shade  
worrying about their hair

i would sit at the front  
sunglasses, swimsuit and sunburn  
feeling the wind  
slapping me

in the face

and turning my head away from the boat  
into the wind  
away from them

to face it again

docking at a shoreline  
everyone jumping out  
little bags in their hands

the women go looking for shells  
the men go barbecue

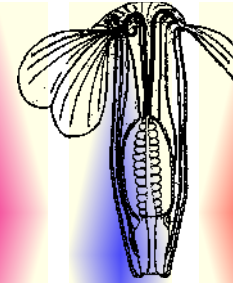
after an hour or two  
the sandwiches, potato chips eaten  
the soda and beer almost  
gone

we turn around  
and head back

we have conquered

continued

**children**  
*CHURCHES*  
& daddies

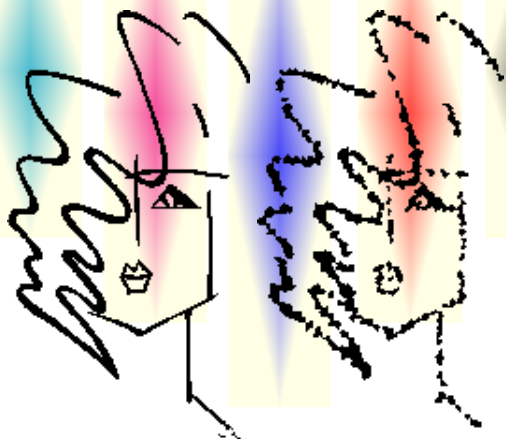


### boneward

It's been six years  
since i was in Tuscany  
with Livia and Domitilla  
and all the wild boars  
we could trap and radio collar.  
In that March eighth  
the neighbor brought armfuls  
of bright yellow flowers  
for International Women's Day.  
Livia and Domi went out  
while i stayed behind,  
divided my day between  
chopping wood  
and the basement full  
of wild boar skulls soaking  
in chemicals which soften  
the remaining flesh  
so it can be scraped away.  
It was slow work  
and I am still doing it,  
scraping down to the bones,  
assessing what's left,  
trying to keep warm.

Ellie Schoenfeld

**children**  
*CHURCHES*  
& daddies



"rachel (#1-4)"

**children**  
C@Y@C@D@S  
& daddies

II

And I'm sitting in my  
apartment, and when I reach out my arm  
shadows of my hand

stretch across the wall.  
There is no music, but I begin to  
move my hands, like

a ceremony, as if to  
a drummed out rhythm, like the pant  
of a mistress as she

walks down the hotel steps  
into her car after seeing her savior, like waves at  
the sea slowly crashing

at the shoreline.  
The phases of the moon are changing,  
and the waves are crashing

with more and more  
intensity, with more and more  
power, faster and

faster. And at this very  
moment you walk down a street  
somewhere, it is daylight,

and you see the white moon  
peering toward you from the sky. The  
moon was looking

for you. It wanted to  
watch you. You divert your eyes,  
step off the curb,



and for no reason walk  
in the middle of the street. There is no traffic.  
You are safe. And

the moon watches the stride  
of your step, and the moon watches my hand,  
and the moon hears

the rhythmic pant of  
intensity, and the moon rises the water.  
We feel the drumming beat.

The phases of the  
moon are changing. There is no reason why  
you should question this.

You can feel me. I  
will keep you safe. I will keep you  
alive. I'm your messiah.

**children**  
C@Y@C@D@S  
& daddies

I

I can see you now  
hunched over, pouring yourself into  
your work, scattered papers,

dim lights flooding  
white over the glaring screen, in  
your otherwise

darkened corner of the  
world. And I know you can feel me  
now, feel me rushing in

through the window  
that you leave only slightly open  
at night,

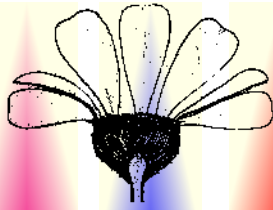
rushing in with a faint  
whistle, circling around your neck, curling  
up around your

jaw, opening your mouth  
so slightly. You can feel my rush  
chilling your teeth.

