

# When I Swam for the Utah Valley Dolphins

*William Powley*

My mom could sleep each night  
without waking except  
when my ear ached so much  
I became a nightmare  
to my brothers. She rose  
from her bed, in her robe  
she swayed to boil water.  
She made warm medicine,  
while I lay down, aching  
side up. I listened close  
with my good ear to her  
shuffle in the kitchen,  
open cupboards, she came  
in two or three minutes  
to my room. She dripped two  
drops into my eardrum.

I waited for a pop  
and the wet to dry.  
What she whispered  
was softer than eardrops,  
better than any dream.

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