A Book for a Daughter

The spine suggests a mystery.
The cover hints at shocks.
The blurb talks of fancies,
dangers and delights.

I open to a... Pop!

The contents are intriguing,
filled with fist, fury and fang.
I’m a little scared to open it.

It explodes to a... Bang!

The index is bursting with words
so precious they’re wanted by thieves.
For my daughter I’m exploring this library,
I’m thumbing a path through its leaves!

The spine suggests an adventure.
The cover hides a tomb.
The blurb talks of mummies,
ghosts and ghouls.

I open to a... Boom!

The contents are intriguing,
things that I have never said.
She’ll open this book and find
she’s always in my head.

The index is heaving with words,
shouted words,
words I wish
to rain on her from above.

She’ll open this book and find
it’s filled with a father’s love.