

# The Shortest Story

Harry Chapin

I am born today  
The Sun burns a promise  
In my eye

Mama strikes me  
And I draw a breath and cry  
Above me a cloud  
Slowly tumbles through the sky  
I am glad, to be alive

It is my seventh day  
I taste the hunger  
And I cry

My Brother and sister  
Cling to Mama's side  
She squeezes her breast  
But it has nothing to provide  
Someone weeps, I fall asleep

It is twenty days today  
Mama does not hold me  
Anymore

I open my mouth  
But I am too weak to cry  
Above me a bird slowly crawls across the sky  
Why is there nothing  
Now to do but die?