

## **COURAGE**

*for Tim Harris*

I will not wake my sleeping son  
– five years from military age.  
Let him lie: rich, innocent.  
There's time enough for him to do,  
and be done, damage.

I will not wake my sweet son  
– beauty spun from my own cells  
in a loom once thought interminable.  
Let him dream of intricate mysteries,  
how life unfurls.

I will not wake my son – profound  
a jewel as any breathing beast –  
while his planet dies. Servile, never,  
let him learn in sleep to pluck  
future from this waste.

When his own wealthy limbs stir –  
slide gorgeous like cicada from dead skin –  
I'll be here, amazed, learning  
from him the arts of joy and courage.  
I will not wake my son.