

## Holy Family

The emergency room—  
as though a single room  
could contain the urgency of pain.  
A woman with bloody rags and  
a hole in the back of her head touches  
the slippered woman: “I know you love me,  
baby girl. Just sleep.”  
Against the wall, the polished girl adjusts  
her glasses, waits.  
She belongs to no one.

I sing to you,  
rub your back in the corner  
by the water fountain,  
surrounded by ancients with  
Faulty backs and rebellious organs.  
And they believe we are lovers  
because you look to me  
before you answer. I know  
you do not see me, that you are  
searching for your mother's face.