

Pietà

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [April 2024](#) issue

He was the last to enter the small plane,
a tall man, ducking through the narrow
door, carrying a slight form hidden
beneath a cotton sheet, motionless
during the hour's flight, not dead,
I hoped, not yet, but sleeping, silent,
the man too, silent, head bent, listening,
as if waiting for someone to tell him
why, and why, I wonder, these years
later, I, too still hold that cradled child?