

(Coffee) Break

The child cupping her face
with distracted slack
cannot know the way the woman watches
disinterested
in anything but what she does not have.

The child cupping her face
propped against the window grit
wonders, for a second, if the spider
on the other side can see her sitting
up above, *the way the woman saw
her swinging from the bars
swinging before she let go before
she fell into arms.*

This wonder is not meant to speak
or be spoken; the woman's mouth
moves no more :
to smile or sound, or whisper of
not wanting what it is
she has.