

Rett Girl Elegy

by Lisa Siefker Bailey

Every day is a lament
Not just birthdays and mother's days
When they call to tell me what they think my daughter wants to say
While every day I miss the day-to-day

They want me to admire her 50 TOBY boards
Praise her for reading on the patio in the afternoon by the Saturn-
colored finches
For writing her name in a Hallmark card
But I know her eyes, like her wringing hands, are stuck saying
"I want to talk to Oma" even as Oma talks to her in person
After eleven years
She interrupts with a recorded voice, never hers

There is no consoling
A leaver
Consolation is for losers

I bound away like a bunny
Hounded by a bereaved beagle's bay
That will hunt me down
No matter how far out I travel
And circle back
Seeking
Inconceivable solace