The underside of softness is wire.

A mentally ill mother is a stiff frame: her worry fingers hold her child in.

Who hasn’t wanted to hold a thing in? A scream, say, or bird or ocean?

A cage is for protection, invisible from a distance, only visible to the child who turns permeable, pours through an opening, the way vines riot for sky.

 HOMELESS

after “Undersea” by Jennifer Bevill

Poet Sheila Kelly is a retired psychotherapist who writes poems and plays in Pittsburgh. Jennifer Bevill was a teaching artist with the Guggenheim Museum for a decade. She has started a Virtual Museum to bring New York museums to her new home in Montana. Editor’s Note: This is a “Switcheroo,” an annual Broadsided Press feature in which writers submit work in response to a piece of visual art.