



SEVEN EVENINGS

7 Poems & Practices for Slower *Evenings*

(for the hour after tea, before bed)

SOPHIE SLOSARCZYK

Before you *begin*

(a note from me to you)

This little book is for the hour after tea and before bed, when the house is still loud and you're running on what's left.

There are seven evenings in here, each with a poem and one small practice. Do one a night for a week, or open it whenever an evening needs it. Every practice takes three minutes or less and needs nothing but you.

Skip a night, repeat a favourite, do them in the wrong order. There is no getting this wrong.

<i>I.</i>	After tea	<i>Stunning Growth</i>
-----------	-----------	------------------------

<i>II.</i>	The washing up	<i>Contemplating</i>
------------	----------------	----------------------

<i>III.</i>	Bath time	<i>Watching Your Child Grow</i>
-------------	-----------	---------------------------------

<i>IV.</i>	Getting ready for bed	<i>Not Ready to Let Go</i>
------------	-----------------------	----------------------------

<i>V.</i>	Goodnight	<i>Always My Baby</i>
-----------	-----------	-----------------------

<i>VI.</i>	When the house goes quiet	<i>All Will Be Well</i>
------------	---------------------------	-------------------------

<i>VII.</i>	Before you sleep	<i>Little Fingers</i>
-------------	------------------	-----------------------

SOPHIE SŁOSARCZYK

AFTER TEA

Stunning Growth

(a poem for babies becoming proper boys)

*There is growth, growth
And more growth
The more you look, the more you see
And all I see is growth
The good growth
And the bad
My babies, becoming boys
Proper boys!
Their growth
Is my growth
And grow, they do
As much as I would love it to stop
It doesn't
The growth keeps happening
So, instead of getting down
I accept and surrender
And live with their growth
Every inch, every mile, I am there
For I shall not miss one minute of this
Stunning growth*

SOPHIE SŁOSARCZYK

Growing up



AFTER TEA

Notice one *new* thing

(two minutes, while the plates are still on the table)

-
- I. Before anyone leaves the table, look at them properly for ten seconds, as if you hadn't seen them all week.
 - II. Find one thing that's new: a word they've started using, longer legs under the table, a joke that's actually funny.
 - III. Tell them. "I noticed you..." and leave it there, with no lesson attached.
-

WHY IT HELPS

We stop seeing what we see every day. Looking on purpose, even for ten seconds, brings it back.

THE WASHING UP

Contemplating

(a poem for when your mind goes searching)

*We are all contemplating
Searching
Looking for answers we'll never find
Why am I here?
What is the point?
Ask away, friend
But know that the answers are not out there
You get to choose
What is it you believe in?
Do you see clouds and fairies?
Or do you get present?
Get centered
Tune in to the sand and sea
The waves and sun
Or out into the wilderness
Where no rock is ever found
I know what I'll do
Get present, every time
To what is real
What is here, right now*

SOPHIE SŁOSARCZYK

The world feels hard



THE WASHING UP

Five things at the *sink*

(one minute, hands in warm water)

-
- I.* Five things you can see: steam, a bubble, your face in the dark window.
-
- II.* Four things you can feel: the warm water, the edge of a plate, your feet on the floor.
-
- III.* Three things you can hear, two you can smell.
-
- IV.* One slow breath out, longer than the breath in.
-

WHY IT HELPS

Your senses only work in the present moment. Use them, and a racing mind has somewhere to land.

BATH TIME

Watching Your Child Grow

(a poem for the days you think, "They grow too fast...")

I can't express the joy, the feeling, of seeing your child grow

Day by day, something new, something gorgeous

Developing in their goodness, their glory

All of it exquisite, in every sense

A drop

A tear

A laugh

It means so much, it touches every string

A baby, now a near 6 year old

He's got courage, wit, strength

I see his inner soul so clearly it echoes from my being

I am so proud! Immensely so, it becomes me

He is I, I am him

As if we are one

SOPHIE SLOSARCZYK

Today was lovely



BATH TIME

Say what you *saw*

(one sentence, while they splash)

-
- I.* Think back over their day for one moment that showed who they are: kind, brave, funny, patient.
-
- II.* Say it while they play: "Today I saw how ____ you were when ____."
-
- III.* Then stop. No "but", no "next time". Let it land.
-

WHY IT HELPS

Children grow into the words we say about them. One true sentence at bath time is enough.

