

Mobile

by stephen hastings-king

They stand together in the doorway looking at the crib.

Acolyte and Hammerhead, Predator, Global Hawk and Reaper dance
in currents of air.

One says: It is better to learn to take solace from them than it is to
be always afraid.

The mobile casts shadows across the sleeping child's body.

The other says: They look like a cloud of wasps.

Together, they are looking.

Still, it's better this way, one says and shuts off the overhead light.

