

Nudging aside for poetry

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I flatten myself against his sleep
each night, my last words
Neruda's.

Tepid swells wash my child's dreams
odes slip a sketch of simple fancy
black and white socks woven on Andean air
or fitted with Yukon magic.

Wear them in, wear them out
gifts alive with yearning
holes at the heels
a playful, bobbing thread
we snatch at warmth together.

Now, closing the cover, I tip-toe away.
This child, nursed on poetry, slumbers
in the wakeful hum of giants.