

WHAT HAPPENED TO JANE DOE

Grace E. Welch

Not a ripple did she make
That day upon the sea
So little did she leave behind
We all asked who was she?

No wake did she make.

No gurgle, gush, or burble.

Nor even as
she slipped
and sank
a micro
scopic
bub
ble
°

She could have WAVED
She could have SCREAMED
She could have CRIED
She could have DREAMED

But now the tiny tiddlers
Are nibbling on her toes
And a hungry passing snapper
Has eaten all her woes.

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