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LULLABY

Where is the girl who hid in the woods
when wolves came.
who broke brambles with his hands.

Where is the boy

Why were the two setting down stones
and where should the stones have pointed.

Which were the minutes they felt most alone:

before the wind wept or after, once sure
of what awaited. What words did they slip
to the shivering air and what was the sound

that silenced. What did the owl's eye blink from
that night when the moon refused to linger.

Where did the mouse spill his hard-won crumb
when the shadow passed slow over.

Did the tree's hollow not hold?
Was the river too wild to ford?
Why so still, why so still, and why no fire

yet burning.

Who mouths the mouse.
How moans the owl.
And *when* cries the on-blowing wind.