**Child Of Our Time**

**Eavan Boland**

Yesterday I knew no lullaby  
But you have taught me overnight to order  
This song, which takes from your final cry  
Its tune, from your unreasoned end its reason;  
Its rhythm from the discord of your murder,  
Its motive from the fact you cannot listen.

We who should have known how to instruct  
With rhymes for your waking, rhythms for your sleep  
Names for the animals you took to bed,  
Tales to distract, legends to protect,  
Later an idiom for you to keep  
And living, learn, must learn from you, dead.

To make our broken images rebuild  
Themselves around your limbs, your broken  
Image, find for your sake whose life our idle  
Talk has cost, a new language. Child  
Of our time, our times have robbed your cradle.  
Sleep in a world your final sleep has woken.