

## Night Sounds

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Hours after the moon lifts its face  
above the horizon, I roll over  
to the sounds of my beloved—

the clamor of a hunting hawk. I fling  
off covers from a hot flash,  
tiptoe to the bathroom hoping

not to stumble over puppy toys  
and a sleeping Maltese poodle.  
I open our medicine cabinet

to hunt down the earplugs he bought me  
the day he refused to get snoring fixed.  
These plugs muffle his rattling throat

as I nudge him to snap back into normal  
breathing patterns which one day  
doctors say will be his last.

How can I ever let my man sleep alone?  
It's my love for him which powers his breaths  
during each moon rise and rabbit chase.