

**feed me shortbread**

by Kristia Vasiloff

grief, steady me gentle  
on your knee. feed me  
shortbread & warm  
milk & whispered ear  
secrets. wear something  
comfy. for i will cry & snot  
into your cardigan & when  
it dries find me rocking  
without the tip over.  
so when i am ready  
if i am ever ready  
i may want to stand.  
for now hold me in your thick  
arms, where your smell has mixed  
with all my salt. we'll drift  
away together until you bounce  
me up & down. chiding,  
*breathe, child, breathe.*