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Strange Notes

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STRANGE NOTES

The child always round me, asking *mama*,
yelling *mama*, meaning look at me *mama*.
I'm the raw materials, what's dug out of mines
then refined with heat, time, and water,
forged with each strike, for a strike is always
repeated. Meaning, ascending with power
and health, with glad notes of daybreak I hear:
nothing. But you are warm and breathing like
a bellows. Some mornings you are angry, but
most you're song in mug with cream. I think,
I did not know you before disease. Would
I have known you otherwise? Our chorus is easily
hummed, now that such strange notes survive.