You tilt your head  
back, closing your tired eyes  
from your problems,

from your future in front  
of you, on those pages, on that screen,  
under that white

light. You let me open your  
mouth more and more, you feel me  
swirling around your tongue,



"the muse, the messiah"

Janet Kuypers

down your throat, into  
your lungs, like smoke from a clove  
cigarette when you hold

your breath to feel  
the high, feel the ecstasy just a little  
longer, or like steam rushing

down your throat when you  
take a deep breath the summer morning  
after a heavy fog.

You open your eyes.  
You lick your lips. I make you  
do that, I make you

forget your world. You can  
feel me there, you can't escape me. I'm  
there. I'm your muse.

continued

children  
C@P@C@S  
& daddies

sweet dry touch of creamy pink sundown

Routine radiating prosperity bank red-lettered  
like the family Bible spilling out with photos,  
pressed flowers and the four-leaf and the one  
six-leaf clover Richard Steger found in Cotati.  
Those Steger kids had no eating disorders, and  
were keen, keen for bouillabaisse, creme broule,  
devilled eggs, shit-on-a-shingle, anything "-capers"  
and those little potato dumplings called "gnoche"  
served with pesto sauce and a nice crablegmeat-Louie.  
Their mother - Irene's mom, Louise, was a meyerer/Tron  
born in a summer mäs in the last century (19th)  
on the ragged Swiss-French-Italian border, also Piedmontese.  
She married a Perrou, an Italian, also Piedmontese.  
A Waldensian, Louise was sent to Protestant Marseilles  
to a finishing school. Then she came to the United States.  
Irene was her only who lived to raise. John  
Perrou married again and again. Irene favors pink hues.

Edward MyCue

children  
C@P@C@S  
& daddies



egg noggs

when she was 5  
my sister needed  
them, skinny  
and blond to  
keep up her  
weight, lured  
with chocolate  
and coffee,  
strawberry  
flavors. Glass  
straws with  
clowns, a mug  
of Howdy Doody,  
Just one more  
sip my mother  
wooded while  
I slunk into  
the back ground,  
my fat thighs  
under a too  
long for a  
girl of 9's  
dress, ate  
m and m's  
in the cove  
of the brown  
chair, lost  
in a book  
or a dream  
where I'd be  
popular, blonde  
and skinny,  
any unbeaten  
egg string was  
slime, horrid  
as the centipedes

offensive as seeing  
"Kike" on a black  
board or hearing  
"fattie" whispered  
and my mother  
would take new  
eggs out,  
start again. At  
my sister's now,  
my mother who has  
gone from 120 to 114  
to 90 pounds has  
Carnation shakes  
with Hagendaaz  
ice cream mixed  
in tho my sister's  
husband says its  
so expensive. I  
shake in another  
state the same  
weight as my  
mother tho 5  
inches taller,  
my dark mahogany  
hair bleached to  
sun in a house  
with no corkpots,  
mostly oranges,  
coffee beans.  
I think I picked  
one without a  
real kitchen.  
I've never made  
chicken soup,

the idea of  
cooking is like  
a dog paddling  
across the Pacific  
for the east coast  
but becoming a  
woman who looks  
good in mini skirts  
the second time  
around  
and this  
week gets love  
letters from  
Hono lulu  
Maui, Laguna  
Beach and San  
Diego making me  
know I'm some  
thing of a wizard  
a witch as I make  
a list: celery,  
carrots, chicken  
even gingerroot  
for a charm,  
wanting to do  
yet knowing it  
will never be  
enough

lyn lifshin

children  
C49RC4DS  
& daddies



i can't show my mother my new book

my nine year  
in the making  
new baby  
I did Ariadne's  
Thread my mother  
read the manuscript  
with me in the  
only cool green and  
fern covered room  
downstairs where  
I lay for hours  
with apricot sours  
for pain, my back  
throbbing. When  
it came out she was  
as happy as if it  
was a child, except  
for the four letter  
words she'd have  
crossed out, sure  
sometimes I'd meet  
a man I wanted and  
he'd be shocked  
at what I did as  
glazed trees were  
wild and as glistening  
these confidences of  
others must have  
been spread on the  
bed in "her" room in

