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## Nightlight

Naphtali L. Fields

*Eastport Arts Center, Island Institute*

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## Nightlight

When Daddy went tipping,  
came home with the first money  
since the woolen mill closed  
Mama didn't smile.

She's got her shift at the Senior Center  
and then the Sipps Bay Cafe  
so I make dinner now,  
Campbell's soup, grilled cheese, cut off the crusts.

And it was me home with the little boys  
the day Daddy came crazy-spinning-tires up the road.  
Door cracks like a shot  
and he's laughing, dumping out a box on the ground.

"Get extension cords, Annie!"  
And I do, stretch every one of 'em out  
even the twisty blue one  
that keeps the living room lit.

"Well looky there" and we look,  
Bo's nose runnin' and Ezra in socks  
but the trailer is glowing  
a dance of rainbow lights.

And it doesn't matter that we blew a fuse  
and Ms. Packer complained about the bright  
because when Lynn dropped off Mama that night  
she held her arms to Daddy and smiled.