Our son at night is scared not of the dark,
nor of the closet with its vast unseen
collection of unhappy monsters, green
and blue and damp and slung from every hook,
their eyes aglow and oddly numbered, stuck
on stalks or tentacles or (worst of all)
held in the hand and rolled across the hall,
where they close in for a closer look.
Of course, I’d rather him be terrified
of them than scared of what does keep him up:
our front-seat attacks, our bedridden fights,
our blank, scarred days. Better monsters than that.
(And he’s asleep by the time we’ve been kind,
for which let’s blame the dark, or him, or the wine.)