



from Song for my Daughter

.... Your mother sang you a Hindi lullaby as you went,
o little lovely body of the ebbing
breath, she held you in her arms. Both of us were near
you, but could not go with you, nor could we mend
the bruised aorta of your heart.

Neither aura nor language were given you, nor
that we should recover the past.
Neither pain nor laughter nor the singing madness.
You who were born not to be, in the heart of
this world.

Stephen Watts (b. 1952)

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