

Gwen's Naptime
by Becky Sayers

The tangy breath escapes her,
a slight restlessness behind
closed eyelids.

A gentle stirring sits on the surface,
as an explosion of fresh
growth blooms.

I wonder what she conjures
inside that bursting brain
of infancy.

Chin sitting upon her chest,
which conflates with fragrant
spring air.

Tiny hands curled under the warmth
of colorful clumps of
fuzzy blankets.

Miniature feet escape the soft mess,
aimed up at the beaming ball
of life.

A precious moment of completeness,
drinking her sleepy bliss while I wait
for playtime.