

## Hilary Sallick

### What I Didn't Do

*Dollar for the bus Dollar for the bus*  
she said over and over  
and to me in particular as I passed  
in a throng entering the station  
I shook my head  
murmured no

Then riding down the escalator  
among the loud celebrating  
teens on holiday playing  
at being adults I heard  
her voice still speaking  
its echo ongoing within me  
and too my own voice  
*You could have given*  
*a twenty why not what if*  
*it was just that one dollar she needed*  
*one bus home*

Easter is over  
It's warm windy  
the leaves on the trees are  
green flames

*why not what if*

and I remember  
the little children my own myself  
all and how  
it is

Hilary Sallick is the author of *Winter Roses* and *Asking the Form* (forthcoming from Cervena Barva Press). Her poems have appeared recently or are forthcoming in *Caveat Lector*, *Exposition Review*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Ibbetson Street* and other publications. She teaches reading and writing to adult learners in Somerville, MA, and she is vice-president of the New England Poetry Club.