Poem

What We Know

By Rebecca Kai Dotlich

We shared soup, sandwiches, cots,
dry pajamas, prayers, as we rolled
up sleeves, eased fears, held hands.
With quiet nods, we came to know
that just when worlds
turn upside down,
someone, somewhere
hands out raincoats, sets up games,
gives out books, calls our names . . .
unwrinkles the worry, smooths the sorrow,
offers a blueprint
for tomorrow.

Sakdawut Tangtongsap/Shutterstock.com