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There She Was

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There She Was

Antonia Baylor

Driving past the park for pick up after school,

You think you see her.

For a moment.

Pushing her little boy on the swings again.

Though it's been two years.

But there she was:

The woman across from you in the revolving door.

Before you looked away.

And could not look back.

Maybe we got it wrong,

The funeral,

Because I'm telling you,

I am telling you,

God,

Please,

It was her,

just then,

Waiting on the corner for the flashing hand

as we drove by.