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Baby Laughter in the Night

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CABINET WITH MIRROR

Here where my unguents, pills, and salves
Are stacked on sanitary shelves,
My day, divided in two halves,
Brings face to face my naked selves.

One is the shaved, proficient one
That goes forth dressed to rule the world.
The other, home when that is done,
Enters a bathroom tiled and pearled.

The one looks in, the other out.
The doses ready in their place
Allay the itching skin of doubt.
And in this bowl I wash my face.

MYRON H. BROOMELL

BABY LAUGHTER IN THE NIGHT

Last night from the darkness,
From your deep-breathed sleep,
From some quick dream,
You laughed,
A clean little ripple of laughter
into silence.

What was it drifted dream-wise
through you,
Floated up in your sleep to ring
in the night
Like a little silver bell into hours
of silence?

What careless spending?
What sudden bubble of delight?

E. W. TEDLOCK, JR.