

Spring 5-1-2007

A Child's Lament

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Recommended Citation

Mendelsohn, Mikki (2007) "A Child's Lament," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 27 : No. 2 , Article 13.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol27/iss2/13>

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A Child's Lament

Mikki Mendelsohn

You promised me the moon
pickled, sugared or cured
not filled with green cheese
but angel dust blown from distant planets
blessed by God.

You wished upon the stars
called them by name
as if friends forever.

You tossed me up into the sky
never failing to catch me,
tumbling together in muddy pools
laughing till we cried real tears.

You pushed me down the street
on my first bicycle and didn't know
I was soaring alone-the fresh minted breeze
of spring stinging my eyes,
blowing my hair like straw,
as if it weren't attached.

You taught me how to build a snowman,
make its face from leftover food,
swing our arms wildly in soft powder
making angels from nothing;
fashioning discarded pieces of plastic
into a toboggan to fly down the hill
to end up on our backsides with nary a scratch
and not to fear climbing trees by finding
the strongest branches and stepping softly.
Then one day after school I waited.
But you never came home.