

survivors

surrounded by steel
or scattered on feathered wings—
we fly

in mid-air, yet grounded—
woman and child
in black shadow

shawls for cover unfolded

look at me
look at this child,
she says,
get used to us

in the pink of these words—
no sweetness

Sandra Keelean

Inspiration: *get used to us* by Dave
Warmenhoven