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Untitled

Cover Page Footnote
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This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1997/iss2/6
And puts me to bed, her bed, of feathers and seer-sucker sheets all white and cool like when she was little and sat in the chair by the bookcase in the corner

Where the chair is funny, all covered in flowers and a seat that sticks out so far towards a stool for feet, a good place to read stories with Mamma while getting drowsy for sleep

Like I was with my thumb in my mouth while I watched the chair and its silly seat and it asked me to come so I did

And I curled on its seat and I watched the shelves from the lights of the lamps down the drive at the street that came into my room through glass that can break

Like the ballerina on the middle book shelf, gracefully dancing in pink satin shoes on toes, far below her tutu of lace that Gramma made with her sister, too,

From watered-down clay where they ripped real lace and gathered the flounce around the waist of the ballerina on the middle book shelf, letting it dry hard to paint it

Later while I watched and saw Gramma's pink cheeks and happy blue eyes that smiled at me while I fell asleep.

— Betsy Lewis

sleep

thief stealing

mind body

pillow suffocating

thoughts movements

water drowning

restoring me

life giving

breath stealing

paramour god

sleep

— Monica Bradbury