

The Little Girl Who Learned the Saving Way

My little Girl she grew & grew
—*oh the same as you, the same as you—*
and became a young woman as beautiful
as any in the nation.

But personal beauty she would eschew
—*oh the same as you, the same as you—*
and made one child & another two
and took to painting, an honorable

profession. And again she grew & grew
—*oh the same as you, the same as you—*
& her painting from its rudimentaries
evolved in her soul to a wonder,

a wonder. Then in her beauty a cancer grew
—*oh the same as you, my dear, oh the same as you—*
She'll make no more babies & only a painting or two,
& I—Christ I am old, I'm broken & almost through.

How can the father's heart be reconciled
—*or yours, or yours—*
to the vanishing of a daughter good & true
before him into the boneyard? What is ours
in this reprehensible world? And who the hell are you?