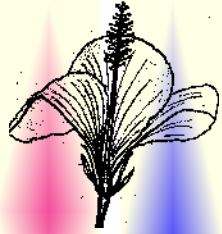
when

my house but I did  
not count on her  
approval as much am  
not even sure what  
she read. I can't  
show her the book  
with the first piece  
about the mother dying  
preparations for the  
grave with my  
mother, now, rarely  
getting dressed or  
moving a few yards  
from her bed. Only a  
few years ago she'd  
ferret out poems  
stuck in or under  
boxes until she  
could snarl at me,  
was that what I  
really felt?" Now  
she doesn't come  
upstairs, sleeps  
between pain pills,  
eats so little. Even  
if this book was a  
baby she might  
ask its name,  
never want to  
hold it

lyn lifshin



children  
C49RC4DS  
& daddies



## Kaleidoscope

If people are hungry  
 Anywhere in America,  
 It is clearly their fault  
 According to right wing radicals;  
 No rational person  
 In the fifty states  
 Accepts such hogwash;  
 For it is morally obnoxious;  
 Conscious demands refutation  
 Of bias so blatant:  
 Most beneficiaries of food stamps  
 Are dependent children.

Ora Wilbert Eads

**children**  
 (C) (P) (C) (S)  
 & daddies



## front page

cold and damp  
 is the night  
 a drunken man  
 kills himself  
 maiming others  
 an idiotic game  
 of chicken  
 with a parked car  
 I smell blood  
 whiskey and vomit

Larry Blazek

**children**  
 (C) (P) (C) (S)  
 & daddies



## "how you looked then"

I take snapshots of these things in my mind. I rifle through them.

I never told you that I loved to watch you in the bathroom, getting ready to go out. It would usually be after you shaved, or even after you dressed, when you were almost ready to go but had to fix your hair. And you'd look in the mirror, and you'd be brushing the sides of your head with your curved fingertips, and you'd be scrutinizing yourself, eyes just slightly squinted. I always thought you looked most handsome when you did that with your eyes, squinted like that, like you were looking for something, searching.

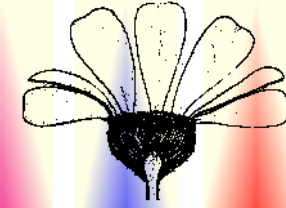
When I'd see you in the bathroom mirror like that, I'd usually wrap myself around your arm, lean my head on your shoulder, and just stare. I don't think you ever noticed how I'd look at you at those times. Like you were my mentor. My savior.

Or when we were at that restaurant and you were sitting across from me, wearing the denim button-down shirt I bought you, and you were eating, and you were slouched over your plate, elbows on the table, and you were just eating, not paying attention to much else around you. And you hadn't shaved in a few days, and the copper-colored stubble was every once in a while catching the light. And in between bites you kept combing your hair back with your fingers, because it kept falling while you ate.

While you were eating, I just had to stop, lean back, and stare at you for a while. I don't know why, but I'll never forget how you looked then.

