

Poem—

Baby Is Gone!

A baby there was wrapped
In a blanket warm with
Hair so brown and eyes so grey,
A smile sweet and pure.

Loved that baby did I yet
A man took from me it away,
Cried did I that baby for!
Ran I after them, fast was he
Who my baby took. Lost were
they.

Death longed I for, but knew I
inside

Were to find I my baby not
could I.

Lived so I looking the daylight
in

Nights many sleep did I hoping
Might find I my baby dear,
The day next coming. Hurt I,
My baby longing for. Morning
Once woke I up, ringing doorbell
cause.

Stood there a man, tears eyes in.
Said he I your baby took.

It I threw away, burned its
blanket

I thought never you of. A
mother.

Died your baby, here I. Pray I
you forgive.

Believed not I this man.

Still I look my baby for.

— ETHEL A. PAYKOTAK