

DAVID JAMES

The Child

i'm afraid of the dark
unsure

memories burn
like acid

the stench of failure
stifles

hold me tighter
tonight

LES COTTRELL

December 21, 1978

It was my birthday,
no one came except winter,
but a Southern friend
in cell 23
sang with me.
Happy Birthday to me
Happy Birthday to you
No cake, no ice cream,
no gift, kiss or wish:
I aged fifty at 25.