

Charm for a Sick Child

Linda Sillitoe

we will dream now of a cave
with a figure at the entrance.
see the magic seeds she holds

to twinkle new stars into your
angry blood. two fingers cross
your wrist, then above your head

my hand traces the entrance;
dream beginning and end
as you swelter in bed.

remember the godmother
little one
pockets of glass slippers
and surprise home runs
your wishes hover here
like candle smoke

the wave not the wand is potent.
and godmother mothergod mother
will bring you seawater, sun

and thunder, a fresh start.
what in my bones knit you
within me still weaves magic.

sleep now. here is the sign
more ancient than memory.
here is the turn in the tide.