

The Child

It has been Henry and Charlott for eight years now,
A season each for the split-level and the Buick,
Six years of slow months for motherhood,
Waiting for the feminine cascade to halt,
The proof of something in nothing.

It has been Charlott and Dr. Carson for five years now,
"You'll be pleased to know everything is quite normal, Mrs. Gibson."
Charts on the dressing table, so many thermometers,
"Tonight dear,"something?

"Mr. Gibson, You'll be pleased to know everything is quite normal."
White collar office, framed diplomas,
"The Yankee Clipper" opposite Charlott on the desk.

Move to the country,
"Oh, Henry, did you ever see so many May Apples."
Candle light dinners stretch into wretched armchairs.

It has been Charlott and Dr. Aburnathy for three years now.
There are so many new people in the apartment building.
"I don't see how a part time job can....."
"Mary says the children are delightful,
 And there will be a little money in it."
No time to worry about worrying.

It has been Charlett, Henry and the fertility clinic for two years now,
Dried, inseminated, pilloried;
Weeks of Good Housekeepings in bed.
Another cat and an impressive array of African violets.

"I really feel you ought to consider it;
 There are so many unwanted"
"Henry thinks that would be using"

"Well, I guess everybody knows they've been trying,
 But then we all have our problems."
"Why I can remember when they were first married,
 I can't recall a couple more in love."

"Look at them today,
I don't think they've changed a bit about that."

Empty Backyard Swings,

Charlott Mourns for Mother's Day.

1968