

Ballad of the Unborn

My shining feet
will never run On early
morning lawn; My feet were
crushed before they had A chance to
greet the dawn. My fingers now
will never stretch To touch the winning
tape; My race was done before I learned
The smallest steps to take. My
growing height will never be re-
corded on the wall; My growth was
stopped when I was still, Unseen,
and very small. My lips and
tongue will never taste The good fruits
of the earth; For I myself was judged
to be A fruit of little worth. My
eyes will never scan the sky For my
high-flying kite; For when still blind,
destroyed were they In the black
womb of night. I'll
never stand upon a hill
Spring's winds in my hair,
Aborted winds of thought
closed in On motherhood's
despair. I'll never
walk the shores of life Or
know the tides of time; For
I was coming but unloved, And
that my only crime. Name-
less am I, a grain of sand One
of the countless dead, But the deed
that made me ashen
grey Floats on
seas of red.

—FAY CLAYTON