

Social Worker I

by Marlanda Dekine-Sapient Soul

Can you let him know that he won't be going back to his dad?

He's four. I say, Alright. This is the work I signed up for.
I go into the room. I watch him play. I write a poem.

When I say what no one can ever teach anyone to say,
his wet eyes hold back waters. He resists the waves the way he was taught.

His eyes tell me he is not the first in his family to have
these words forced down ear canal before breakfast.

Feels like he chose his father when he tells me, I will be okay.
Can I keep playing? asks the shapeshifter sitting there,
making his own world in sand.