

Renee Norman

Confessions of an Aging Mother

earlier the youngest crawled into bed beside me
curling up
patiently waiting: have you slept enough?
can i turn on the TV in your room?

i dreamt disrupted scenes
of my previous day
while cartoon characters shouted
across the screen
a small warm body
curved itself back into mine
leg to leg

an aging mother
i need that extra half-sleep
would not trade the TV background
for any silence
i need the reminders of flesh
that once pulsed inside mine
feet kicking from the inside out