## The Youngest Daughter's Tale

## Lewis Horne

Three of them are older. None Grew bold enough in tone and manner To carry her executive airs.

Caesarean-born after long labor, She's taller now than any other. She is she, she says. No other.

Her sheaf has bowed to theirs. Her moon has richened in their glow. Now hastening, she lifts her chin,

Gathers her own vocabulary, Belts and buckles up the luggage Ticketed with risk. We watch.

We are the scapegoats of her worry, Driven into the atmosphere Of our ill-rationed fret. We're

Accomplished in a fuselage Jitter-boosted into orbit About the center of her calm,

LEWIS HORNE is a member of the English Department at the University of Saskatchewan. His poems have appeared in such journals as The Fiddlehead, Poetry, Queen's Quarterly, The Southern Review, and in Harvest: Contemporary Mormon Poems. In 1982 his collection, The Seventh Day, was published by a small Canadian Press.

Glimmering so fragilely, A sixteen-year-old calm-with storm-Round which with migraine piloting

We circle, deployed into voices, Voices spread with pensioned caution To slide among the shrug of stars.