

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

Victoria Clayton Munn

From the Bedstand

Filtered water, tablet panaceas
cluttered next to Plath and self-help -
no Goodnight Moon or music box
powder or diaper cream for me.

I reach for you midnight, mouth open,
cries of frustration as I search for my Mommy
and instead take you in - the bitter blue pills
my comfort and solace in the night.

I remember, infantile tears as you woke,
three hours in and out on your punch clock
and we plugged you in - rubber pacifier
your comfort, your solace through the night.