

I AM NOT A POET

TO MY MAMA IN HEAVEN

A BOOK OF POETRY

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POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

LOVE IS THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

A Poem: Home Sweet Home

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HOME SWEET HOME

Our duty is done
We've put in our time
We want to get on with our lives
Two years have passed

Nobody wants a five-year-old boy
Give it another year
Torture
Reminder of rape
He will be adopted.

No
He's special
Give him a home. A chance.
Treat him like he's part of you.

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A final swig of coffee and a bite of a butter tart.
Flakes fluttering onto shirts.
Another sip. Another bite.
Take the boy by his hand. A bag full of clothes.
Place him in the back of the car. Like a criminal?
The engine sparks to life
The window is lowered.

We will take him until he's adopted.
Never breathe a word
Swallow the truth
He can never know.

Heads drop in shame.
Why did we participate?
What have we done?

Can I have a dog?

NO.

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