

Christian Kane

"Polish Daughter"

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She was a sinner like all other guardians
For of her daughter she was proud
Went to the market on the third Sunday again
And there she vanished in the crowd
Oh it wasn't long ago you suckled to her breast
And how your eyes exploded as you took your first
Breath
Now the lading days return and the want beckons the
Yearn
To rise above the nest and to lay your head to rest
Forlorn but for the best
Immigrants come and emigrants go
Tell me why is it like that?
Emigrant at heart and an immigrant in mind
Ones emaciation an others fat
Oh it wasn't long ago you suckled to her breast
And how your eyes exploded as you took your first
breath
Now the lading days return and the want beckons the
Yearn
To rise above the nest and to lay your head to rest
Forlorn but for the best
Crying emigrant at heart and an immigrant in mind
Touching all the trees to see if there was one with bark
Like mine
In denial we worried that this was never meant
And on trial in the wake of all the prayers we never sent
And it wasn't long ago you suckled to it's breast
And now your eyes implode as you take your last
breathe
Now that lading days return the want gives into yearn
Returning to your nest you lay your head to rest
Forworn but for the best

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