Janet Kuypers

**children**  
*(C) (P) (C) (S)*  
& daddies



## avitar of despair

Have you ever stood at the edge of a roof  
and wonder how it must feel to fall  
did you ever stand upon a gallows  
and never finish feeling it all

I am Despair

I bring you heartache

I feed you bitter wine

I feel sorrow

when I feel desire

your life is better without mine

I walk in darkness

I dare the lightning

I am terrible to behold

my eyes are empty

and my heart is cold

you'll never melt

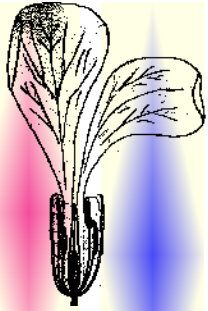
my heart with teardrops

those that die young

will never grow old

Larry Blaczek

**children**  
*(C) (P) (C) (S)*  
& daddies



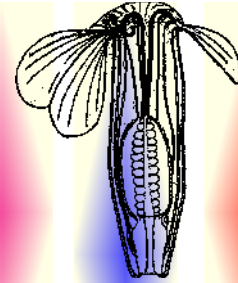
## Tribute to JH

A flaming meteor struck the earth  
everyone saw, everyone saw  
it made a great sound  
they were in awe, they were in awe

Larry Blazek



**children**  
C H O R C H E S  
& daddies



## My First Marriage

punched me with  
his fist  
forgave me with  
his cock  
& life went on  
that way

Cheryl A. Townsend



**children**  
C H O R C H E S  
& daddies

# Mosquito

It was the strangest place for a mosquito bite. The skin around the lower-half of her middle finger was swelling rapidly - a white, weirdly shaped bubble was forming and fingers of its own were sliding up hers, on blood vessels leading to the heart. A mosquito had deposited its poison there. She hadn't even felt it. Hadn't even heard it. Hadn't even seen it. It was an absolutely invisible soldier, it was a task well done. The urge to itch was unbearable. She knew the best thing to do was leave the affected area alone and just ignore it. But how could she? Every minute, a searing feeling in her finger taunted her, shooting up her arm and into the surrounding fingers, making those unbearable too. She wanted to madly scratch the whole hand. She wanted to just scratch and scratch and scratch until it didn't hurt anymore. the itch spoke to her ... if she would only scratch it a little, it promised to stop bothering her. But she knew from experience the itch lied - it would never go away. Scratching would only make the itch stronger, and the finger would swell up to "New, Enormous" size. So instead she held the entire arm up, trying to staunch the blood flow to her middle finger. The finger hung there upright in the air, singled out from the rest in a salute to the mosquito. She tried to imagine how the mosquito had bitten her there. The finger had lain hand down on the arm rest of the kitchen chair, held together against all the other fingers. The space was too compact to be maneuverable for a mosquito. How unfair! There wasn't even that much blood in a finger. What could the mosquito have been thinking anyway? This was so unfair. She wasn't even outside when this happened. She was sitting inside at the kitchen table, waiting for the mahi mahi to be grilled and dinner to be served while she watched some stupid nature special about Australia's native animals and their mating rituals on public television. In all likelihood the mosquito had slipped in while someone opened the porch door in the kitchen to take the fish out to the grill. And now, as she tried to hunt down the unwanted insect, there was absolutely no sign of it. It wasn't in the usual dark areas, like under the tables or in the dark corners of the ceiling. There was no noise, no wavering flight of black that would give it away. Irritation, anxiety, she wanted to find it so it couldn't bite her again. It had committed the perfect crime. Not even a chance for a few fair swats. If it weren't for being bitten, she wouldn't have known that a mosquito had been there at all. And so she sat, her arm tiring from holding itself upright, the finger still swelling and the itch still begging.

Lisa Newkirk

children  
C H O R C H E S  
& daddies



# The Orange

Smack; Smack; Smack;  
went the orange  
(left over from unfinished lunch)  
her left hand became the baseball glove  
and  
her incredibly adept right hand grabbed the orange  
and threw it back again  
and again  
and smack, smack, smack,  
it went  
into the left hand.  
this continued while she was supposed to be working,  
writing on  
the office's typewriter  
(a typewriter! could you believe?)  
what happened to a chicken in every pot,  
and a computer in every office?)  
smack, smack, smack.  
Then she played a new game:  
tossing the orange high up into the air  
but not so high as to knock loose the styrofoam ceiling panels above  
(the orange was dizzy to be so high)  
it's ascent curved from an arc to a boomerang loop straight down  
to outstretched hands;  
the secretary across the way was, if she looked up,  
in full view of this scene,  
since the door was always open (company policy)  
but the secretary never saw the happy orange  
flying, flying, flying.

