HAPPY BIRTHDAY LITTLE SISTER

I believe in the taste, the overriding
rule which I want to affirm, the change
that without, you may someday say, we
old ones will inherit the air we have slept in for so long.

The meanings found in professional and agitated places will
serve your purpose like fish too fat
to squeeze through the hole our lines
have determined among the rocks, green things, muscles and
sea.

This is about how you came to us through what we have
been, and are
and how you promise we will become what you
have been, and are
to remind you how little we had to give
but how much we had to give up to get it . . .

You will never be alone, Wenona.

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