

Pietà

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [April 2024](#) issue

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He was the last to enter the small plane,  
a tall man, ducking through the narrow  
door, carrying a slight form hidden  
beneath a cotton sheet, motionless  
during the hour's flight, not dead,  
I hoped, not yet, but sleeping, silent,  
the man too, silent, head bent, listening,  
as if waiting for someone to tell him  
why, and why, I wonder, these years  
later, I, too still hold that cradled child?