

Nicaragua

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I don't remember when the indignation started to seem stale,
self-righteous. And the rhetoric.

What I do remember of those times is a protest sign with the word

tomorrow misspelled—two Ms
and only one R. It made me feel silly being

part of the crowd. So I went home.
But years later that I'd have this sense of loss
like an empty banquet hall, a curtain

billowing in the breeze of an open window. What of the people
brought together? Of knowing

something for certain? And you, Pippa. You hoped to go down,

help out. There were things to do,
literacy campaigns, public health drives, schools
that needed building. You

wanted to use your hands for more. And have a child. Did you
make it
to Nicaragua?