

# Carol Ann Davis

## Upon Seeing the Terezin Children's Drawings, Two Parts

I.

it was something                    I wanted  
hem of a skirt                    *prehensile* and its antecedents  
the story of the annunciation                    told backward  
and with feeling                    the wind                    a little  
pent up inside us                    an undersea world  
stitched on register paper                    and drawn by a child  
most of them gone now                    the *house of the minute*  
and a thousand sirens                    calling them  
toward what little protection                    a devil offers  
the basement                    full of yard goods  
the third floor                    storm drain  
the day on the street                    we walked a little ahead  
of the rain that was coming                    remember  
your mother                    still lost somewhere  
our boys barely                    thought of  
but safer for it                    that's when I saw the detail  
thought to tell you its secret                    *Christ in Limbo*  
a museum full of names                    our own children  
in an apartment                    full of bees  
but here                    the names of the dead                    so many children  
their pictures                    on postcards  
perfect jellyfish-bunny-ears-starfish-electric-eels                    it was like  
listening to the music                    of their childhood  
or walking                    out into the deepest  
possible water                    strange fish                    if I could I would follow you  
stitch your name                    into history somewhere

II.

if I could      stitch your name                      into history somewhere  
strange fish              I would follow you                      into possible water  
or walk              out into the deepest  
music of childhood    perfect jellyfish-bunny-ears-starfish-electric-eels  
so like pictures    on postcards  
but here              the names of the dead              are so many children  
their dreams asleep    in an apartment                      full of bees  
a museum so full of names              our own children  
think to tell you their secret                      *Christ in Limbo*  
safer              for seeing detail  
our boys barely    thought of  
your mother              still lost somewhere  
in the rain that was coming                      remember  
the day on the street              we walked a little ahead  
noticed              the third floor                      storm drain  
the basement              full of yard goods  
saw what little protection              a devil offers  
a thousand sirens    calling children  
most of them gone now                      the *house of the minute*  
stitched on register paper    drawn by a child  
and pent up inside us              an undersea world  
a feeling              the wind              a little  
story of the annunciation                      told backward  
hem of a skirt              *prehensile* and its antecedents  
all of it something              I wanted