

Of Trinket, of Mary

When you stand by the radio after
the Sailor spurns you, and because it is
silent, the cathedral empty, you know
the Christ child has been born, your hand wanders
to that absence as if He seeks the thin blue
milk, the veined orb beneath the cloth of stars—
As your Sailor sleeps his brutal sleep you speak
of the Christ child, his blind sweet hands
fumbling beneath the robes of his mother,
and Trinket, I had that. Rocking or
in bed, or carrying my babies beneath
my pink *ruana* as I walked hours
and hours through the summer woods, their lips
pulling down the starry river, I had that.



*Detail from "Stop the Hurt," by A. Belluz, 1991.
Children's Aid Foundation, Toronto. Photo: Joe Paczuski*