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Nightlight

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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.