

# Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

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## 1972

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Hill: 1972

1972

**SEAN  
PATRICK  
HILL**

was somewhat south of here  
an almost immeasurable distance  
my mother brought the little broken bird  
into the kitchen  
it was singing  
about the sun walking across the moon  
a tide that died along a forested shore  
an old woman with two black stones  
and  
come lately  
I have tried to translate the libretto into a tongue  
such  
that I might come to understand  
why the old woman  
watched over me  
while my mother was somewhere  
cracking eggs

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