

baby's dead

I can see snow in your baby's eye
the gray inside is spring
the fever came quick, grew
And you sit so nice now,
smiling.

In winter the cats got cold.
they'd climb up the tires of the half ton
into the engine and curl up close
until Dad started the truck.
Hair flew off the muffled screaming things
all the time.

I brought a little one in once.
It vibrated cold for hours but never opened its eyes
I wished it dead
until it was. Thought: better off that way.

I wanted to touch it, but the smell and the smile
all wrong.
Nothing but ice in the infant's eyes.
And you say you had two?

The cats, they probably didn't belong to anybody
probably only I noticed that one shake.
The cats, they do that sort of thing all the time
and die trying to keep warm
the cats, they don't belong to anyone.

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