

This morning

by [Kimberly Cockroft](#) in the [November 30, 2010](#) issue

In the glow of a nightlight:
a baby's finger tucked in her mouth,
wadded socks, a barrette cobwebbed
with fine strands.

In a house near ours
six children burned to death.

My daughter's heel curves
like an apple in my palm.
I can wrap my fingers around her foot,
feeling her bones, her breath
bright birds against the winter dawn.
When she wakes
frost veins the pane.
Smoke curls from a chimney.

I touch eyebrows, nose, feel mouth
tug my breast, the burn of milk.
You, small acorn,
in the creases of God's palm.
God folds his fingers over you.
That is all.