

Reflections on a Bedtime Story

*As I lay down in bed free of worries or cares,
I am hardly aware of big feet on the stairs.
The soft crunch of carpet beneath hard-soled shoes
Alerts me that Dad's home from work in his 'blues';
His navy blue suit coat, his navy blue tie, his navy blue trousers -
They all catch my eye, as my knob turns
And slowly my door's opened wide,
Revealing my Dad holding books at his side.
For the next quarter hour I listen intently
'Til Dad's finished reading and kisses me gently.
His voice echoes on as he shuts off the light.
Soon he says, 'pleasant dreams', and I answer, 'goodnight'.*

~Jill Cotu