

# Poem for the Family

*Susan Cataldo*

Before I went to sleep, the soft lamplights  
from the tenements across the street,  
still, in the night, resembled peace.

There is something I forgot to be grateful  
for. But I'm not uneasy. This poem  
is enough gratitude for the day. That leaf  
tapping against the window, enough  
music for the night. My love's even  
breathing, a lullaby for me.

Gentle is the sun's touch  
as it brushes the earth's revolutions.

Fragrant is the moon in February's  
sky. Stars look down & witness,  
never judge. The City moves  
beneath me, out of sight.

O let this poem be a planet  
or a haven. Heaven for a poet  
homeward bound. Rest my son's head  
upon sweet dreams & contentment.

Let me turn out the light to rest