

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Fragile Child

By Bridget Seley Galway

— *For Katjee (1965-2010)*

She was once my nephew
such a skinny little boy
with cheeky face

he was hiding most of the time
though found —
never seen.

he would steal matches
to light small fires
to feel the warmth
and release the burn —
the flame of the She
he could not be

he was a good brother
to his sister
his small hand held hers
so long ago

before letting go
to be —
then disappear