

## Three Poems

T E D K O O S E R

### Mother and Child

It was scarcely a park,  
one corner of a block  
scraped clean of whatever  
had stood there, now seeded  
and graveled, pinned down  
by a half dozen saplings.  
At the center was one  
of those red, blue and yellow  
plastic play sets, with a tube  
to slide down. It was cold,  
no one there but a woman  
and child, wearing mufflers  
and down-filled jackets  
with hoods pursed in around  
their faces, she standing  
apart, patient, watching him  
climb the blue blocky steps,  
knee over knee, and then  
the boy calling out with  
a white puff of farewell,  
vanishing into the mouth  
of the big yellow tube  
to appear at the bottom  
again and again and again  
as if to underline  
something. What was it?  
The woman, her hands stuffed  
in her pockets, chin down  
in her muffler, taking sips  
of the air, the boy tasting

his lip with his tongue  
as he climbed the blue steps,  
and I only happening past.

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