

A is for Aeschylus

Babies are the original classicists.  
To them, the open world is always in  
Shades of tragedy  
Or comedy,  
Laughing eyes and a crying mouth  
The ideal expressive contradiction.  
They celebrate bodies  
Unabashedly  
With every finger receiving  
Just as much scrutiny as a knee  
Or earlobe  
And clothes acting as an  
Effluent extension  
Of the form, mostly.  
The world is stories.  
They question everything in  
The public place  
And at home, and all day long  
They are concerned with  
Matters of love and eating,  
Such great needs.