

Rasputina, Identity Tokens

We leave for those who were trapped
As the culture collapsed
These identity tokens so that perhaps
You remember that ideas were simple and eternal
They're locked inside these mysterious crystals
We the pregnant, the sick and ashamed
We leave you these things, you remember our name

A basket was hauled at the gate
The mother put the baby in and then she would wait
The questions were to be asked
About the parentage, the lineage, and the immediate past
She waited to hear if her baby would be
Returned for disease or once be received
We the pregnant, the sick and insane
We leave you these things, you remember our name

We leave three or four tarnished padlocks
A playing card, the ace of hearts, a gold pocketwatch
A piece of brass shaped like the moon
A magnifying glass, a miniature spoon
What were we thinking or hoping for
When leaving such things at the hospital door?
A fine piece of ribbon, a cruel separation
A vague intimation of a higher-born station
Your mother was neither a saint nor a whore
There's a constant reminder that you were born poor

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