

POETRY

Room 209

devon is in daycare,
drinking apple juice
dark auburn like the
blood they draw at
the clinic.

mrs. jones makes dinner
pb and jelly tonight
to coax the lead out
her gray walls weigh heavy,
undermining safe shelter

volunteer #33 taps teal
nails to the screen
a millenial with a mission
wielding google like
an olympian weapon

she looks up at mrs. jones
they are bright and tired —
the eyes, the women.
so they go together, to the
faded, fading building.

they make their case:
a healthy home, a healthy person.
they fight for devon,
for the fevered plane of
his dappled cheeks.



mrs. jones has a voucher now
feels fortunate at Asclepius' answer
knows there are a million families
sprouting up in the space she's left
and so it is, onwards

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