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We Build No Funeral

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WE BUILD NO FUNERAL

We build no funeral
pyres for you
Your tender skin
soft as morning peace
is burnt
blood red
from saline
Curled up against
birth
Fists clenched
against the world
Who were you
dead baby
that might have been
another Yeats?

CAROLYN KIEDS

MEANING IS MOVEMENT

Meaning is Movement
is
itself
Round
and round swirling
dizzy I
wonder I
wonder does
an ant
know
he's
an ant?

Front porch
watching
one grain
of sand
Being
maneuvered by
one small ant.
And does he
know
what he
is who is?
Why at any

Meaning is Movement
is itself
I don't trust
The lack
the Gap
the yawning
Want
to Grasp
and Be
Held
on his lap
warm singing lullaby
lullaby sleep.
Sleep, baby,
sleep...
daddy’s watching
the sheep...
mama’s milking
the cow...
so
sleep, baby, sleep.