

## SARADA

I lifted  
Sarada onto my knee.  
Her tiny body

shot with spasms.  
Light broke  
in her face

like angels  
over Bethlehem.  
Shot with grief

I stroked  
her shaven head.  
Her small

rough hands  
reached for mine.  
Transfigured

I thought of shelters  
and of journeys  
as the world

goes on.  
Unseeing