

## **A Crooning Sense of Space**

*by Francis Emralino*

O, how sad your eyes have become  
Hazed look even under this sodium lamp  
Dear, let us just share this warm embrace for a while  
Before sleep extinguishes the fire of your workday.

O, how at peace you look in this midnight hush  
I wish we can still sing to each other like we used to do  
Dear, please stay under this warm bed a little longer  
Before you rise to cook ahead of the cocks' crows.

O, how many times I pleaded I do not remember  
For you to take leave and share with us the quarantine  
Dear, for your sake and for us stay strong as steel  
Before the virus overruns you and your team.

O, how we pride in your work you may not know  
For your time away as against the lives you help save  
Dear, I will make your favorite brewed coffee tonight  
In between the sleeping and the early risers we share our tête-à-tête.