

POETRY | SPRING 2022

Baby Girl

By Raeshell Sweeting

Born on a sunny Friday morning Early, sparing us a drive through the storm -You were perfect.

Days after you entered our lives, your aunt cried rivers sitting on my bed Watching the story develop We saw our neighborhoods torn apart All the while, your little mouth searching for milk

We cocooned, baby girl, as the world descended into chaos Blood over our door You lay safe inside Oblivious and innocent You remained constant in your ever changing

Soon, I would have to leave our fortress wearing new armor - I took an oath. Disease did not wait during a pandemic It capitalized on indecision and inaction And thus,

my world away became dark

I crumbled in your absence.

Each night I came home and washed away the world Just to hold your tiny growing body Needing me.

I was able to sustain you, as you sustained me

Baby girl, you have been ours and ours alone Our quarantine, your beginning Insulated in a marvelous bubble of joy

