

Winter Morning

It's too early to rise, but there
is our boy again, at the doorway,
calling hello. There in the dark
he stands in his dinosaur pajamas
and mismatched socks, and waits
for us to call him to our bed.
I don't know how this ritual began,
but we repeat it every morning,
well before dawn. He climbs into the trough
between our bodies and snuggles in,
sucking contentedly at his thumb.
I know the whole room is humid
and sour with our nightbreath. I know
our voices rasp, and our faces
are doughy with sleep. I wish
I could bound from the bed,
springy and energized, my skin taut
and sparkling, my breath fresh as a melon.
I can't yet open my gritty eyes
but I know he's staring happily
at the ceiling, thinking whatever thoughts
a three-year-old thinks, just waiting
for us to finally wake up into
our better selves, the ones our boy loves.