

Was a woman

Once upon a time was a woman.
In the night it began to rain milk.
From the corners, from the eaves.
Once upon a time was ago, gone.

In the morning, the baby wakes.
In the afternoon, the baby wakes.
In the evening, the baby wakes
Me from my day and I lie down.

My hair is falling from the braid.
I put my hair in a braid to keep it.
My hair is falling and with the back
Of my hand I push it back, keep it.

Hair is falling baby is falling milk
Is falling and I am catching them all
And into the day they go and the day
Is smelling like milk. I want to keep it.

There is a thin crack in the roof and so
The wall rots a little each day, softens.
The wall is softening. There is a hole
And I want to keep it. I'm sleepy.

Once upon a time was a woman who
Began to rain, soften. Once upon a time
Was a corner that began to crack. Once
Upon a time was ago, but ended sweetly.