

Three A.M. Music

I'm laying awake listening
as my wife works through sleep,
fighting strep-throat (an ugly word)
I hear her snoring as music,
deep mournful jazz improv
Underlaid with the rhythm
of human breathing, undulating
growls and wails rise and fall
as with dramatic musical genius
Think Thelonious Monk (wonderful name)
The bed is comfortable, the light,
if you could call it that, the
waxy glow of the half-waxed moon,
oozes through the window blinds
I am enjoying this private concert,
which normally might annoy me
*Oh for crying-out-loud Karen, I'm
going down to sleep with the dog*
(But he's a jazz virtuoso too)
Tom Crawford once called sleep
such a waste of stars, but
he was a poet, which means you
take what you get when you get it
Tonight I know what he meant
This performance is captivating,
with soft sighing slowly building to
growling crescendo (beautiful word)
The music is speaking to me
It tells me she is sleeping and
well on her way to getting well
I am happy just being here, listening
It tells me I am not alone