

Fairy Tales

Someday, I'll think how lovely it all was. Someday
I'll not remember all my clothes sun-spotched,
faded in great swathes and furred with mold.
Everything wet. The spray from the hose
hitting the bed and catching clothes hanging
from the rusting hoops, not remember

how I was never the right temperature
too hot, too cold, brushing the slivers
of my own frosted breath from my eyelashes.
And the frog under my bed who kept me awake
all night, croaking of his lost chances, lovers
he should have pulled to his warty body,

instead will sing of the moon, how each night
it breathes the pond to a bolt of fine lace
and sparks the minnows' glittered flick. He'll sing
of clearings in the woods, trampled circle of leaves
and pink-jointed grass, the nights' thrumming
tunneling through the marrow of our bones. He'll speak

of princesses borne to him on the backs
of Pekingese, with their bulgy eyes, long hair
flowing in the roar of wind, and Pugs, whose velvet ears
they stroked as they bounded through the wheeling green,
how he could have had his choice, how somewhere
out there in that streaming, whirling world, they live still.