GETTING READY FOR BED

Not Ready to Let Go

(a poem for when they're flying and you're not ready)

*Oh my boys, my loves, where do I start?
I am overly smitten, obsessed with you still!
Wanting to protect and nurture galore
As if my life depends on it
But I see you're flying
Your fleeting wings shall not be clipped
Much as I'd love that
It's not what you want
There's a raw aggression in you, in a good way
Eager
Willing
Striving to be 'bigger'
"I can do it mummy! Why won't you let me mummy?"
Because my darlings
I'm not ready to let go just yet.*

SOPHIE SLOSARCZYK

I love them so much it hurts



GETTING READY FOR BED

Let them do *one* thing

(two minutes, hands in your pockets)

-
- I. Pick one bedtime job you always do for them: the buttons, the toothpaste, the curtains.
 - II. Hand it over: "You do it tonight."
 - III. Hands in pockets, one slow breath out, and watch. It will take longer and it may be wonky. Let it be.
-

WHY IT HELPS

Letting go in small, safe doses is gentler on both of you than all at once.

GOODNIGHT

Always My Baby

(a poem for the baby they will always be)

*I will never not see you as a baby, my darling
And that's the truth
Surely, I cannot shy away from this?
That I birthed you, I carried you, I felt you
You were me, for those short 9 months
And I am now you, feeling you, holding you
Carrying you as best I can
Protecting you when I can
Hugging you when I can't
It's all me and you my darling
As mother nature intended it to be*

SOPHIE SLOSARCZYK

I love them so much it hurts



GOODNIGHT

The six-breath *hug*

(one minute, on the edge of the bed)

-
- I. Hold the goodnight hug a little longer than usual.
 - II. Count six slow breaths. Slow yours down first; theirs usually follows.
 - III. Whisper one thing before you let go: “Always my baby”, or whatever is yours.
-

WHY IT HELPS

Calm is catching. A slow, steady body next to theirs helps them settle, and you too.

WHEN THE HOUSE GOES QUIET

All Will Be Well

(a poem for the days your mind won't settle)

*Life is so full and fresh
New opportunities, new dreams
Just being, simply knowing
That all will be well
Regardless what happens
Darling girl
Yes, all will be well*

SOPHIE SLOSARCZYK

The world feels hard



WHEN THE HOUSE GOES QUIET

Put it *down*

(three minutes, with any pen)

-
- I. Write down everything rattling round your head: the PE kit, the email, the worry you haven't said out loud.
 - II. Next to each one, write "tonight" or "tomorrow". Most will be tomorrow.
 - III. Close the notebook and say it out loud: "That's for tomorrow."
-

WHY IT HELPS

A worry on paper stops going round in circles. It's still there in the morning, waiting, so you can rest.

BEFORE YOU SLEEP

Little Fingers

(a poem for holding on to babyhood)

*Little fingers and chubby thumbs are still there
I am clinging on
Grasping babyhood as it slips through my fingers
Indeed
It goes fast
But only when you look back
Flicking through photos and books from yesteryear
Wondering
Was I present enough?
Did I love enough?
Did I be enough?
I know; time will tell
And for now, I shall strain
To grasp babyhood, in all its glory
For as long as those babies of mine
Will let me*

SOPHIE SLOSARCZYK

I want to remember this



BEFORE YOU SLEEP

Three soft *things*

(two minutes, lights off)

I. One thing that was lovely today.

II. One thing that was hard, said kindly, the way you'd say it to a friend.

III. One thing you did well, however small. Yes, it counts.

WHY IT HELPS

When the 3am voice asks "was I enough?", you'll have an answer ready, and it will be true.



See you on *Sunday*

(a poem, a gentle practice and one mother's voice, every Sunday morning)

The Poem Library

A poem for every feeling

mamasfindyourvoice.com/poem-library

On Instagram

A new poem every Wednesday

@mamas_find_your_voice

Reply to any letter

I read every single one

Rooted in motherhood, written for every heart.

Come as you are. Leave a little softer.

© 2026 Sophie Slosarczyk · Mamas Find Your Voice · for personal use