My Two Year Old’s Nightmare — Original

by Dianne Dunn

The window light suggests it’s not quite daytime,
Yet not enough night to apply myself to sleep.

My body is frozen into a position that is not quite comfortable.
It would be a simple thing, I guess, to slowly shift myself around,
Seeing that weightlessness, snug warmth I had found.

Instead. I’ll carefully nuzzle my little daughter’s hair,
She wont wake, I hope. It’s soft warmth is comforting.

She sought security, and warmth here between her Daddy and I.
What could have frightened her? Is it growing up that made her sigh?

Her hair has the fragrance of outdoors with a hint of perspiration.
Reflect on the similarity between the scent of her hair and the ocean.
Not such a mystery, I guess, when you analyze
The salt, the air, the water, and wind.

What ponderous ideas I’m having here
Wrapped around my child beside me dear.

Unwrapping slowly from the bed, silently, breathlessly, wordlessly tred
Downstairs to write my thoughts on paper,
Hopefully, saving it for some time later.

When I can reflect on how my little daughters’ hair,
One night when she needed me beside her there-
Felt like spun moss, smelled of ocean air.

How sweet, how fragile, how young she sleeps.
While her parents vigil keep.

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