

## Hush

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Angels hover, lantern-strung  
above the stillness of our bed.  
Their whispers echo in the dark  
and weave our dreams with cryptic threads.  
Your eyes in silence lie awake,  
they reach out and amuse me,  
haunt me and disown me  
a thousand times  
a thousand times  
you've heard it all before.  
Midnight has grown tedious  
but shadows make good reasons  
to linger in monotony.  
Don't forget to dance.  
Daylight is a wicked season.  
Morning threatens  
scorching fragile lenses  
burning iris wide awake.  
Your slumber, dear, so soft,  
your numbered days ticking off  
one by one  
one by one  
your footprint (static) on the moon.