We have to get up

Less that my thoughts are of her

Than my thoughts are hers

I’m not sure how it happened

Or when death became something

I’m sorry about. But fathers and

Mothers make my mind go to her

Less that her voice soothes me

Than her breath is realization

For all my sleeping animals

Alarm or no, each day I find her

Beside me. And there I see her

Dreaming before we rise to leave

Less that her face is familiar

Than these days are done easy

Still dreaming as we rise to leave