

Slumber and Awakening / *Cindy Frenkel*

When she was a baby, bobbing her head
on my chest, blue eyes searching, lips latching on,
she wouldn't let go until sleep took hold.
Now, nearly grown and hazel-eyed, she studies Latin
in the other room, eats pasta that she's rolled.
She alternates between two beds, two homes,
with the constancy of female friends.

Waving her hands as if conducting the wind,
she talks of boys, first-shaven. Invisible, I drive.
Girls in the backseat, their voices high and sweetly soft,
overlay each other's phrases in counterpoint.
There must be a goddess I've never read about
who gathers stars only to disperse them.
She opens her palms and stars spill out,
enough to occupy the universe.
The road ahead's so bright it almost hurts.