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Sugar

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Sugar

Wilda Morris

I held my head in my hands, thinking
of the riot of sound and color at the park,
wishing I could run through the door
with my children. Did I have courage
to leave? I knew if we went now
we could never return, knew he would look
for us, rage stored in his pockets.
Was there hope, I wondered, lifting my head.
The sugar bowl sat empty on the table,
its cut glass facets refracting sunlight
into rainbows on drab walls.
Get your jackets, I said. Somewhere
there had to be a better life for us.
We would purchase cotton candy
and balloons before we looked for shelter.
Sometimes children need a little sugar.