

The news

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [July 15, 2020](#) issue

For weeks afterward, photos zing at you, children weeping in another language, peering into doorways to find their parents, children gnawing on gristle, who scrunch up, crouch down, hoping to escape the cages. A toddler grips her mother's red skirt just before guards wrench her hand and split the two apart. The polite voice of a lost kindergartner repeats the cell number of her auntie over and over, what she has practiced for months in a language strange to her: *you will want to call her so she can pick me up*, she tells a guard. These children start appearing at our corner stop sign, in the tea aisle, beside the altar, like questions you cannot answer. You, yourself, a child again in the hungry, weeping, sleepless dark, beside you, their sleeping bodies arranged like Z's and C's on the concrete floor, covered with crackly silver sheets. Outside you see guards shoving our creator, who once visited his creation, toward the wire mesh door. He is a beautiful child. Before a border guard can herd him into the cage, you feel his warm breath, touch his brown toddler hand, hear him ask "where is my father?"