

LEIGH HERRICK

child of the

child of the missing limb the heart of
of the world now missing the child
of the missing garden the roots of the child
now missing the child of the river
running
the child of the river broken into sides
into banks into nightmares the child cannot
climb

who says

*now i can't sleep i try to forget
i have such difficulty feeling anymore*

who is the child of misvisions who knows
bombs among spring flowers who is the powerless
child of wishes of fathers of mothers
of wanting warm-and-safe-at-home not
the child of the burning cloud not
the child of mistrials or freely the large stone
flung one afternoon when thought was simple and
looking up there was only blue no no stone

nothing thrown or born into the heart of the child

who forgot the sound of laughter

who remembers friends

who says which live

which are dead

who says

i am speaking to you will the waiting be long?

Italicized lines are from a 1993 UNICEF publication, IDream of Peace: Images of War by the Children of Former Yugoslavia, and are used with permission.