Birth

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Birth

As the pain is bursting forthward murgig with the throb of life inward surging the fold of woman cries the pain rain goes insane as cracking womb breaks of birth a name and bloodies out the songly shout of man the being born to life to live and move through wombs of other loves and lands of here and there beats out life a singing of a song of sonlife small the crying toll of a sculptured soul a mother's womb warm child

Mike Goodwin, eeb

SHALOTT

GERALD KOEPSELL

"Sing a song of darlings locked upon the castle door, and fenny things and summer leaves, and the raven's quote 'Nevermore'."

She tilt back her head and laughed and I marvelled at her; laughed too, I suppose. For she was laughable, in much the way prophets are laughable—always dammably, laughably right.

She leaned against a vacant cradle and regarded me for a moment. She was waiting for my opinion; that I knew. The answer that I must give however, required a second question.

—The verse fits, milady.—Her eyes voiced the reply, and told me that I needn't answer. Snot, I thought. She could no more answer the unvoiced question than I.

—Will you please take me to dinner tonight?—she asked. Her eyes glowed with the strange light that I expected was the major part of her.

—You have a lot of nerve, Char. Where now?—

—On you fair isle, milord.—She pointed to a small island, not a great distance off shore. However, my skiff wasn't even off the cradle yet this year.

—The paint is still tacky.—

—Why not borrow H.I.A. 'Ariel'?—

—if you want to go on 'Ariel', get Fred to take you. It's his boat.—

—You're more fun. Alas—I have no great affinity for His Imperial Asininity.—

—Tut-tut—I said.