

## Joseph Millar

### Wide World of Sports

You lie on the couch after work  
watching the police on CNN  
handcuff the pedophile football coach,  
cold as a god in his white hair,  
cold as a corpse in the rain.

You listen to the thunderstorm outside  
like the sound of paradise breaking apart  
peering out through the blinds  
like Hawthorne scanning the churchyard

remembering the welfare mother  
smoking outside on her fire escape,  
her son asleep in his basement room

under the dark horns of the moon  
silent and split with scars  
hovering close to the earth and its crimes,  
its relentless, sorrowful appetites,

the gray shrike stabbing a field mouse  
and hanging the small body up  
in the thorns, and the brown moth  
crashing into the porch light  
drunk on its ruinous love.

## Christi Clancy

### Joy

When Campbell Brown cried over the little girl trapped in her school in Haiti, Gail cried. And when Anderson Cooper stood just beyond a pile of bodies in the streets, the bright sun glinting off his silver hair, and said this was one of the worst disasters he'd ever seen, Gail nodded in agreement: surely Anderson Cooper knew from disasters.

She never realized she was attracted to Indian men until a visibly touched Sanjay Gupta kissed his fingers and pressed them onto a fifteen-day old infant's forehead. He explained that the baby's mother had been crushed and her father was too distraught to leave the house, so the uncle brought the baby with the head wound to see the famous doctor, any doctor. "She'll need antibiotics," Sanjay said.

Gail said out loud, "Oh, hell. She'll need a lot more than that."

A few days after the quake, Gail sent a check for \$50 to Unicef and another check for \$50 to Doctors Without Borders. She attached post-it notes to both checks that said, "Keep up the good work!!" She drew a smile under the two exclamation points.

Wasn't there more she could do? She ate microwaved macaroni and cheese from Trader Joe's and tried to picture herself in Haiti under the hot sun, cleaning up all those bricks and chunks of concrete, but she had a bad back and the heat gave her a horrible rash on her thighs. She thought about adopting a child from Haiti, but the child couldn't come into focus. Not a baby. Babies were too much work, and they weren't solid enough, they were like bags of fluid. She wondered if most of the kids in Haiti had AIDS. She was self-employed and had a \$5,000 insurance deductible. How could she afford all the medical care that would require? Could she, Gail, bookkeeper for Kane County Knitting Guild, handle a child who had lost a foot or an arm? Do you ever get used to looking at the puckered-up skin on the stump where the limb had been?

On CNN they said the doctors were cutting off body parts with hack saws, just like they did during the Civil War, when soldiers had to bite bullets to deal with the pain. She'd heard of amputees who still felt their lost limbs long after they'd been gone. Phantom limbs. They moved fingers that weren't there, wiggled lost toes, flexed and pointed missing feet, and felt pain where pain shouldn't be.

No, adoption wouldn't work. Children need fathers, and Gail's