

## Mumps

by Chandra Fifield

Tear-stained cheeks  
Arms outstretched  
Bedtime  
Hasn't happened yet

Your fingers curl  
Around my hair  
Comforting  
You know I'm there

I touch your brow  
Slick with sweat  
Your heart beat races  
Through your chest

It takes me back  
Midwife thoughts  
BPM galloping  
Like a horse

I sit beside you  
Darkness deafening  
My lioness resolve  
Now lessening

We don't know  
How you cope they say  
I don't, I thought  
It's just this way

Your face  
So swollen  
Fever rising

Green  
Orange  
Red  
We will survive this.