

In a museum: to my granddaughters

Dain A. Trafton

These are the forms a painter made
A father, a mother, and a child,
A broken wall and a distant town
Towards which a magpie flies alone,
Hay uncut in a level field.

These are the forms deeper than thought
That before all time, before dark and light,
God knew and in his knowing wrought:
The sharp-winged bird, the lonely town,
The wall undone, the field gone wild,
And redemption under a cracking sky,
A father, a mother, and a child.