

## **Rishma Dunlop**

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### **Berceuse**

*for Rachel*

Her easy smile  
is everpresent  
on her child-woman's  
face.

I drift back  
through the ebb of time,  
rocking the cradle,  
smooth pine against my thigh.  
Her eyes,  
shining black crystals,  
incandescent truths  
loomed across the  
white silence  
of moonlit nursery.

I give her  
to the tidal pulls  
of sleep and dreams,  
my hand cupped beneath her heart,  
wondering at her  
seamlessness,  
searching  
for the blue-skinned  
grips  
of iron hands  
in the tearing out.