

### A LITTLE LIFE

A little life ends, a little life begins,  
but I must look to the yes of others  
to find what it should mean to me.  
As I sit alone, in my form of frailty,  
she harnesses all she has and extends  
a cold blue hand, and her lips declare:  
No sadness! For what is passing or to come?  
Could there be no sadness for what is now?

Dare I equate no sadness to no courage,  
the reality of what is now is horrifying.  
Those little ones passing are weary and old.  
Those little ones coming deserve a kick at the cat.  
And in between I shudder at me:  
a barnacle on the gist of life,  
clinging to rotten planks of happiness,  
floating in a foul, polluted pond.

A little life ends, a little life begins,  
but I ignore the impact, the significance.  
It is all too easy to question this day  
and see with despair the big life between.  
But in case despair awaits the little ones coming  
the cold blue hand reaches out to you  
and shaking lips, with barely the time,  
plead and proclaim: No sadness.

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