LIGHthe HOUSE NIGHT
By Julia Moe

All night the wind comes and goes;
the storm can't quite decide
to come this way.
all night we watch the light turn
around and around:
a bad night for boats
skirting the cape.
here inside
the wind hardly rattles the windows,
the cats wheeze and twitch
in lost dreams;
night duty grows endless,
and oh how my body longs
to fall into the darkness of sleep.