

The Foundling

Mary Gauthier

A baby
A FOUNDLING
Unwanted
LOOKING
Unloved and unblessed
FOR
Left on a doorstep
HOME
An unbidden guest
WANDERS
A shivering shadow
THROUGH
A child with no name
DARKNESS
Severed
AND
Surrendered
TRAVELS
Sinking in pain
ALONE

Conceived in the gale of a ruinous storm
Partially killed, partially born
Abandoned, abandoned, falling through space
With nobody's eyes and nobody's face
A foundling

It's a child that no longer cries
With a prisoners stare and an orphans eyes
A free floating phantom held together by skin
A small helpless stranger, a sign in the wind

Washing into this world in fever and flood
Tears remorse, sorry and blood
Abandoned, abandoned left at the gate
Cut loose un-tethered tattooed by fate
A Foundling.