

## Legos and Brios by Suzana Sedlak (Draft)

I get it,  
you don't wanna go to bed.  
And I don't really want you to either.

Instead,  
I wanna stay up with you  
all night  
playing with Legos  
and Brios,  
building the Batcave on the wrong side of the tracks.  
"Go to bed," I say,  
"Because you're only three."  
You need at least eleven  
hours of sleep-  
that's what the internet says.  
And I need to get up in the morning-  
Early.

And now it's nine, then ten, then eleven.

And

I can hear you again:  
The click of your light, the  
tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap  
of your little feet across the hardwood  
I can hear you again:  
The click of my door latch, your  
pudgy little fingers slowly creeping out  
of the crack in the door toward me

like the hermit crab we caught on The Sound last summer  
sneaking a peek at us from the darkness of its shell

I can hear you again:  
Giggling from the other side of the door.  
But I have to tell you to go.

I need another glass of water, you say  
I need to go potty, you say  
I need to tell you another joke, you say  
I need another sleeping buddy, you say

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you don't wanna go to bed.  
And I don't really want you to either.

But I have to tell you to go.