

Verna George

CHILDHOOD



Then we were blithe, and sure as the goat
that did not know the end
of its quickening leaps, in buttery light:
the knife-hand, the red throat.

After May's grey-flecked mould, warm
life stirred in the grass.
The logwood blossoms' yellow swarm
hummed with the Sunday witnesses

murmuring prayers for the dead,
while over the tombs we children leapt
to touch home at a crypt—
the knife unseen, the goat's bleat unheard.