

Ever and I take your hand  
And we hold on together.

*Joseph de Roche*

### GO BACK UP

The people sitting at the table with a child  
are parents, because of money everyone turns  
the fork over and the child yawns, dessert  
comes and the father takes a long swallow, but  
for the most part he keeps to himself, letters  
on the sideboard contain an occasional reference  
to the mother's illness, she asks the child  
to bathe and change for bed, gives the door  
one more look. The father shifts his legs,  
irritation changes to thoughtful dismay, my  
own son says when I tell him the story as long  
as he can see some branches through the window  
he knows the trees must be on the other side  
of the wall, there is grace in his voice now,  
we spend most of the night upstairs refilling  
the humidifier, sometimes we give up and rush  
him out to the damp air, there is juice for  
really bad coughing, rain is falling now thank  
the Lord, it's between fifty and sixty degrees,  
the parents turn toward their son, chat with  
their hands, there are puppets on them from **Hungary.**