

CAN YOU TAKE THEM?

By Katie Simpson

Would you take her?
Would you take just the baby,
if we can't place them together?
A small, imagined face,
of a small, imagined girl,
emerges.
It's not right,
they should be together.

And the crying,
what is the crying for?
Her mother, her father,
her siblings, her food?
How do you console,
the small ones like that?
When they've lost it,
everything.
All they had,
was the bad,
and now it's gone.

She picks up the pieces,
she holds, she cleans,
she feeds and soothes,
that crumpled, reddened,
salt-soaked face,
that tiny, lost body,
cast adrift until-
the pieces are put back,
to form some kind of image,
once more.
And she wipes a final tear.

And then the phone rings,
can you take them or,
maybe just the little one?