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the bear mother's lullaby

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Slim: the bear mother's lullaby

**THE
BEAR MOTHER'S
LULLABY**



**MOHAMAD
ATIF SLIM**

Time to sleep—
hear

winter's reigns
alighting

here, children. Ball
into the hallowed

pit, lie
thick and brown,

round cushions
of baby fur.

The mice have
curled

together, tails
circled tight,

children, and the bats
are like

cocoons in
Monbetsu. Squirrels

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Slim

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have hoarded husks, as
the hemisphere

tasks itself white,
gentle refrigerator.

Keep warm, roll like
husks, sleep;

the night is long, till
born again, children, we

chase honey, bees,
chuckling water

and fish. Listen to
how

the migrating
birds

come back—
look for sun

on wishlike
bright morning.