

## Wee Lamb

I really am her wee lamb  
as I leave the hospital Quiet Room  
holding a pamphlet on grief in my little hoof.  
I search the faces of women her age  
my lonely eyes bleating,  
“Will you take care of me?”  
Can you cook mince and tatties  
then let me lie at your feet as you knit  
your needles a soothing metronome.  
And I will say, Mom I want,  
and you will say, Ssshhhh  
I’m counting.