

Foundling

by Kathy Fish

They discovered the baby in the grass, under the snapping cotton sheets. The clothesline spun and creaked throwing light, then shadow on his face, his wee head smooth and curved as a doorknob. The woman didn't bend, only drew her hair from her eyes. He smells like Malt-o-Meal, the little girl said, hoisting him. Support his neck, the woman told her. It'll snap like a pencil. Christmas Eve, her husband had packed and fled to Cincinnati. Now as raindrops dotted their arms and the woman's skirt flicked her calves, he came rushing through the gate holding a newspaper over his head, calling, Margaret, Margaret!

