

Her Dream Princes

by Gita M. Smith

They live a simple life. It goes like an old song:
spare, wood table; worn place on the stair,
two solitudes by lamplight.
They work, come home, put on the soup,
spy on sparrows at the feeder.

Snug inside her marriage, she denies the restlessness
of Canada geese in flight, cleaving the sky's November light.
And when it snows, she runs inside to dream of princes
pressing leaves against her eyes.

