

Birthday

M. Ward

She lives in this house over there
Has her world outside it
Scrabbles in the earth with her fingers and her mouth
She's five years old

Today is her birthday
They're smoking cigars
A chain of flowers comes down
Down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down

She's threading worms on a string
Keeps spiders in her pocket
Collects fly wings in a jar
Scrubs horseflies and pinches them on a line

She has one friend, he lives next door
They're listening to the weather
He knows how many freckles she's got
She scratches his beard
She's painting huge books
And glues them together
They saw a big raven
It glided down the sky
She touched it

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