

MY YOUNG DAUGHTER, KATHRYN

The hollow wind is without peace.
The grey moon is without a friend in the sky.
Today is the dead presence.
Write daddy why. Stay away a little longer.
Sleep is not the time between.
The string has no beads.
Unrest follows unrest.

My tears daddy, a little peace daddy.
You'll come by tomorrow.
All will be fixed up.

I could beat my head against the wall.
She might look up.
Mainly she would sit on the floor
Throwing cards into the empty drawer.

Music makes her dance.
She is dramatic in what she does.
She tears pages out of books.
Carries the kitten from room to room.
Oh where did Taffy go?
The dog is missing.
There is no time to rewrite history for her.
There is no describing to nature
Her tenderness.

Bye-bye daddy. Love me.
Neither of us are leaving.
Neither of us are staying long either.

Scott Bird