

## *ADVICE*

Lift your withered hands and feel  
The rush of words push from below.  
Lift up your dying hands and write.

Trace the lifted arc of wheel  
Pitting itself against the flow  
Of earth's slow water in the night.

Force the rigid stone to peel  
Back in layers row on row  
Its living form against the light.

## *THE DIFFERENCE*

This is not tragedy. A child  
Cannot suffer nobly, nor fling a wild  
Curse at the sky and die.  
A child can only flinch and cry,  
Soft hands outspread. No clenched fist  
For you, my little one.  
You are pathos, I the protagonist.