

THREE WAYS OF EXPLAINING IT

I.

I am the starving baby in your arms
whom you can't feed and haven't the nerve
to steal for. What will you do?
You pace and worry, my wails
rising around you.

II.

I am a string on your finger
you've forgotten the reason for.
You stare and stare, helplessly.
And I never tell.

III.

Think of me as a situation
you have often imagined
but never had to face.

Now I am an emergency.
Cope with me.
Live through me;
learn to.