



Because I sit here so

BY LAURA RIDING JACKSON

Because I sit here so,
Drooping and parched under this sun of sorrow,
I know
Somewhere
A flower or another like me
Hidden in a rare chance of difference
Wonders and withers unaccountably.

And if I sit here so,
Kindred and interlinked in circumstance
With others like me
Wherever I have been to dream –

And if I sit here so?

Stir me not,
Demons of the storm.
Were I as you would have me,
Astart with anger,
Gnawing the self-fold chain
Until the spell of unity break,
Madness would but thunder
Where sorrow had once burned,
A sun to smile in
And sit waiting under.

Because I sit here so,
Initiating in unrebillion
The perpetual ring
Of who are like me,
Death laughs along with us
And wears this garland of
Another and another dying
Alone, alike, and always.

