

1998

rocking

Bekah Taylor
Denison University

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rocking

As I held that child, hit on each side with
cries and hands raised, my arms knew how to calm;
my hips knew how to sway. I could not take
the brown fingers from her mouth; I did not

try to free her. Her left fist contracted,
anemone drawing me back to her.
My hips moved while she rested her tired head
lightly on the knowledge that I was there,

now lifting her chin to show me that I
was not sure how long. I asked only what
I could; her wet hand opened and it held
only silence; she was five years silent.

—Bekah Taylor '00