

To Peter*

April 7, 1967

Night's fearful images
and a child cries.
The sound
over backyard fences
lingers.

In the thoughtless happiness of the morning sun
a curious little boy fills tulip blossoms full of sand.
Circumnavigating his ^{backyard} garden ^{oceans} prison
he studies two dozen desparately empty daffodils
just beyond the fence.

But Jesus says:

Suffer the little the child ^{non} to come unto me;
forbid them only to fill the neighbour's
blossoms full of sand. —

For of such are the gardens of heaven.

He rightly wonders what God could possibly want
with empty daffodils.

So many little rules.

So hard for a little boy to remember
and to forget.

In the unknown, frightened/in-knowing, forbidden?

> Which is the greater affliction?

Nightmares dissolve and silence recaptures the darkness
Empty tulip and daffodils are forgotten - and the full ones survive

Affliction?

Habits overwhelm and supervise them.

A little boy perishes into manhood
terrordized
frustrated
well behaved.

* a little boy who
plays in the garden and
cries in the night