



Lamentations

by Rita Dove

Throw open the shutters
to your darkened residences:
Can you hear the pipes playing,
their hunger shaking the olive branch branches?
To hear them sighing and not answer
is to deny this world, descend rung
by rung into no loss and no desire
Listen, empty yet full, silken
air and brute tongue,
They are saying:
To refuse to be born is one thing —
But once you are here,
You'd do well to stop crying
And suck the good milk in.