

Rotavirus

Seven nights now. The baby
won't keep anything
down. We have names
for all we fear but can
never see and curse instead
this brutal misfortune.

We don't mention our love
grown bitter as the bile
we stoop to wipe away,
but wring the cold rags
with our fingers as if
they were the neck of hope.

There is always the long road
to the city but not a centime
for the fare to get there or
the expense of hearing
what we already know.

And we've been told
before, over and over again,
but when the harvest fails
and the well is suspect which
god will answer your entreaty?

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