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One More Lullaby

by Christine Kravetz

It is already nine o'clock on a Tuesday night.
In a few minutes I will go upstairs to spend
at least an hour getting my granddaughter to sleep.
The bath, the book, the song,
it doesn't matter to her that I sing off-key.
She will say,
Hush Little Baby, sing that one.
She will look into my eyes.
I will close my eyes—to give her the idea.
With my eyes closed, I will still feel her
touching me with her eyes.
How can I describe this?
I don't think anyone has ever sung to her before.
She only knows what I have taught her.
So I will sing. Raspy, almost tuneless, yet
with every *Hush Little Baby* she will surrender—
and this frightens me more than anything—
she will surrender to me.

