

ANACHRONISM

JOYCE MARSHALL

I should like to be more modern,
But, you see,
I play the flute.
All my relations did
And Mother thought
It would be nice if I could carry on
The family tradition.

So though I'd like to sing
Of the small faces of dead Chinese children
Humbly turned
Towards the death they saw but did not recognize—
So young they had no names for death or life or anything in life—
I can only chirp two notes about the moon
With this old wistful flute my fathers played.

And why should I praise the moon
When any night
It may be blotted from our eyes forever
By the thrown shadow of an aeroplane's wing?