

DOROTHY PREGNANT—AN IRISH WIFE'S SONG

Richard Kolher

He is away at work
While I am present all day;
Each of us bound by love
To make shapes from the world's clay.

He goes out to the fields,
Sowing, gathering wheat—
While I am kneading dough
And adjust the oven's dark heat.

Some days as he plows he finds
A piece of old pottery;
And that night we will dream
Of the grave depths of the sea.

And in the morning he'll rise
Haunted with strange surmise,
And talk till noon is gone
With the future and past in his eyes.

O skeletons of his mind,
Your species still unclear,—
It takes a woman to put flesh
On the bare bones of an idea.