



UTGROWING THE FAMILY BED

Lucas A. Street

The moving truck arrived last
night, unreliable. I must have left
my backpack open: a leaf

fluttered in. These ties
start to unravel, thread

spinning out. How little we

knew: boxed-up toys, shopping
for sheets, name puzzle,
shelves of bedtime stories,

muscles. I broke down, pulled over
in sight of our home, that looming

stretch of road, lash-long shadows

and wrinkles my hands
cannot smooth. *Stay*, he begs
then begins to doze. It's time, but

I can't sleep without him, beside
me, digging in his feet.