

A Mother's Dance

Dear heart, why must
you fight the twilight?
That wail. Again.
Splitting the night
into tiny fragments.
I lift you, your velvet
head wedged into the crook
of a weary elbow.
We swing.
Back and forth.
like the sweet dance
of the tide brushing
the shore;
a jaded adagio.
Hysterical.
Splitting my resolve
into tiny fragments-
dear boy, what is it?
What do you so desire?
Wee pink lips, pursed for nectar.
Relenting, I attach you
for the hundredth time.
All is quiet, until we repeat
the cycle many more times
before the red dawn.

Sarah Jessen