

First Poem (1976 age 7)

Song of a Lark in the dawning,
the rays of the golden light shown...
My darling has left me with one thing,
a child that I call my own.

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Untitled (1978)

Church bells are ringing
at the break of dawn
on an early Sunday morn.
There's a little girl a-weeping because her dress is torn
and there's a little boy a-waiting to blow the silver horn.
The maidens are carrying the babies just born
and the donkeys are eating
in the gardens of thorn.