

# Harry Chapin, The Shortest Story

I am born today, the sun burns its promise in my eyes;  
Mama strikes me and I draw a breath and cry.  
Above me a cloud softly tumbles through the sky;  
I am glad to be alive.  
It is me seventh day, I taste the hunger and I cry;  
my brother and sister cling to Mama's side.  
She squeezes her breast, but it has nothing to provide;  
someone weeps, I fall asleep.  
It is twenty days today, Mama does not hold me anymore;  
I open my mouth but I am too weak to cry.  
Above me a bird slowly crawls across the sky;  
why is there nothing now to do but die?