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“Tuesday Will Come”

Written by Elizabeth Sinatra

I hope the babies that pass,
who have small feet and small hands,
that they grow into people.

I hope they have a chance,
that the great matchmaker can match all the lost babies, one with another,
so they may not be alone.

I hope they have a chance
to find love,
or to patiently wait.

If a baby passes,
and grows in heavens care,

I hope the mothers will have a chance to brush their baby's hair. To see the strands of
blond untangle in the comb. I hope Mother will have a chance to take that baby home. I
hope Father can sing his daughter to sleep,
while rocking her,
rocking her,
until she does not make a peep.

I hope the lost babies have a chance to grow,
but not before Mother and Father can carry them home.