

# How you doin'?

I've been worse.

I hope that kind of pain is gone  
That head banging  
Dig my nails into my forearm  
Biting my lip  
The lesser of the pain distraction  
Not as a show of disregard to the babe  
    who first knew the pain  
But in the knowledge that the arms I grew  
Reached back in love.  
And stilled the troubled child.  
Into restful sleep and  
Gleeful awakening

Nadine