My Two Year Old’s Nightmare

by David Dunn

What joyous moments I’ve had this night
As I calmed my daughter’s fright.

A blessing it was to hear her sigh?
In the protection of her Dad and I.

If I shift myself around,
Some more comfort can be found.

Instead I nuzzle her neck and hair
And think she will sense that I’m there.

A hint of perspiration and the great outdoors;
A fall breeze along the shore.

Too late for sleep the sun creeps in
Thoughts of laundry as the daily begins.

Unwrapping slowly from the bed,
Silently down the stairs I tread.

How sweet, how fragile, how young she sleeps.
While her parent’s vigil keep.

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