

THE VISIT

**Who is this man who towers over me,
Bending to hug me?
He frightens me, saying he is my grandson John.
But my grandson John is only a baby.**

**So I turn away from this rude man
And study the patterns on the backs of my hands.
Like long blue worms under my skin.
How did they get there? I can't remember.**

**Thoughts of other sweet babies float through my mind.
Beautiful little boys and girls.
But I can't catch the images long enough
To see who they are.**

**Momma said I shouldn't play in the barn with the boys.
She said those games could give me babies.
It's too bad. I wish I'd had babies.
Now all I have is Momma.**

**My heart is glad when she is with me.
But today she tells me she is my daughter.
And she is crying.
It scares me when Momma cries.**

**I turn to look at the rude man. He is crying too.
He keeps looking at me. Now he reaches for my hand.
Momma, make him go!
They tell me to stop screaming.
But I am so afraid.**

**Carol Leonard SeCoy
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