

## *Bedouin Lullaby*

Here at my breast, my dark-eyed child,  
Taste of your worth and sleep a while.  
Under the tent of the black goat's wool  
Safe from the cold and the wind, be full.

Grow to be strong and proud of the tent,  
Drink of the courage that old sheiks sent  
In the rumble of hoof beats, the moving, the land,  
The intimate knowing of grasses and sand.

Here at my breast, my dark-eyed child,  
Feast on the rightness of something wild;  
Sense your belonging like braids to the strand—  
Drink from by bosom: the sky and the land.

