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Report from a Small Room

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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

