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## Report from a Small Room

Kenneth Baron

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# Report from a Small Room

by Kenneth Baron

It was your turn for the morning shift  
but you looked parched for sleep,  
so I set about the heavy-lidded job  
of setting our daughter on her day.

I fed her and changed her and held her  
and found myself too tired to remember  
to think that this is one of those moments  
“that goes by so quick.”

I put out her toys. I rebuilt her farm. I played  
Beethoven’s Ninth on her electric keyboard.  
It was the first time she’d heard it.  
She seemed unimpressed.

I watched her pull down her books and throw  
them with an anarchist’s joy. I held a stuffed  
yellow sun in the air, then tucked it in my shirt.  
I did it “again”—a favorite word she can’t say.

It was a 6 a.m. of simple cravings (coffee, more sleep),  
not a sober one of reflection (misgivings, more  
misgivings). You woke. I headed to my  
day, a dewy thought already burning away:

She thinks I’m Beethoven.  
She thinks the sun lives under my shirt.



*Photograph by Joel Kendall*

