

## **IN SEARCH OF THE SPY'S DAUGHTER**

I have looked for her name  
along the attic rafters  
by the gabled window  
where the others  
have left their identities  
printed in chalk--  
children who lived  
in this house  
before my time  
and before the time  
of the spy's daughter.

I imagine her looking longingly  
through the fly specked glass  
wondering why  
she had to play alone  
in this strange country  
she had come to  
with her father.

Didn't she tire of tutored lessons  
while the intrigue  
was carried on in whispers  
behind the tapestries?

I have hunted for her dolls  
expecting to find them  
buried in graves in the garden  
but there were only bullets  
and German coins.

**by Shirley A. Serviss**