

1963

Lincoln Memorial

Robin Lampman

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VIRGINIA BRADY YOUNG

WITHOUT CHILD

With no child in the house
she creates children.
"La, La" the children sing,
"La, La" they dance, they play . . .
watching them
tending them
watching them all day.

In a childless house
she creates children.
At night she goes
from room to room
calling them by name,
"Kevin", "Trina", "Andy",
night after night the same.

With no child in the house
she creates children.
"La, La" the sickness sings.
Doctors have a name for it
but not the joy it brings.

ROBIN LAMPMAN

LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Dear Mr. Lincoln,
I love you.
So great above me.
So high, so sad, so kind, so gentle.
Your great hands.
Your straight, proud posture.
Your deep eyes that look straight at me,
that restore my faith in mankind.

Please Mr. Lincoln,
stay with me forever,
the things you believed in,
the things you said to me
although you never spoke,
what you meant to me.

Dear Mr. Lincoln,
good-by.
I love you.