Nights Grow Longer

Kristina Ibitayo, PhD, RN

As his nights grow longer
And his days here shorter,
Cancer’s victim sighs,
*I’m growing weak inside,
I feel it.*

As visitors telephone,
Inquiring about visits,
He softly whispers before another nap,
*Make it sooner, instead of later.*

As we reminisce over
Black and white baby photographs
He smiles tenderly while sorting,
*I’ve separated them into piles
For each of you kids.*

His waking day grows shorter
As his sleeping night becomes longer,
Yet soon, night will be never more.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR
Dr. Ibitayo is Clinical Assistant Professor, The University of Texas at Arlington, College of Nursing, Arlington, Texas.
Address correspondence to Kristina Ibitayo, PhD, RN, Clinical Assistant Professor, The University of Texas at Arlington, College of Nursing, 411 S. Nedderman Drive, Box 19407, Arlington, TX 76019; e-mail: ibitayo@uta.edu.
Received: October 18, 2010
Accepted: November 12, 2010
Posted: April 13, 2011
doi:10.3928/00989134-20110329-08