

## **DayStar by Rita Dove (1986)**

She wanted a little room for thinking:  
but she saw diapers steaming  
on the line,

A doll slumped behind the door.  
So she lugged a chair behind  
the garage to sit out the  
children's naps

Sometimes there were things to watch--  
the pinched armor of a vanished cricket,  
a floating maple leaf.

Other days she stared until she  
was assured when she closed  
her eyes she'd only see her own  
vivid blood.

She had an hour, at best,  
before Liza appeared pouting from  
the top of the stairs.

And just what was mother doing  
out back with the field mice?  
Why, building a palace.

Later that night when Thomas  
rolled over and lurched into her,

She would open her eyes  
and think of the place that was hers  
for an hour--where she was nothing,  
pure nothing, in the middle of the day