

# 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.