

Lullaby · Sue Owen
for Robert Louthan

This is where
the light sleeps.
This is where
the light goes down

on its knees.
These are the prayers
it says.
These are the blind

and frightened
who come to listen.
When the voice stops,
they all go to sleep.

Memory goes to sleep.
Memory is always
the last to go.
Usually, it turns

to sleep
on its other side.
Then the coffin sleeps.
And the hammer

that built the coffin
goes to sleep.
And the lumber.
And a few of the nails.