

## For My Daughter

We all of us love Miss Matty, and  
I somehow think we are all of us  
better when she is near us.

ELIZABETH GASKELL

### 1

This morning at the breakfast table,  
what was it about a crow  
perched on satellite antennae  
above an ice cream tub of snow  
caught my daughter's eye?

Below the blackness of that bird,  
once more appears our yellow  
water tank smeared with rust;  
upon a white scoop-full's overflow  
the same crow comes to rest.

She points, infectiously laughs,  
then clutches at her temples;  
it seems for my daughter our world's  
a mass of picture book examples,  
and we supply the words.

2

This morning at the breakfast table,  
they frame a snowy landscape for us:  
its quintessence of nothing, a sparrow's  
mishap in suburbs, the various  
ways of looking at blackbirds or crows.

Does a bundle of accident and incoherence  
alter our morning's breakfast scene?  
Or the spirit her laughter brings?  
You may well laugh, but laugh again  
at these ordinary arrangements of things.

PETER ROBINSON