A Night’s Acquiescence

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Silently, I crept
Down carpeted spiral stairs,
My bedtime long since passed.

I wore my sea-foam green nightgown
And pretended that I was the daughter of a king,
Adorned in delicate ribbons and ruffles.

Your deep voice awoke me.
Hushed tones echoed through my dreaming
And started me on this spy-like quest.

Bare feet padded along the cold wooden floor,
Bringing me to peek around the kitchen’s corner;
I saw you in the living room.

Legs spread-eagle and dark hair disheveled,
From sleep or lack thereof,
You played like a child.

With two new puppies,
You spoke unabashedly
In high-pitched gibberish.

Balls of fur happily used you as their jungle gym;
Soft pink tongues lolling,
Licking your weathered skin.

Your brow smooth and laugh-lines creasing,
Your firm hand rubbing upturned bellies,
Three pairs of eyes looked at you with adoration.