Liam O’Brien
Found Stories

(fragments from The Complete Home, Julia McNair Wright, 1879)

Children will see:
   what tender love kept
   as they go on
they will skim
   in a birch box:
   passed on
   over years:
   without being conscious
a little child
   of division:
   indestructible:
   his testimony,
the impossible
   first-love. Now,
inheritance
   all common things become
of childhood
   uncommon and enchanted

children cannot be
   found stories:
what we are:
   lives of force and fire—
they have their own
   unknown, tender
powers. How
   without being reduced
can you marvel:
   to grow older
he had a right
   to birds, flowers, shells—
to know, raised
   out of a private horror
to life. Who came
   as he wanted
to himself:
   he took connection
to-morrow,
   astounded, glad:
a restlessness
   gave him a fondness
to the heart
   the making of him