

## Chapin Harry

### "The Shortest Story"

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I am born today, the sun burns its promise in my eyes;

Mama strikes me and I draw a breath and cry.

Above me a cloud softly tumbles through the sky;

I am glad to be alive.

It is me seventh day, I taste the hunger and I cry;

my brother and sister cling to Mama's side.

She squeezes her breast, but it has nothing to provide;

someone weeps, I fall asleep.

It is twenty days today, Mama does not hold me  
anymore;

I open my mouth but I am too weak to cry.

Above me a bird slowly crawls across the sky;

why is there nothing now to do but die

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