

NIGHTWATCH / *Rosa Maria DelVecchio*

I wasn't in Nam
they make films about it
for people like me
to "witness" it, "experience" it
"re-live" it for myself

my husband pays the mortgage
while I take evening classes
my C-section scar of five years
still worries him
he was with me when I got it

I watch him at night
after he's fallen asleep
hear his sweat, smell his cries
the thing I know from films
awakens his sleep

keep him under the covers
can't save him so I pray
I damn in the name of the Father
Son and Most Holy Ghost Amen
what won't be damned

I wake up some mornings
in the rocking chair by the bed
his waking mutters ask
if I had trouble sleeping
I answer "no"

he calls me his nightwatch
a term of endearment, I think,
his words always peculiar,
problems expressing affection
I know he means nightlight