

Julian

Sleep Sounds

The sounds I hear out my window
lull me to sleep.
I love hearing and feeling
the city in motion.
I hear a truck roar by
and in that truck I can hear
boxes of food bouncing around.
I hear the buses beep when it stops
and I can see the peoples faces getting on it;
Frustrated, impatient, worried and angry.

The sounds change in Fire Island
from city sounds to nature sounds.
I hear the Red cardinal
singing its merry tune, and ask my father
“do you think he is singing just to put me to sleep”?
I hear a wave on the beach
and imagine myself surfing.
I hear the tap,tap,tap, from the rain on the roof.
The city loudness
and the Fire Island quiet
both comfort me as I drift off to sleep.

Julian's poem.