

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

*Lara Dolphin*  
"Nocturnal Blessings"

On a stilly, leaden afternoon  
not inconsistent with November days,  
I stagger and sway like Foster Brooks  
when my womb awakens.  
Quiet, quiet--  
nature unfolds its mantle over me.  
Pain arrives and settles in.  
A man, your father, returns from work,  
eats, then helps me to the car.  
Laboring now under nurses' care,  
I watch your heartbeat on the screen.  
To get some sleep  
before a morning round of golf,  
the doctor drugs then cuts me.  
You slide out right on cue.  
Your frothy cries float up into the collied air,  
and though the world is drowsy still,  
I hold you close and let you feed.  
O, my lovely daughter,  
as I gaze upon your tender face,  
I make a promise with my heart.  
Though sailors leave from distant ports  
and farmers plow their sillion o'er,  
no matter what the luminations of the moon,  
nothing will ramify my love for you.