

## Harry Chapin "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 my 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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