

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.