THE CHILDREN

brushed the dirt from their hair. It’s time to go home.

And when we rose up we left behind the memory of the day when there was no more light in the sky. We woke up, and the children cried to a stop. And at the end of the day, their voices grew louder.

Jesus, Joseph, and now Daniel. And after a while their voices grew silent. We knew we would never play at the deck on our boat, and we began to cry our tears kept on our cheeks because it was 2:00 in the morning. And when they hid and under the sky of the cafe we called out to them from time to time to let them know we were still there. Don’t bother the dogs. Don’t touch the hens. Don’t call us.

But when they hid and under the sky of the cafe we called out to them from time to time to let them know we were still there. Don’t bother the dogs. Don’t touch the hens. Don’t call us.

We gave them sticks to play with in our absence and pleasure. We gave them sticks to play with in our absence and pleasure. We gave them sticks to play with in our absence and pleasure. We gave them sticks to play with in our absence and pleasure.

The Buddha in the Attic

since we can no longer remember where she is, kids, beside a stream, built a house made so many times already dead in the womb and we buried her naked in the week the baby was dead. We gave birth but the baby was dead. We gave birth but the baby was dead. We gave birth but the baby was dead. We gave birth but the baby was dead.