

## Pitch

After the final putative rage,  
quietude settles in  
with the eyes still wild,  
but less and less so,  
until they stare pensively  
and only occasionally  
break toward the present.

And daughters,  
in kerchiefs and aprons or no  
(but kerchiefed and aproned still)  
scurry about with purpose,  
acceptance of this labor as the first  
as their lot,  
pausing occasionally  
to contemplate their work  
with fist on hip,  
recognizing the nearness of its end,  
and knowing that it will be marked  
by a curious balance  
of laughter and tears.

And upright men in vests,  
silent passive observers,  
ill at ease and uncomfortable,  
waiting for what  
they know not  
except that theirs is for neither  
laughter nor tears.

And the clock strikes.  
And the dawn rises  
to meet the day.  
And the bough breaks.  
And the cradle falls  
to gather the night.

– Jeffery Greb