

# Night sounds

by [Jill Bergkamp](#) in the [December 28, 2004](#) issue

*For Jay*

At night your children ask  
in cries for you to come to them

In the space between sleep and light  
you pull on a baby sling, tuck in small fingers  
soothing who you can. Not at all times mindful  
what treasure you hold.

In the morning things align themselves  
like dishes in a row  
work to do, and people  
who have need of you, always

The space will not always be there,  
the night  
    you meet your children in.  
Someday not so long from now, no one  
will wake you from your sleep and dreams.

Pictures will move behind your eyes  
again, noise given only to floor boards,  
traffic, a rotating fan.

But what is more grounded  
than the pavement you tread at 3 a.m.?  
weighty jewel against your chest.