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Little Bo Peep

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Little Bo Peep

MELISSA KALINOWSKI

I love a woman of silent details,
her haunting scent of vanilla
living in warmly layered petticoats.
Her widow's peak sits like
the point of an invisible crown
floating atop caramel colored hair.
She sings into her mirror at night
but the windows are shut
and I watch as
 her head tilts
 her mouth opens
and nothing comes out.

I could listen to that moment forever.

She is patient too.
I've watched her color each wallpaper flower
in her room
with a broken violet crayon because
the bloom of petals
were too white
keeping her awake
like little moons everywhere.
And I liked that she worked
so hard, sweat on her neck
as her long freckled arms reached tall,
painting the flowers so alive,
that I fell asleep to the sound of bees.

Hers is my favorite window.
There, I am careful,
like a ghost outside.
My hooves catch stones
and my wool starts to mat
during the trip but it's worth
such immediacy
while the red barn blurs behind me
and she glows full ahead
like the wanting
from this animal heart.