

Hold

Todd Boss

There is no keep
for how for sleep
my little Theo
rakes his fingers
through my hair,

no bank for how
by handfuls he takes
comfort as if comfort
were a brake of
grasses on the shore

nor for, how nearly
falling into dreams,
he falls to waking
with a gasp and
bravely finds his

grasp once more,
as if to save
himself from rolling
into the deep that
folds us under
and offers no hold.