

The day after December 2, 2002

by Nat Christian

Her birthday, I see her no.  
The streets, clear and finite,  
The world turning alive  
But where is she? I see her no.  
Her birthday, she should be here  
Shop, I cannot do. A gift, I cannot give  
Her smile, I cannot see  
Her, I cannot hold  
Her birthday, so definite no.  
Her presence, her, I cannot breathe.  
Her birthday, I sit, lifeless cold  
Her birthday, is no more.