

A N N E H O H E N S T E I N

When They Found You

They said you screamed once
holding your guts in a helmet, your summered face
pale as your teeth. You asked them to help you
pack your belly back together
with leaves flat and round as plates,
to carry you to the river,
feet searching for ground
strong enough to hold you; they said
you asked for water
and your mother. They said
you lingered in dust and frail shadows
until you saw her soundless face
calling you for bed.

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