

IT'S NOT A BABY DOLL, IT'S ALIVE

dark and rainy

bodies in the tangle of branches,
some flung hundreds of feet
from their homes

then, in a T shirt and diaper,
quiet in a field of grass
face down in the mud
covered in bits of grass

It's not a baby doll,
it's alive
someone yelled
It's not made of plastic

The mother dead,
yards in the opposite direction

shivering, cold and scared,
a blank look in his eyes,
300 feet from his house,
rescuers took off the
shivering baby's wet shirt

his grandfather
who just arrived

touched every inch of the child,
figured he must have some inquiry

no cuts but a blank stare,
so quiet. Then, at
last the baby started crying

Lyn Lifshin