

## Lost Child

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [July 2025](#) issue

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*For our brother Lou*

We always knew we would lose you.  
The youngest child in a gaggle of cousins,  
at two you wandered down the beach,  
*I am the Boss* embossed on the bottom  
of your toddler-size bathing suit.  
An hour later our frantic search  
ended when you waddled back to us,  
sat your sturdy behind on our blanket  
and picked up your shovel & bucket  
still wearing your plastic sunglasses.

At five you got lost on the boardwalk,  
strayed miles from us and from our hotel.  
Later we found you were brought back  
by a cop, whom you had the sense to tell  
the name of the place he could find us,  
*Normandy* a word you somehow knew,  
its letters in neon green and blue,  
though I'm sure you could not read it.

Getting older, you got lost faster  
and could not be easily found.  
Drugs, beer, girls, a near disaster  
in your Jeep on the beach. The whole town  
knew you were trouble, but loved you, too,  
the same way we all felt about you.  
Until you, at last, got lost for good.  
Just like we always knew you would.