

Verbal Lullaby

the sleep pulls my eyes to a slow close
as the clanging of cats' bells jingle in the corner
of the half lit room
in the distance I hear the noise of cars
and lonely street people walking their dogs in the cold
it has been long since the last bird chirped
and long since the crickets took their cue
fly children, said mother moon
float away on a river of milk
as your mind illustrates your dreams
the rustling of the cat quiets
and the wheezing of a little squeaky noise can be heard
a cat's paw lies at rest on a mother's face
sleep child run away with the stars

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