(continued)

children  
C H O R C H E S  
& daddies



Once it hit the desk and rolled off onto the floor  
(the right hand was not always so adept)  
then she had to retrieve it;  
after a few minutes of embarrassed silence  
and a silent lecture on what she was there to really do,  
the orange sat,  
as best as an orange could sit  
on the flat surface of a desk.  
Then she wrote.  
She picked up the orange to get a paper beneath it,  
because she needed it for typing.  
She moved the orange,  
because it was in the way of the big, pink eraser.  
Then she started rolling the orange around on the desk,  
slowly at first,  
sbsentmindedly...  
then really, really fast,  
as fast as she could between both hands.  
hen she juggled it between a box of paper clips  
and a bottle of white-out -  
the orange was generally having a good time.

And then she decided to eat it.

Lisa Newkirk

children  
C H Y R C H E S  
& daddies

## Heartbeats, by Jack Harrison

Four children scamper around in the twilight, shouting and squealing, grabbing at fireflies in the air. The few that are caught are deposited in a quart glass jar with a screw-on metal lid. The halfdozen small holes in the lid were produced by an ice pick wielded by an obliging mother.

A Golden Retriever, tired from scurrying to and fro, sprawls on the grass. A grey cat peeks from under a bush at the corner of the house. The dog is looking the other way, so the at darts across the corner of the yard and through a small gap in a hedge that maks the boundary of the neighboring yard.

The remnants of a Kool-Aid stand - a card table, two folding chairs, some paper cups, and a plastic pitcher - rest abandoned on the sidewalk near the street. Tossed aside on the grass near the hedge are a plastic bat and ball and two small ballgloves of imitation leather.

An elderly man and woman strolling by stop and speak to the children, who greet them quickly, then dash off. Locusts buzz in the oak trees. Occasionally a car rumbles slowly down the brick street. Lights blink on in two nearby houses. Three teenagers on bicycles whiz by.

Moths flutter silently around the porch light. Buzzing June bugs careen through the air and bump noiseily against the screen door. A man walks out of the house, takes several envelopes out of the mailbox on the porch, sits down in a lawn chair and puts his feet up on the porch railing.

One of the children shouts to the man and runs up onto the porch to display the jar of tiny, blinking lights. As the child returns to the yard, the man smiles and leans back in his chair. He shuffles through the mail in his hand, tears open one envelope and reads the letter inside, with some difficulty because of the dim light.

"I thought you'd like to know," his sister has written, "that Jim Blaylock passed away yesterday. He had a heart attack while he was mowing the yard. He was just forty-two. A year older than you, I guess."

The man drops the letter in his lap and stares out across the yard, across the street - to another yard in another time. He remembers Jimmy, the skinny, always grinning, red-headed neighbor kid, often eager to catch lightning bugs and look for locust shells and play ball in the front yard on warm June evenings. The man shivers, as if a chill has passed through his body.

"Come on, you kids," he calls out. "It's gettin' dark. Time to go in and start taking your baths." After some protesting, two of the chidren trudge up onto the porch and the other two head down the street. The man helps one child untie a knot in a shoelace, then suddenly hugs the child tightly.

The man can feel the quick, steady beat of the small heart in the child's body, and senses that it is somehow in sync with the slower beat of his own. He fights off a feeling of panic and vows silently that he will not lie awake at night wondering how strong or how fragile both those hearts might be.

children  
C H Y R C H E S  
& daddies