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A BIRTH

It's your birthday.
A crowd has gathered
in the room. They move
like fire, crackling,
going out.

A guest opens,
his skin as ragged as flames.
You wait, so patient
he burns to the end.

Your sister comes disguised
as who'd you'd never be.
There is nothing to remember
but you.

Your colleagues sing "happy birthday"
in words.
They'd rather be repetitious
than out of tune.

You make a wish, pretend
you're pretending.
No-one expects you.

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