

3 am

Outside

the sky

is littered with stars.

Everyone in the world

is asleep.

I walk the floor

singing, soothing, rocking

jigging, chanting, dancing.

And still you cry

as if you have

all the world's troubles

on your tiny shoulders.

I feed you again

just to get some rest.

Your tiny fingers

curl and uncurl at my breast.

Your vest is wet

from your tears

and mine.

A line of milk

dribbles down your chin.

I kiss, I jig, I soothe, I sing.

And still there are your cries

ripping me apart.

I close my eyes

praying you will close yours.

How can someone so small

cause so much grief and joy?

I walk my baby boy

up and down

and round and round.

I sing the songs all parents sing.

You feel so heavy in the sling.

In desperation

I lie you down in your crib.

You sigh as if to say

that's where I want to be!

Your eyes close fast

I cry with relief.

Peace at last.