NOTES


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AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Robert Beum

For the wasted seed, for the children
never to wake to the bird or singing bough
or wake or sleep in the sleep
in October mist;
for those hushed in the darkness, unborn
to this house or the earth,
silenced well
to the surf washing starfish,
to mill whistle mornings;
more than blind, who might have read
pennies and cats' eyes and the neighbour girls';
for these, too many
for any house or measured earth, may
silences
live in our speech and loud birthdays.