

A poem by
Nancy North age 22½
Written between 1955
1955 and 1967

I lost my daughter
in the gutter
when it did rain.
She flowed down with the water
into the open drain.
Nine years later
I got a letter
from a waiter,
who lived in Spain,
telling of a delightful winter
he had spent on the coast of Maine.
He wrote, "while in the breakers wading,
as the sunlight was fading
in a rising storm
he stumbled on a figure
of stature, meager
--a dainty female form."
From the drain
in which I'd lost her
the murky waters tossed her
leaving her, as he described her,
"soggy and quite plain."
To him this did not matter
that she was soaked with water
"since he was a gentleman from Spain."
The purpose of his letter,
he said he thought it better
and hastened to explain,
For me to know, "Your daughter
prefers that you forget her
as she never wants to see you again."