



Volume 10
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Earache

Early one morning in August 2002

Geoff Budden

My second child, born in my fortieth year.
Born with my genetic flaw:
A twisted tube; an undrained, septic ear.

A sultry night of earache misery.
Your mother's crashed, it's my turn now;
We'll walk this out downstairs, just you and me.

On this hot night my daughter's lightly dressed.
I too am nearly naked;
Just my shorts, and a baby on my breast.

We walk and walk through kitchen, den, and hall.
A moonlight tour of family rooms:
Your sister's toys; our pictures on the wall.

Geoff Budden lives and practices law in his hometown of St John's, NL. This is his first published poem.
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I'm exhausted and I'm longing to lie down.
But even after your crying stops
You're fretful; and so our walk goes on.

But sleep, like peace, in time comes dropping slow.
I lay you down into your crib
And face the morning, lighter and alone.