

## **This port, this storm**

*Laura E. Bailey*  
© December 2022

When the power goes out and the storm grows fierce  
the only thing that settles the dog  
is lying tight  
between the back of the sofa and the warmth of your belly.

You put away the book and snuff the candle,  
and let the sound of your voice and  
the beating of your heart  
soothe him.

You resurrect lullabies and snippets of Shakespeare,  
fragments of poems you loved and lost, and as these slivers of  
grace drift  
from your lips  
to his ears,  
the storm eases.