

Three A.M.

Lately I am
the astronomer after midnight

observing my household's
every move.

From my son's room
the rustle of covers

kicked off in sleep, whimpers growing
louder and more urgent.

Wrapped in a bathrobe,
shaking off sleep

I go to him
before he's fully awake,

cradle his nine-month body
against mine,

his balled fists wandering
until they come to rest

beneath my chin.
I have already wiped

ten thousand tears
from his cheeks,

seen them glimmer
in the light through the blinds,

felt their residue
on the back of my hand,

tasted their salt
with a brush of my lips,

each one a star
added to his constellation.