

sometimes i think i am still a child
not because i am childish
and certainly not because i am still one
but because i cannot sleep without a night light

it's an odd thing to think about
but i cannot stand the suffocating darkness
the overwhelming silence
the presence of my own thoughts
with no interruptions or distractions

or maybe it's still six-year-old me
waiting to be tucked into bed
safe and soundly
by hands that would've done anything for me
warmth would close me in like an envelope
and be sealed in with a kiss on the forehead

would i long for a song to be sung?
a lullaby to woo me to sleep
and ward off all of the monsters
that plagued my youthful nights

would i desire for a story to be read?
an image i created in my wild mind to lull myself to sleep
and calm my eager brain

on late nights i still hope that someone will do these things for me

each night i would get my hopes up
put a book next to the bedside table
play a certain song all day
whine to my mother about a new fear of mine
i think my hopes are still up

perhaps i will turn it off tonight
or tomorrow
or maybe i should've done it last night

for now, a little light will shine in the corner of my room
to sing me lullabies
to read me stories
to lull me to sleep
and to ward off the monsters

goodnight

magnolia