

Babysitting, Valentine's Day

by Felix Jung

The child, exhausted by his sobbing, falls slowly into dreams. The mother (a low, quiet perfume) and the father (a thick, midnight sweater) have long departed. The cats, equidistant from the couch, are curled around themselves. I can barely hear the clock ticking over the dull hum of the fridge. Somewhere deep inside the walls, a furnace grumbles from its slumber and breathes heat. The cats roll, stretch their paws, and sigh. All around me the world is sleeping while lovers are strolling, arms entwined. I am alone, sitting in a room of perfect stillness. I am blessed to be the one who, in the midst of all this silence, has been called to stand sentry, and bear witness.



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