

# The lost baby poem By Lucille Clifton

the time i dropped your almost body down  
down to meet the waters under the city  
and run one with the sewage to the sea  
what did i know about waters rushing back  
what did i know about drowning  
or being drowned

you would have been born into winter  
in the year of the disconnected gas  
and no car we would have made the thin  
walk over genesee hill into the canada wind  
to watch you slip like ice into strangers' hands  
you would have fallen naked as snow into winter  
if you were here i could tell you these  
and some other things

if i am ever less than a mountain  
for your definite brothers and sisters  
let the rivers pour over my head  
let the sea take me for a spiller  
of seas let black men call me stranger  
always for your never named sake