

Bangkok

Tara Walker

(Oh child, where is your mother) it is 0
degrees in Iowa. Here even the early
morning sun burns fierce. We intersect
our lives -with yours, briefly, under a
bridge we 'watch your tiny hands palms
asking (Oh little one ■where is your
mother)

In my country -wind tears through the layers
of clothing to chill pallid skin.
Here this unforgiving sun burns the sidewalks.
Your little feet turn red. No one is there to cover you.

(child where is your mother?)

who dotes on you 'with knowing eyes
kisses your eyelid shut at night

women 'will cry, moan and struggle to bring
this life into the 'world
At home it is frigid cold, immobilizing,
children are bundled to the collar.
Here we fight to stay away from the wicked sun.
But who fights for you
(oh child where is your mother)
who lifts you from these streets

When I was small my mother woke nightly with my cries
but who will come for you?