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