

My father raised scapegoat steers

My father raised scapegoat steers,
One morning I saw the cow horn crown.
It was as if peace had settled over me.
I feel the warmth of the breathing flame from the bonfire,
I long to linger there, to feel the burning to live.
The silent crown soon to speak the sweet winged music of its time.
My father's look completed itself.
I have forgotten what it was.
My mother's sorrow lingers in my mind.

—*Various*