

To an Orphaned Girl

Time heals what reason cannot.
—Seneca

I hear in your wail
hanging over the quiet
of your photograph

the dual curse
of the living: to be living
and living now

when now is even less
certain than it was. What
reasonable amount of time

can heal what can't be called
a wound, when dead;
what isn't a memory

when lived; and what
isn't a life when lifted
from rock, and rebar?

With pain wild, confusion
loosed, but not yet rage
in the muscles of your face

O orphaned girl
wandering the streets
of Port-au-Prince

the grief in your eyes
betrays your grief
by being only grief.