

The Night Shift

I'm pulling an all-nighter but I'm not at a sleepover

This is the night shift.

Streetlights blinking red, green, and yellow through the blanket of black

Silence so loud I occasionally filter out call lights and beeping monitors

Lullabies softly playing through the cracks of doorways

Tucking warm blankets under ten tiny toes

Laughter fills the breakroom with a whiff of pizza

Sudden bustle down the halls and the sporadic squeak of shoes

It makes me feel alive.

There is something special about being awake when the world sleeps

Though I yearn for my bed

The sacrifices we make for others so willing

The dark circles that encompass my eyes

Missed calendar events

And an imbalanced circadian rhythm

Yet as darkness falls, peace flows

Caring wholeheartedly for those who need it the most.