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Wishing Children

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Wishing Children // Nicole Bredeson

Did you see them?
Pinched tight faces in the snow.
Beet red, pissed, and cold.
Balled tight fists,
clotted nose.
Dark black hair
in tufts and knots,
slick with mother's force.
Unaware and still unknown,
except,
except for once.

I saw them in the paper stars
that drifted from above.
You stopped me, gasped,
you stilled my hands,
the words spilling out.
The wonder from a child's mouth,
not you, but yours, for when.
And instantly I knew,
it would be back.

Arms encircle tired necks,
dry mouths, and tongues,
and pores.
Wretching open,
emptied out,
ripping holes filled and unfilled,
and filled again.
I'd like to think a prophesy,
and you'll find that moment
short a breath.
Look, you'll say,
it's snowing.
And maybe I,
will remember when.