Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649271924

City Dust by Jane Burr

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JANE BURR

CITY DUST





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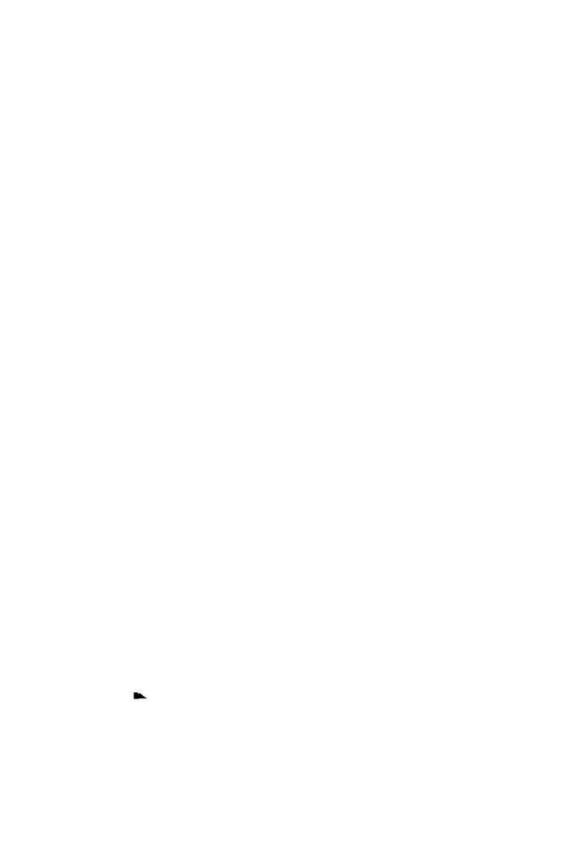
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TO MY MOTHER A TRIBUTE



SPRING

I piped when I opened my eyes to the day,
And the inner me murmured, "How can you be gay?
You've fluttered too high and you've broken your wing—
There's never a reason why cripples should sing!"
"But it's Spring!" I said, "It's Spring!"
And I called it a garden—my shabby old room
And I danced to the wall-paper roses in bloom;
And the inner me murmured, "What does it all bring!
You're a sparrow, a cricket, a silly young thing!"
I answered, "I know, but it's Spring!"