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## I Wanted to Sleep Like a Baby

Eva-Maria Sher

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# I wanted to sleep like a baby

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**Eva-Maria Sher**

I was in a bike race.

I wore cleats and was  
pedaling hard;  
I was winning...

Hundreds of fellow racers  
pressed down on me.

I became afraid and  
dropped my bike...

My mother always said  
*When you hear St. Paul's  
six o'clock bells, come on  
home, it'll be getting  
dark...*

But I was walking in some  
strange village. Lights were  
coming on in the cottages.  
My cleats made a lonely sound  
on the cobblestones...

Neighbors were saying  
good night across fences  
and from front doors. I wanted  
to sit with them at their  
kitchen table...

I wanted to inhale the  
fragrance of their soup  
their evening bread—  
the sound of their  
laughter...

I wanted to open the door  
to one of their bedrooms and crawl  
under a down comforter—

I wanted to sleep  
like a baby...

I wanted that murmur  
of voices across the hall  
wanted the strip of light  
through the half-closed door—  
wanted to...

Get up in the morning  
and ask for the way home.