

## Song for a September Birth

*for Joanna*

Last wheat of summer,  
Sun inheritor,  
This world has gleaned you  
As a tiny grain,  
As confirmation  
Of a labour's light,  
The shock of birth still  
Playing round your head.

Prepared stand winter  
Seasons to receive  
Your breath of brightness,  
And a sleep will help  
The earth continue  
Till your dance returns  
Its greening, skyward  
Rhythm, year by year.

Workmate of living,  
Small comrade in arms,  
One battle over for you  
Yet another starts,  
We stare in wonder,  
Bless your busy fists  
And feet, your complete  
Brave contingent here.

LOTTE KRAMER